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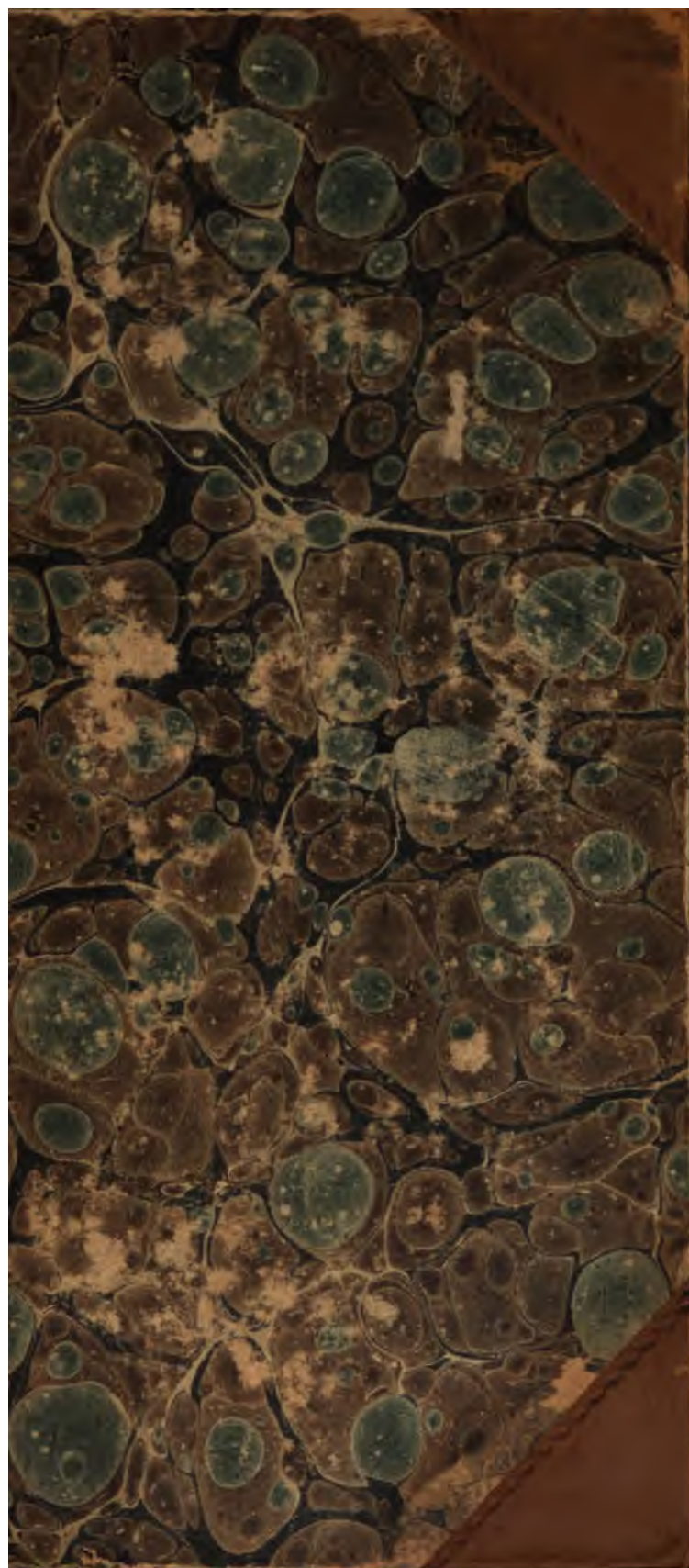
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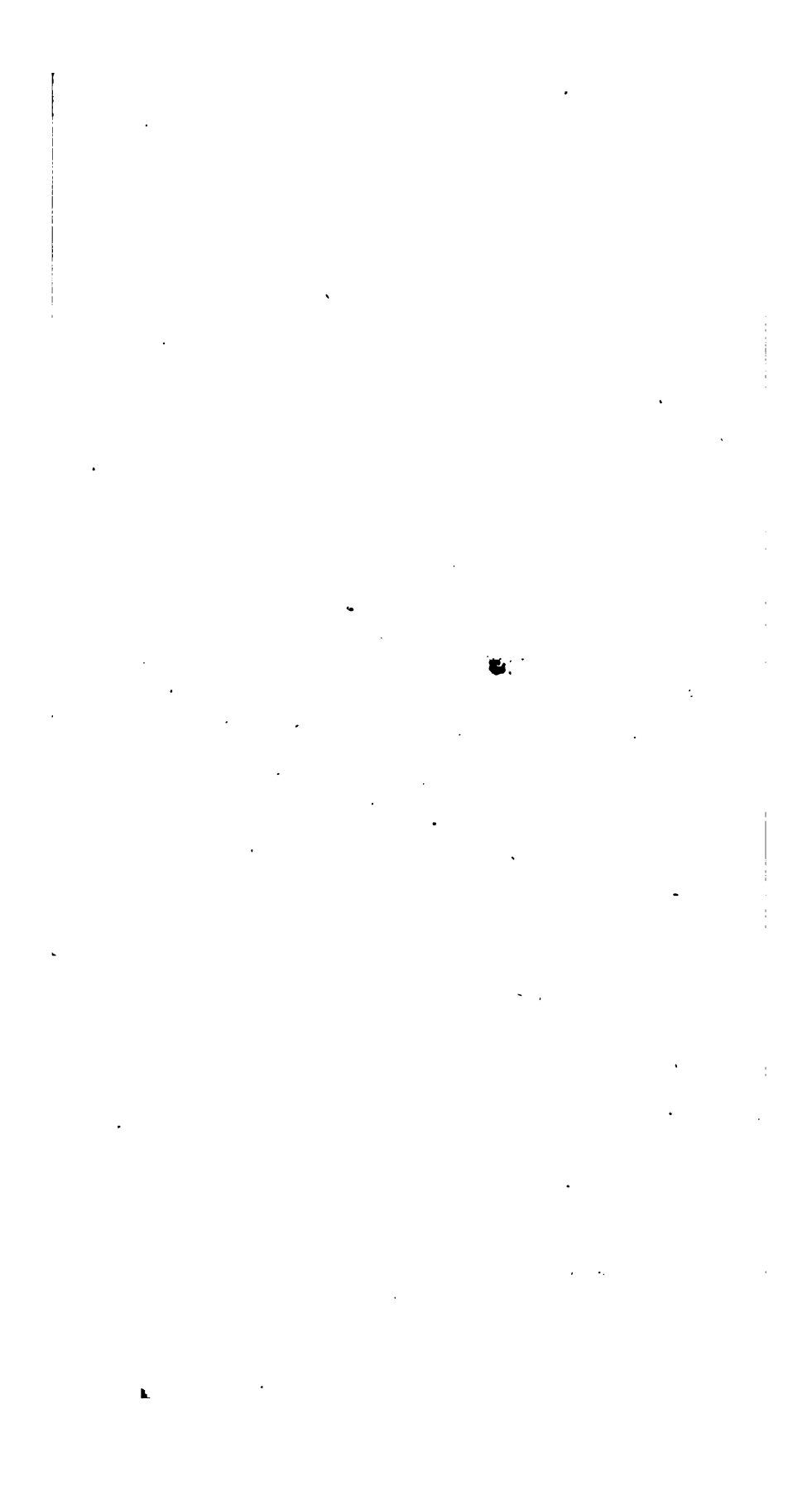
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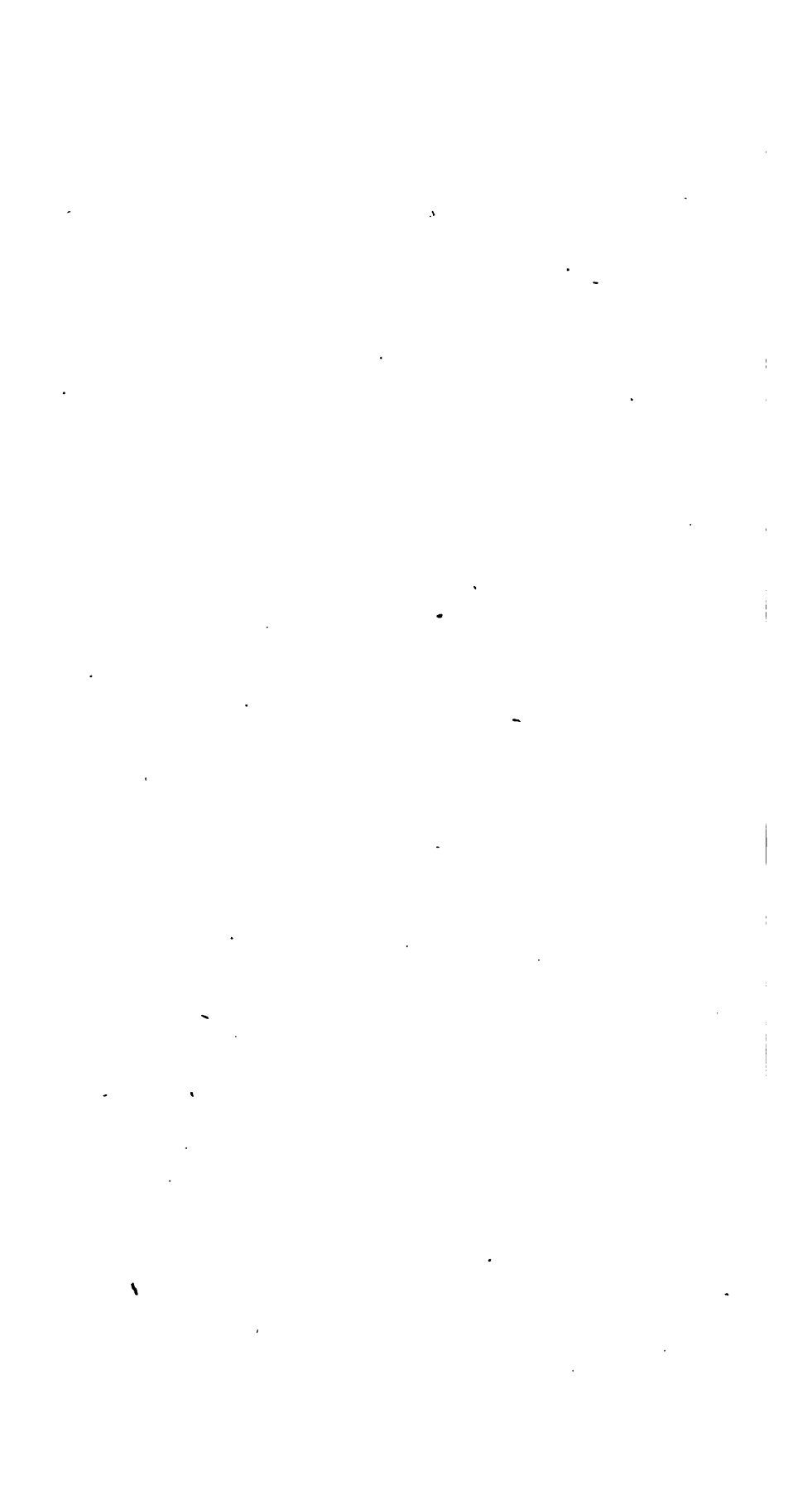




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Klopstock's Messiah,

BY

G. H. C. EGESTORFF,

ENGLISH LECTOR AT THE PUBLIC COLLEGE,

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Klopstock's Messiah.

CANTO XI.

If I pursued religion's lofty course,
Nor sunk depressed from the stupendous hight,
And if into the hearts of the redeem'd
Celestial joy I poured; it was the pow'r
And guidance of th' Almighty that on wing 6
Of eagle bore me! yea, and from thy hights,
O Revelation, I have been inspir'd,
And with sublime conceptions animated.
All those who tarried not, with holy awe,
Along the crystal stream that from the throne 10
Of God is rushing 'mid the trees of life;
May their applauses, by the winds dispers'd,
Not reach my hearing and, if undispers'd,
Not be permitted to pollute my heart.
My strain had never risen from the dust, 15
If not, e'en through the new Jerusalem,
The city' of God, yon living stream were flowing,
And if not the right hand of influence
Supernal were, unto it's heavenly banks,
Conducting me. — Conduct me still, my Guide 20
Invisible, my trembling steps direct!
The Son's humiliation I have sung;
Still raise me higher, teach me how to sing
His glorious exaltation and his bliss! —
But may I venture, likewise, to display 25
The Potent Victor's Glory in my song?
The hills and valleys trembling with the pomp
Of resurrection? may I sing his triumph,
When from the tomb arising? may I sing
The Son's ascending to the heaven of heav'ns, 30

E'en to the Father's everlasting Throne? —
 O Thou, now seated at the Father's Right,
 Enable me and them that hear my song,
 Us poor and happy few, enable us
 The terrors of thy glory to support. 35
 For ever now compassionate to man,
 Th' Appeased Jehovah looked down on the corse
 Of the Devine Redeemer. And the Son,
 The Glory of the Deity' — in himself
 God coeternal, he' for evermore 40
 The Theme of heaven; Christ looked up to the Father.
 But what created being can conceive
 Those feelings, feelings of the Deity,
 With which they thus upon eachother gaz'd? —
 Where from the heavenly throne, where from the earth, 45
 The beaming transport of divine regard
 Descended and arose, there, on this path
 Of swimming radiance, standing nature first
 Began, her orbic motion to resume;
 There first; then from the everlasting throne 50
 Of heaven the hovering night anon dispers'd,
 And from before the sun the decking star
 It's burthen rolled. The poles of every sphere
 Began to tremble, longing to commence
 The course which God appointed them to run. 55
 Already they began their spacious rounds,
 And thundered far into the distant heav'ns
 The suppliant utterance which they ever raise
 To God, the Great Preserver of his works,
 To him still suing, his extended arm 60
 Omnipotent not from them to withdraw,
 But evermore to let them testify
 His everlasting majesty and pow'r.
 Fleet each terraqueous globe, more fleet the suns,
 Rolled on until again they had attain'd 65
 The several orbits in which first they mov'd.
 The Copreserver of the universe,
 Christ Jesus hovered o'er th' ensanguined cross,
 And viewed his lifeless body, pale and gor'd,
 Inclining mute tow'rd th' earth. The Conqueror 70
 Of death now turn'd. And now he onward mov'd,
 On tow'rd the temple. Under him the rocks
 Begin to burst, they lower their hoary brows;
 With thundering crashes allaround, amid
 Tow'rd-heaven-ascending dust, their ruins fall. 75

At once Christ's glory fills the Sanctuary,
 And suddenly the Holiest of Holies.
 While entering the Most Holy, lo, the vail,
 The mystery-concealing vail, down from
 The lofty high whence it descended, down 80
 E'en to it's lowest border, rent; and thus
 Thy type, Achieved Redemption, disappear'd.
 Christ Jesus with his Father hero confer'd,
 Here God with God, respecting the entire
 Accomplishing of man's salvation, till 85
 Up to the Father's Right he should ascend.
 Because it is not the Redeemer Slain,
 In whom alone the sinner shall rejoice;
 'Tis the Redeemer Risen, and to heav'n
 Ascended, who completes the sinner's bliss, 90
 And constitutes the glory of his faith.
 The subject only of their converse, not
 The manner, Thou, Fond Visitant of Sion,
 Art able to recite. Because the soul
 Has no conception, language has no words, 95
 That can set forth the conference divine. —
 How night into eternal day dissolves,
 And how the Glory of the Son not longer
 Doth constitute a mazy labyrinth;
 This was the subject of the conference. 100
 The people, then, whose sacrifices now
 And altars were not longer typical
 Of the eternal sacrifice for sin;
 Whose temple now was ruined, soon to dust
 To be reduced; their woeful destiny, 105
 Dispersed among the nations of the earth,
 And th' emanation of their final state,
 Devolved before the Father and the Son.
 Religion likewise, as promulged among
 Innumerable nations, flowing on 110
 The stream of time along, with lowering gloom
 Sometimes obscured, oft hideously deform'd,
 And shrouded with the vices and the phrensy
 Of mankind, as with sable midnight-shade,
 Yet ne'er exterminated from the earth; 115
 The resurrection of each ransom'd soul
 From spiritual death; every severe
 And struggling contest of each combatant,
 His triumph in the great Redeemer's strength,
 His pious resignation, his remote 120

Anticipation of celestial bliss,
 And his ulterior entering into glory;
 Passed in array before the reconcil'd
 Jehovah and the glorious Mediator.

While thus the Father and the Son réveal'd 125
 Themselves unto eachother, through the heav'n
 A voice, the agitated ocean's roar

Resembling, rolled; the voice aloud proclaim'd:
 By Him who, from eternity, is God,
 Who hath assumed man's nature and was slain; 130

Who will arise triumphant from the grave,
 And at the Father's Right himself will seat!
 Ye, who maintained your fealty and love,
 Ye also will with transport testify,
 That He who is, for evermore, Highpriest, 135
 By intercession and by sacrifice

Hath reconciled the Righteous Judge of heav'n
 To fallen man, and ransom'd man from sin;
 That mortal man who, for eternity
 Was fashioned, now again is priviledg'd, 140
 The glorious countenance of God to view.

Fall down, express your gratitude aloud.
 Still on the altar rests his sacred corse,
 But finished is th' eternal sacrifice,
 And soon the splendid work of man's redemption 145
 Will wholly be achieved! Ye soon will see,

In all the glory of his deity,
 The Victor seated on th' eternal throne!
 Him who is God from everlasting, God
 With splendid — with redeeming wounds adorn'd. 150
 So spake the voice through heaven, Eloah's voice.

On earth a voice with tremulous gladness rose;
 This was the utterance: Now the Son divine,
 The great Messiah, promised of the Lord,
 Christ Jesus, the longsuffering, merciful 155
 And loving Saviour, now he died the death
 That rescued man from sin and from the grave! —
 Thou Branch of Adam's stem, not longer droop,
 But blossom forth into eternal life!

The new-born babes rejoice, now they rejoice 160
 In being born, for in their mortal state
 Already, their Redeemer is their light,
 The Sacrifice on Calvary their lamp.
 Slain is accusing, death-demanding sin!
 Stern judgment passeth by the purify'd 165

CANTO XI. Blonstock's Messiah.**307**

Who, in the faith, are sprinkled with the blood
Of Him who sacrificed himself for man.
Raise ye your hands to heaven and believe!
Jehovah, rich in mercy, hath bestow'd
His only Son! a life of bliss awaits you, 170
When ye shall from the sleep of death awake.
Ye all are priests and kings, all washed in blood,
Washed in the blood of the atoning lamb,
Which died a sacrifice on Golgatha. —
Such was the utterance of the voice on earth, 176
The joyful utterance of the first of men.
Christ Jesus yet was in the sanctuary.
But now he did not visibly reveal
The splendour of his glory to the Angels,
Nor to th' assembled Patriarchal souls. 180
His presence when, from gloomy Golgatha,
He to the temple moved, was unto them
By awful rustling of the air announc'd;
Thou, Earth, didst tremble under his divine
Effulgence: But the majesty that mov'd 186
The ambient air and terrified the earth,
To every one invisible remain'd.
Still they adored profoundly from afar.
And now up to Moriah's heights they gaz'd,
Because the heights beneath the sanctuary 190
Still trembled. Dire ideas of the death
Of the Divine Redeemer hovered still
Around the silent patriarchal souls;
Yet feelings which no Angel can perceive,
Pervaded them, and inexpressive bliss, 196
Divine Redeemer, with each new idea
Of thy mysterious death down on them stream'd,
And every one the quietude of heav'n
Experienced; the quietude of heav'n,
The peace of God and love of Jesus Christ 200
Illumed their thoughts and kindled, in their breasts,
Each feeling. And they deeply felt, the last
And noblest end of our interminable
Existence, is the love to Jesus Christ,
Who stepp'd between th' immortal soul and God. 206
In this celestial transport quite absorb'd,
The souls of all the saints beheld eachother.
And the effulgence of immortal life,
By slow gradation, unto all return'd.
They viewed eachother still. Their heavenly love, 210

)(

With which they now one on another look'd,
Exalted them still more in the supreme
Felicity — to love Thee, their divine
Redeemer, all one soul, one temple all
For Thee — their Lord and blessed Mediator. 215

Now Gabriel, forth from the mount of death
Advancing, soon among them radiant stood.
The transport of his feelings first deny'd
Him utterance, such th' emotion of his mind,
With which he view'd the company of saints, 220
For ever rescued from the power of death.

Soft as the notes of his celestial harp
His voice then flow'd: Immortal Brethren, scarce,
Ye Fathers of the Saviour, I may scarce
Presume to call you brethren! — From the sun 225
I led you forth, conducting you to th' earth;
Another mandate I, before the Throne
Of heaven, received: Repair ye to your graves.

Now the celestial company dispers'd,
Each hastening to approach his earthly tomb.
Beneath a mossy stone, that still remain'd
Of th' altar, near which th' earth drank Abel's blood,
Our Sire and many of his progeny
Had been interred. Nor was the sacred stone
Hence by the waters of the judgment swept: 235
And thither Adam with some pious few
Now hastened. And they saw, when they approach'd,
Those Angels hovering o'er their ruined tombs,
Who were their Guardians while they lived on earth.
Th' Angelic host seem'd, with profound intent,
Those ruins to regard and, when they saw
The blessed souls advancing, all forsook
The field of tombs, with triumph loud ascending.
But of the patriarchal souls none knew
Why, jubilant, the Angels soared aloft. 245

With wonder Enoch and Elijah, who
Near Golgatha remained, were gazing after
The hence-departing souls, not conscious, they,
In fulness of th' appointed glorious time,
Unto their mouldered bones' receptacles 250
By the supreme command of heaven repair'd.

With Shem and Japhet, Noah to the grave
Descended, which received him near the mountain
On which the ark of providence divine
At last above the sweeping deluge rested; 255

CANTO XL. Elipstock's Monastery

289

Where he the altar of his gratitude
Erected; where he sacrificed and saw
The bow of heav'n, sign of the covenant,
Which God is pleased in mercy to regard.

With his Beloved, Abraham to his
Sepulchral shade proceeded, near the grove,
In which he had already seen the great
Messiah in his human form, unconscious
That he' entertained a visitant from heav'n.

290

And Moses to his lonely grave withdrew,
On hoary Nebo, where the hand of God
Among the rocks interred him. He expir'd
In presence of the gracious Deity

291

Who gave him first, from Nebo's hight, a view
Of Canaan. Terrors of God's presence smote
The trembling rock; the rock beneath the corpse
Was rent asunder, and into the gap.
The body sunk, with falling fragments deck'd.
Thus he was buried by the hand of God.

292

Unto their silent graves, not so remote
From Golgatha, Moses' disciples came,
Who, with the thunder of their eloquence
And psalms prophetic of salvation arm'd,
Delivered Abraham's descendants from
The iron bondage of Egyptian idols.

293

294

Dread hovered allaround the sacred graves,
Repelling every' approaching mortal's foot.
But the celestial host of Seraphim

Again descended, tarrying with the saints.
And Adam now, with his beloved, attain'd
The silent spot that had received his bones.

295

And, when from his astonishment at last
Resuming, he with transport thus exclaim'd:

Ye, O my Children, I perceived it, — felt

How first, with holy terror and with awe,

296

I heard the dread injunction. But, my Children,

Rejoice with me! Collectively we were

Found worthy, during this momentous time,

While the divine Redeemer's sacred corse

Slumbers in death, with him, e'en with the great

297

Messiah to be humbled to the grave.

Transporting bliss! how joyful the idea,

To be thus humbled with th' Eternal Son!

Nor less transporting is the consciousness,

That, when he on the judgment-day descends,

300

The earth around unto a general Eden
 Transforming, ye, my Children, here with me
 Shall from the grave arise! Nor ye alone,
 But all who sleep in God, my children all,
 To everlasting life, from th' utmost ends 305
 Of th' earth shall all arise, and be endow'd
 With splendid bodies, radiant as their souls.
 O what transcendent bliss Jehovah hath
 For us reserved! To what felicity
 Thy death, Redeemer, hath exalted us! 310
 In Enoch and Elijah we behold,
 What still awaits us till we rise again.
 O tarry not, thou last of days, that we
 May see the consummation of our bliss!
 Yet rather tarry still, that we may see 315
 The host still more innumerable, which
 From graves to everlasting life shall rise! --
 Thus, with a heavenly serenity,
 The Sire of men his gratitude express'd.
 And with him his beloved associates 320
 Still on the gladdening contemplation dwell'd,
 Of being humbled with the Great Redeemer,
 And rising from their graves at th' end of time.
 And, musing thus, all stood upon their graves.
 Moriah now, up from the mountain's base 325
 E'en to the lofty temple's pinnacle,
 Shook more appalling. Cloudy pillars roll'd
 Through th' inner porches of the temple's court,
 Then lowering rose to heaven. And where the clouds
 Their awful aspect showed, the earth began 330
 To tremble, rocks to burst, and flowing streams
 To swell above their banks. At last the clouds,
 More radiant, rested o'er the silent graves;
 And of an hurricane a heavy gust
 Rushed on the tombs: but the Eternal Son's 335
 Omnipotence was not amid the storm.
 The earth began to tremble' around the graves:
 But the Omnipotence of the divine
 Redeemer was not in the trembling earth.
 And livid flames proceeded from the clouds: 340
 But the Almighty was not in the flames.
 A gentle breeze descended now from heav'n:
 And the Eternal Son's omnipotence
 Was in the gentle rustlings of the breeze.
 Ah, now a sweet insensibility, 345

Resembling alumber in a cooling shade,
 Descended on the patriarchal souls.
 They were not conscious now of what transpir'd;
 And only still perceived the ambient breeze,
 And gracious nearness of the Deity. 360
 With joy and with fraternal ecstacy
 The Angels gazed around the resurrection-fields.
 And now the Sire of men thought he exclaim'd:
 I am anew, I am anew created! —
 He strove to rise, but kneeled still in the dust. 365
 Celestial harps and song of Seraphim
 And Cherub then saluted him aloud:
 Be thou anew, and now for evermore
 Created! Live, now live for evermore!
 Lo, on the most unkindly of thy days, 360
 Thou didst expire! hail, Adam, now awake!
 Thou first of men, awake to endless life,
 To endless life and bliss! bliss more sublime
 Than after thy creation thou, in Eden,
 Hast ever seen. Henceforth thou diest no more. — 365
 The Sire of men, still kneeling in the dust,
 Perceived and saw obscurely still and dim.
 Th' ethereal body which had, since his death,
 Invested the immortal soul, became
 Now, with the body rising from the grave, 370
 United. Thus the newly-fashioned man
 Was glorified. And quickly he arose,
 Stood, and his arms to heaven with fervour stretch'd:
 Hail me, Thou hast recalled me from the dust!
 Yea, of a truth, Divine Redeemer, Thou 375
 Hast fashioned me anew, more glorious
 Than when, in paradise, created first!
 My Saviour, O that I could find Thee now!
 That the Omnipotent I could behold,
 To prostrate at his feet, my gratitude 380
 And adoration humbly to express!
 I know, Divine Redeemer, thou art near, —
 Thou evermore art near us though unseen!
 These gentle rustlings of the ambient breeze
 Proclaim thy gracious presence! Also those 385
 Around me, are arising from their graves!
 Ye Angels, O look down! around the Father
 Of men, the holy children wake from death.
 Eve lifted up her head: What am I now?
 Am I in Eden? Into what unknown 390

And blissful state am I transmuted thus?
 Have I resumed the body of my first
 Creation? Here, O here is Adam! how
 Transcendently effulgent! and myself,
 How radiant! — O Thou, whose redeeming wounds 305
 Will, with surpassing glory, shine on high!
 Restorer of primeval innocence!

Ah where, where dost Thou dwell, that I may hasten
 And pour before Thee grateful praise and thanks! —
 Adam to her, and She to Adam hasten'd; 400
 But utterance when they, in the transport, rush'd
 Into eachother's open arms, none found, —
 They only stammered the Redeemer's name.

Lo, Abel! — O my Son! exclaimed the Sire,
 With ecstasy the Youth beholding, who 405
 Was gliding onward like a vernal morn,
 With purple and with heavenly radiance vested.
 How in compassion, O my Son, the great
 Redeemer blessed us with mercy' and grace!
 When we expired, we did return to earth; 410
 But how we rise again, how glorify'd! —

Far more than we could sue or comprehend,
 We, O my Father, have received from him,
 From him who e'en for our transgression died,
 Whose mercy now is proffered to the world! 415
 O heavenly consolance! all shall rise
 Thus glorified, when time shall be no more.

Enos at once discovered himself
 Again in company with Seth; Jareth
 With Malaleel and with Methuselah, 420
 Kenan and Noah's father. Glory-crown'd
 And with sublime effulgence robed, they all
 Beheld eachother round their trombling graves,
 All with th' acuter sensibility
 Of life unceasing animated, now 425
 Endowed with a celestial body which,
 A more congenial associate
 Of the immortal soul from sin redeem'd,
 With her in concord feels, perceives and acts,
 The Deity reflecting. As the stars 430
 Of morn exulted, in existence newly
 Originating, and thine awful name,
 Omnific Power, with solemn sound proclaim'd:
 E'en so the Sons of Adam, jubilant,
 Repeated the Divine Redeemer's name, 435

And to each other shouted. All the fields
Of resurrection with the ecstasy
And loud acclaims of rising dead resounded.

The Second Father of the human race,
Noah perceived his waking to a new 440

Existence, feeling as though gentlest breeze
Of evening-twilight played around his head.
From the Immortal's shoulders, as he rose,
A ruby cloud descended. He exclaim'd:
Ye Angels, tell me, am not I now form'd 445

E'en such as Adam was in paradise,
Such as he came forth from his Maker's hands?
Tell me, are we in heaven or on earth?
Near the Eternal's Throne or near the grave?
Show me the consecrated place where ye 450
Assemble to the worship of Jehovah?

Where can I see him who transformed me thus,
That I with you may prostrate at his feet?
Where, Japhet! Shem! (these now arose) ah, where
Is He, my Sons, who waked us from the dead, 455
That we, in adoration, at his feet

May prostrate fall? Where is he, O my Sons?
Yet, now ye are not longer Noah's sons,
We all are now sons of the resurrection!
Where is the Lord who poured into our breasts 460
Celestial fire, that we may humbly' adore
His blessed name, and feebly' express his praise.

The Sage who seeks and finds God, his Creator,
In every scene of nature; when he sees,
In dew-distilling groves, the splendid sun 465
Rise in his glory, — he, with gentle awe
And ecstasy transfix'd, stands and beholds,
Because it is a testimonial, splendid
And powerful, of the Eternal's Glory:

So the Celestial who was Abraham's 470
Protecting Angel, stood and saw the Sire
Of all the faithful progeny on earth,
Rise from the tomb, — effulgent, glorify'd,
Immortal. Abraham, his hand upon ?

His lips, looked up to heaven; at last he broke 475
His solemn silence, deeply in himself
Absorbed and in profoundest admiration:
Am I transmuted? Oh, how wonderful,
How full of mercy, Blessed Mediator,
Is the result of thy redeeming love! 480

This glorified existence, God of heav'n,
 To which Thou hast recalled me from the dust;
 This also flowed from thy redeeming wounds!
 This incorruptive body, a more meet
 And nobler consort of th' immortal soul, 485
 Thou hast before the day of days, before
 The dessolation of the world bestow'd!
 O blessed Saviour, who am I, that Thou
 On me dost such felicity confer! —

Thus he exclaimed, and wept celestial tears, 490
 Fired with the transport and with gratitude.

Now Isaac was approaching; Abraham
 Supposed him one of the assembled host
 Of Seraphim, with such sublime effulgence
 And smiling blushes of the cloudless morn, 495
 He was adorned. And Abraham exclaim'd:
 Say, sawest thou me rise again from dust,
 Effulgent Seraph? He resigned his life,
 For Adam's sons he died! my mould'ring bones
 He hath revived and called me from the grave. 500

My Father Abraham, thou didst confide
 In God's omnipotence, and didst believe
 That, if the trying altar's hallowed flame
 Should have consumed me in the sacrifice,
 I should e'en from my ashes rise again. 505
 Behold, I am arisen from the dust!
 Most wonderful, thou best of fathers, is
 The mercy of the Loving Mediator!
 His sacred body on th' ensanguined cross
 Is yet suspended; and we to such bliss 510
 Transcendent rise! As though to soft repose,
 I slumbered away; around mine head
 Celestial breezes played and, soon, amid
 Effulgent clouds I saw myself awake.

With heavenly transport glowing, Sarah now 515
 With Bethuel's Daughter came to the Belov'd.
 On them their overflowing eyes were fix'd,
 And then to heaven uplifted. Sire and Son
 Stood, and experienced the resurrection.
 Long they stood silent, but their inmost souls 520
 With never-ceasing gratitude and songs
 Of praise, yet inarticulate, were fir'd.

And Israel with triumph loud advanc'd.
 Of gratitude from the Immortal's eyes
 Tears fervid gushed. With rapture he exclaim'd: 525

Eternal hallelujahs to the Son,
 The Vanquisher of death! the Mediator
 Between my Judge and me! — O Thou didst shed
 Thy precious blood! Thou hast completed all!
 Thou hast recalled me from the vale of death.

530

The Seraphim refrained not, and their song
 Of exultation streamed into the loud
 Acclaims of the Redeemed, now made just,
 And risen perfect from the yielding grave:
 Eternal praise and glory unto Him,
 Who raised the dead! unto the Gracious Giver
 Of this exulting, everlasting life,
 That blossoms now forth from the trembling grave.
 Rejoice, ye heavenly mansions, in your new
 Inhabitants, they are the early crop!

535

540

Their lisping, wafted on the gentle breeze,
 Announce the sweeping gusts that on the day
 Of general reaping will tumultuous rise!
 Lo, they announce the joyful Reaper-shouts:
 Awake, ye dead! — and the tremendous peal
 Of thunder, bursting from the awful tramp:
 Thou ocean, and thou earth, give up your dead! —
 They do announce the jubilant acclaims
 That, on the resurrection-day, will rise. —

545

Now Israel, from the Angelic Choir,
 Turned to the grave of Golgatha his eye:
 My gratitude shall answer to the songs
 Of all celestial choirs through all the heav'ns,
 When, from the grave, Thou dost again ascend;
 When I, who am thus blessed by thy love,
 Shall see Thee, Loving Saviour, on the Throne
 Of that celestial glory which was thine
 Anterior to th' existence of the world!

550

555

Ye Angels, did ye ever taste the bliss
 That I experience now? — Ye never did!
 Ye died not, as I died, in the belief
 Of the Divine Redeemer's incarnation!
 Ah, ye experienced not the powerful joys
 Of resurrection! — He expired, a man;
 As man he will immortal life resume!

560

565

With feelings of supreme felicity,
 Ye bow in adoration to the Son!
 With feelings of supreme felicity,
 We, like yourselves, adore him. But we may
 Not only' adore him as the Son divine, —

570

Oh, we may love him with fraternal love:
 The Son divine our nature did assume,
 Born of a mortal mother like ourselves!
 Ah, where are those who, in the earthly life,
 With me did love him? who with me, from far, 575
 The Saviour of the human race beheld, —
 Though only in obscure remoteness, yet
 In the divine transcendence of his nature. —
 Now looking round, the Patriarch beheld,
 And eagerly embraced, his dearly lov'd 580
 And loving kindred, standing now before him.
 But Joseph was not there, nor Rachel yet. —
 The Angel of Benoni's mother stood
 Near her sepulchre. She stood at the rock's
 Close aperture, her Angel on it's brow. 585
 With countenance expressive of esteem
 Most cordial, she stood, looking up to him;
 With countenance expressive of esteem
 Most cordial, he stood, looking down on her.
 R. Lone is my grave, O Seraph! S. So the grave, 590
 Rachel, in which the Son divine, who died
 On Golgatha, will soon repose, is lone.
 R. Ah, Seraph, direful were the sufferings which
 He did sustain, whose sacred body soon
 Will to the grave near Golgatha descend. 595
 But who can utter the felicity
 Which his redeeming death to us has brought!
 I also shall awake and rise again;
 Here, where my mouldering bones to dust return'd,
 I once shall rise! — from the Redeemer's death 600
 I once my resurrection shall derive! —
 While yet she spake, a lucid vapour rose
 Convolving from the grave around her foot,
 And hovered round her, like the odorous balm,
 Enveloping the blushing queen of flow'rs, 605
 Or vernal-leaf, that silver dew distil.
 Rachel's effulgence with refulgent gold
 Tinged the ascending vapour, as the sun
 Oft gilds the border of an evening-cloud.
 She sees the lucid substance and observes 610
 It's undulating motion, changing forms,
 Convolving, rising, sinking and, at last
 Contracting nearer and still nearer, — still
 Reflecting brighter lustre than at first.
 With wonder and amazement she beholds 615

The ever-varying aspect of this new,
 Profound and ever-fathomless creation,
 Not conscious of the near affinity
 Between the swimming vapour and herself
 Existing, and not knowing into what 630
 The Voice of the Omnipotent, — Thy voice,
 Divine Redeemer, would condense it soon.
 With gladdening looks, contemplative, she stood,
 Inclining still to view the lucid cloud.
 With spreading arms and joy ineffable, 635
 The Seraph saw what passed. And now the voice
 Omnipotent resounded. Rachel sunk.
 She thought she was dissolving into tears,
 Gently into tears of joy; then gliding down
 Into a shady valley and, anon, 640
 As though arising lightly on a breeze,
 And hovering o'er the waving flowers along
 The verdant bank of oozing rivulet;
 Then she imagined that she was anew
 Created, dwelling now among the flow'rs, 645
 By th' odours, wafting on the breeze, carress'd.
 And Rachel woke. She felt and saw, that now
 She, verily, was vested with a new
 Immortal body. And with ecstasy
 She looked to heaven, expressing her unfeign'd 650
 And fervid thanks to Him who, from the grave,
 Had raised her to unutterable bliss.
 This was th' effusion of her gratitude:
 Thou, My Redeemer, Jesus Christ, my Brother!
 My Lord and God! Thy name for evermore 655
 Shall first proceed from my adoring lips!
 Then yours, Beloved Kindred, Israel,
 Joseph and Benjamin; my Benjamin!
 Joseph and Israel! — Where shall I find
 My Loving Saviour, and my Kindred, where? 660
 Conduct me, Seraph, to th' adorable
 Redeemer! and to Israel and Joseph,
 And Benjamin! With them my soul desires,
 E'en in the gracious presence of my Lord,
 This undeserved felicity to taste. — 665
 And she discovered Israel and Leah,
 And Leah's sons. These from th' Egyptian fields,
 From the majestic stream to her advanc'd;
 And Benjamin was with them, only Joseph
 Was yet remote. The heavenly Joseph still 670

Was tarrying at Shechem, near his tomb.
 One of those children, whom the Son of God
 Had kissed and blessed, among the multitude
 Them placing: Ye must all be like to these,
 Or ye cannot the heavenly kingdom gain! — 665
 Of these one was departing from this life.
 His Guardian led him on through Hæmon's vale;
 And, now approaching the sepulchral vault,
 And Joseph's soul, they hovered near the place.
 Samed, when he th' effulgent stranger saw, 670
 Of th' Angel ask'd: O my Celestial Guide,
 Who is this form of blazing radiance, such
 High dignity and gentleness displaying? —
 With smiles benevolent and radiance
 Diminished, Joseph meekly made reply: 675
 Thou tender floweret, called, henceforth to grow
 In th' umbrage of the spreading trees of life,
 E'en on the banks of the crystalline stream,
 That gushes forth from the eternal throne;
 In th' earthly life which thou hast just escap'd, 680
 My years at first with happiness were crown'd;
 I then was persecuted and with sore
 Affliction overwhelmed; but soon, again,
 I did experience high prosperity;
 I then became afflicted nations' father, 685
 And the preserver of my hoary sire.
 Now, happy youthful soul, say, dost not thou
 Yet recognize the Son of Israel
 And Rachel? — Samed to the Seraph spake:
 O my immortal Friend, he is the son 690
 Of Israel and Rachel! Joseph, whose
 Affecting history my father oft,
 With tears of transport, did to me narrate.
 Diminish still, O Joseph, still diminish
 Thy dread effulgence, lest I be dismay'd, 695
 O Joseph, venturing to converse with thee.
 Thee to behold alone doth recompense
 Our dissolution's momentary dolour;
 Yea, to converse with thee, I e'en again 700
 Would be subjected to the pangs of death,
 And struggle once again with our profound
 Attachment to the temporary life,
 And with the gloomy terrors, hovering round
 The phantom death: an intervening void,
 The dream of everlasting night, the most 706

Terrific of all terrifying dreams.

I scarcely have recovered consciousness

Of still existing! My Celestial Guide

Repeated, oft repeated unto me,

That still I live! So much I was appall'd

710

By the idea of annihilation.

J. O Early-blessed Soul, it was thy lot,

Also the sorrows of mortality

A little to experience. But how great

Thy recompense, so soon in company

715

Of those who do inherit endless bliss;

With them e'en who attained a higher sphere

Than I in the felicity of heav'n.

S. Thou Son of Israel, I scarcely can

Sustain thy radiance though diminish'd now.

720

J. O Samed, soon thy powers will expand.

Thou wilt be able, shortly, to behold

E'en Abraham. When disencumbered once

Of th' earthly frame, the blessed learn with more

Facility, — advance more speedily.

725

S. With eagerness I will myself exert,

Every celestial knowledge to acquire.

Be my instructor, Son of Israel.

O tell me, for the earthly life is not

Without some transient intervals of bliss;

730

What were thy feelings in that heavenly hour,

When thou not any longer couldst repress

The powerful emotion of thy breast,

But didst exclaim, and e'en didst weep aloud,

That the Egyptians heard it from afar:

735

I am your brother Joseph! Is my Father

Yet living? And how didst thou feel when all

Thy brothers, when the younger Benjamin

Beheld thee and, amazed, heard thee say:

Make known unto my Father, how I am

740

With glory crowned in Egypt! and when thou

And Benjamin wept in th' affectionate

And long embrace; what were thy feelings then?

And when thou didst intelligence obtain:

The hoary patriarch, with much amaze,

745

Had heard the tidings, but still entertain'd

Strong doubts, until thy message he receiv'd,

And until Pharaoh's waggons he beheld:

That then his soul new vigour had imbib'd,

He saying: I am now convinced, and see

750

That Joseph, my dear son, is yet alive!
 I'll to him and embrace him ere I die! —
 When he indeed beheld thee; when thou didst
 Fall on his neck, long weeping in his arms;
 When thou didst hear thy hoary Sire exclaim: 755
 Now I will gladly die, because I saw
 Thy face, my Son, and know thou art alive! —
 In those celestial hours, how didst thou feel?
 J. Come, thou art also' a son of Israel,
 One of my brethren, younger still, nor less 760
 Endearing than my brother Behjamin;
 Come and embrace me. — Samed trembling came.
 They both embraced and wept celestial tears.
 J. What my sensations in those moments were,
 O Samed, thou didst testify and feel, 765
 When to my mind th' eventful history
 Of those terrestrious tears thou didst recall;
 Wherewith the joy of heaven in my breast
 Thou hast so much exalted, that it fires
 My soul afresh, with fervour to adore, 770
 To thank and praise the Giver of that bliss.
 S. How to express my gratitude to God,
 O Joseph, I will also learn from thee;
 But why art thou now tarrying near a tomb? —
 J. Immortal, doth he know the Saviour's death? — 775
 With eager haste the youthful Samed, thus,
 His heavenly Guide's reply anticipated:
 I know, I know the Great Redeemer's death!
 J. Perhaps, O Samed, thou dost likewise know
 That we, who were assembled round the cross, 780
 From him received injunction, to our graves
 Severally to repair. We testify'd
 His sufferings, till he bowed his head and died.
 S. Ah no, of this I have not been appria'd.
 Nor have I yet attained a sphere in bliss, 785
 On such exalted subject as the death
 Of the Divine Messiah to converse.
 When to the high felicity I soar,
 Not longer to behold with mute amaze;
 It must be Joseph unto whom I shall 790
 All my inquiries then address, and who
 Respecting the mysterious death of our
 Divine Redeemer, then shall answer me.
 Now tell me, whose receptacle is this?
 Whose bones are in this grave deposited? 795

J. My own, O Samed. *S.* And were all injoin'd,
Unto their own sepulchre to repair,
Or camest thou hither by peculiar choice?

J. The mandate which th' Immortal Seraph brought,
Was: Every one should to his grave repair.

800

S. But, what could by such mandate be imply'd? —
His heavenly Guardian, smiling, answered not;
But Joseph thus rejoined: We shall, perhaps,
With the Deceased Messiah to the grave

Be humbled, there, amid the mouldered bones,
In silence to contemplate, what we are
Deriving from his mediating death.

805

Because his dying and his from the grave
Arising, liberates us from death, and will
Awake us when the last of days shall come.

810

S. Here Joseph, then, at th' end of time will rise.
O that my kindred hither would convey
My cold remains, then I should rise with thee.

Into the tomb, Joseph, let us descend,
And see what of the vesture still exists,
That once enveloped thine immortal soul,
To th' earth consigned, and which will rise again.

815

This was not in an ordinary shroud
From sight removed, but was most costly' embalm'd,
And hither by the sons of Israel
From Pharaoh's stream convey'd. Therefore thy dust,
Perhaps, is severed from the dust of th' earth,
And we may yet discern the substance which
Will blossom forth into' everlasting life.

820

J. Come then with me, O Samed. — Joseph now
Conducted Samed down into the tomb.

825

And they beheld, deep in the vaulted night,
Joseph's attendant Angel. Gladness and
Solicitude beamed from the Seraph's brow.

J. I see, Celestial Friend, how consciousness
Of his, now shortly, reassuming life,
Diffuses gladness o'er thy countenance.

830

A. O Joseph, I rejoice to testify,
How the Messiah's glory is divulg'd,
Which still assumes more splendour, and rewards
Our expectation with surpassing bliss.

835

If thou wert roving through a vernal-field,
Beholding with delight how, round thy path,
Fresh flowerets constantly their hues unfurl'd;
But one, among the flowerets most lov'd,

840

Were in the lap of nature slumbering still:
 Thou wouldst, O Joseph, with solicitous
 Concern and joy expect the favoured flow'r.
 J. Which of his mercies, Seraph, dost thou mean?
 A. O thou immortal Spirit, though not yet 846
 Free from the grave: behold the mercy' imply'd! —
 And, suddenly, convolving dust like clouds
 Spontaneous rose and, down the steep descent
 Of the sepulchral rock, egressive sunk;
 A smaller cloud near Joseph's Angel still 850
 Was hovering; this with waving motion mov'd.
 And lucid was the embryotic dust. —
 Approach and see, said Joseph's Angel, how
 The early gleams of life are here display'd. —
 And gentle rustlings filled the vaulted cell. 855
 High waved the youthful Samed's golden locks,
 And when the Son of Israel the dust
 Of his mortality approach'd, he was
 At once enveloped with the swimming cloud.
 But th' act of his renewed creation 'scap'd 860
 Th' observance of the Angel and of Samed.
 They saw not what transpired but, suddenly,
 Saw how the swimming cloud had been transform'd,
 And how the Son of Rachel, glorify'd,
 Before them stood. And Joseph now exclaim'd: 865
 Thou Angel of the Covenant, who didst,
 Amid a flame by night and high in clouds
 By day, conduct my kindred from the grave
 Of Egypt through the sea to Canaan's land,
 Till their oppressor, in the close pursuit, 870
 Sunk, overthrown! Behold, a greater foe,
 Death is subdued. But Israel is yet
 In Ephron's vale, and Rachel with him there;
 And Abraham too, Abraham is there! —
 So saying, Joseph from the vaulted grave 875
 Effulgent soared aloft. And, mute with joy,
 Th' Angel and Samed followed his course.
 From Mamre's hallowed grove, he onward mov'd
 In company of his progenitors,
 His brethren, and of Seraphim an host. 880
 But who can answer to the harmony
 Of the celestial harps, reverberating
 When now a second time the Sire and Son
 Received each other in the close embrace,
 The Brethren now the Brother, recognizing! 885

Who can display the feelings of the mother,
 She now again beholding her First-born!
 Transcendent was the glory of his new
 Creation. Even in the endless life
 His dream was verified. There to his more
 Effulgent splendour all his brethren bow'd,
 Not only now of enmity devoid,
 But joyous offering praises unto him,
 Who is the Giver of superior grace.

299

The sacred corpse of Salem's priest and king
 Had been discovered and interred near
 Phiala, by a passing traveller.

305

Not from compassion and humanity
 Alone, — with reverence likewise and with awe,
 The wondering stranger formed the lonely grave.

309

With folded hands and prostrate on his face,
 He found him. Thus, an object heavenly
 To view of Seraphim, the priest of God
 Lay in his death. The traveller long beheld;

315

Then, worthy of the action, he to heav'n
 With joy and grateful tremour raised his hands;

Then in his arms he lifted the deceas'd
 Up from the dust and, praying, buried him.

Above his grave hovered Melchisedek.

Down from Phiala th' infant Jordan gush'd.

319

And the melodious murmur of the fount,
 Softly' oozing on along the mossy bank,

Inspired the venerable priestine soul

With rapture and with mood contemplative.

And now he thought, Almighty, that he heard

325

Thy voice through the Jerusalem of heav'n

Soft, with the rolling of the crystal stream,

Down from th' eternal throne descend, among

The branches of the trees of life resounding.

Still with the silent transport more and more

330

Absorbed, Melchisedek to what he felt

Resigned himself as to a soft repose.

The earth and heaven around him passed away,

God and himself alone were present now.

Transformed he from the silent dust arose,

335

Stood, and again fell prostrate on his face,

Unable his sensations to express;

His eyes that were with trembling tears surcharg'd,

And hands with fervour folded, these alone

Expressed the name of Jesus the Redeemer.

339

On the extended plain, Omnipotence,
 Where, by thy messenger conducted, they
 From the devouring furnace into life
 Unhurt advanced, with consternation and
 Amaze, o'erwhelming all who, at the sound 935
 Of psaltery, cymbal, cornet, flute and song,
 The sackbut's thunder and the trumpet's shouts,
 Prostrate around the shining image fell;
 There Azariah, Hananiah and
 Mishael, in a rock had formed their tomb. 940
 Near the sepulchre of the three heroic
 Believers, th' image lay, a ponderous mass
 Of ruins. Once the monarch, whom the Lord
 Hurl'd from the pensile heights of Babylon
 Down to a level with the grazing brute; 945
 Had reared it to the clouds, e'en such as he
 Beheld it in his dream. Vast empires, which
 The image represented, overthrown,
 Still lay around, a mass of ruins huge.
 Rejoicing in the prospect of a sure 950
 And glorious rising from the grave, Mishael
 And Hananiah buried the belov'd
 And faithful Azariah. There the lone
 Mishael, Hananiah, buried, — cheer'd
 With consciousness of his approaching death. 955
 Now his immortal eye explored the tomb;
 But none of their remains he could descry.
 Yet, animated with the powerful sense
 Of joyful hope, he soared above the tomb,
 Sung his soul's transport down to the belov'd, 960
 And now again raised to the heavens his voice;
 (The voice of an Immortal, when his breast
 With energy superier expands,
 Spontaneous in harmonious stanza flows).
 E'en with the rushing sound of hoar Euphrates, 965
 His voice was wafting on the ambient breeze:
 Not as the enervated sense of man
 Is able to perceive, but as the burst
 Of cataracts is by Celestials heard,
 So these amid the water's rushing pow'r 970
 Perceived the voice melodious of Mishael.

Our bodies yet shall from the grave arise!
 Yea, though corruption should disperse our dust
 In the profoundest depths of the creation;
 Though by the ocean's thundering surge receiv'd, 975

Or hovering in the sun's remotest beam;
 It was created by the power of God!
 Immortal souls inhabited this dust!
 And the Almighty will collect this dust,
 And will command it's reassuming life. — 980
 Th' Omnipotent took earth, and he injoin'd
 It's living in the form of man: It liv'd! —
 The scattered dust of our mortality
 God will collect, and his omnific word
 Reanimate it! hallelujah! Then 985
 The dust of our mortality awakes:
 The rivers will with consternation flee,
 The hurricanes will rage, the ocean roar,
 The earth will shake, the lowering heavens thunder,
 And sable night will hover on the earth. 990
 But more tremendous than the general crash,
 Will be the blast of the resounding trump,
 The trump Seraphic, summoning all the dead.
 Then all that sleep, ah, then they shall awake.
 With sinking voice he uttered the last. 995
 And he from death awoke! his heavenly friends,
 With him, from death to endless life awoke.
 He, O Chaldea, who beheld thy steeds
 Fleet as the pard, as th' eagle after prey;
 The horsemen gathered captives as the sand, 1000
 Deriding princes, making mock of kings;
 Their Chief insatiate as the yawning grave,
 First drunken with his ire, then with revenge! —
 Who likewise saw the dread Avenger, clad
 In majesty terrific, down from Paran 1005
 Descending; lo, the pestilence advanc'd
 Before him, bale destruction showed his steps;
 He measured the land around and mark'd
 How far the desolation should extend,
 And where it should be stay'd. The hillocks bow'd 1010
 Where he approached, the mountains shook with dread;
 The rivers hastened hence, the valleys shrunk,
 The heights were lifted, sun and moon stood still.
 His glittering shafts then darted through the air,
 And as the blaze of lightning flew his spears! — 1015
 He who beheld the Great Deliverer
 In Judah thus, the Lord of retribution;
 He, still confiding in the strength of God,
 Was now delivered from the silent grave.
 With rapture, Habakkuk extolled the praise 1020

Of the Redeemer! and, melodious,
 His voice and harp o'er th' open grave resounded:
 Behold, not only does the fig-tree bloom,
 Not only does the joyful vine abound,
 And tendrils on the olive fill the dale; 1005
 Immortal seed it's treasure death unfold,
 Which will be gathered for eternity!
 It ripens radiant on the smiling fields.
 Thy praises fill the heavens, Selah! th' earth
 Proclaims thy glory! Then, companions 1010
 Redeemer, didst remember us, when we
 Had drank o'en to the lees the cup of death,
 When th' utmost of corruption we had seen.
 Therefore, my Saviour, I rejoice in Thee,
 And glory' in God, for ever my salvation. 1020

As when the welkin is with subtle clouds
 Enveloped, expectation's prying gaze
 Still more and more intently fix'd on high,
 Till suddenly the livid lightning bursts
 Forth from the lowering gloom and, with the voice 1040
 Of thunder, utters the Almighty's praise;
 Even so Isaiah from the night of death
 Himself did extricate, with radiance now
 Hovering above the tomb: So he express'd
 His gratitude unto th' Omnipotent pow'r. 1045

Amid the ruins drear of Babylon,
 The pageant huge of Nebuchadnezzar's pride;
 But where the holy warder's powerful voice
 Was also heard: From thee thy kingdom is
 Departed, thou art doomed with beasts to dwell! — 1050
 Among those ruins lay the dust of him
 Whom, with futurity's illumining beams,
 Th' Eternal in a special manner favour'd,
 Daniel, of Royal David's lineage.
 He sought his grave. O Seraph, where shall I, 1055
 Among the desolation, find my grave? —
 And as they onward passed, they heard the cry
 Of dole nocturnal birds, fierce dragons' hiss,
 And saw the spoils of palaces, of domes,
 Of temple and brazen towers, a ruined mass. 1060
 The Arab even had no cottage here,
 Nor found his vassal here a dwelling-place.
 The Seraph soon, amid the watery sedge,
 Discovered the sepulchre. A mossy stone,
 Among the waving reeds, display'd the spot. 1065

The soul of Daniel was in thought absorb'd,
 And pondered, with a retrospective view,
 The fate of thousands, sleeping long in death;
 The fate of him whose ostentatious pride
 Grew to the clouds, and spread a distant shade 1070
 Till the denouncing mandate from on high
 Resounded: Hew him down! with sullen crash
 He falling, no more heeded. Yet the sore
 Chastisement was not vain. He learned to praise
 And honour him who lives for evermore. 1075
 Not so his haughty son. He still refus'd
 To learn that God rules Empires by his Will.
 Therefore his doom was written on the wall:
King, numbered and completed are thy years
 Of power and of dominion! thou hast been 1080
 Weighed in the balance of the Righteous Judge,
 And found too light! Divided is thy realm,
 Unto the Medes and Persians it is giv'n! —
 The fate of these and of their proud compeers,
 Those hillocks with the mountains in the day 1085
 Of general desolation overthrown;
 Like fleeting shades, in swift succession, pass'd
 Before the view of Daniel's happy soul.
 But now was also come the end of time
 To Daniel. The Beloved of the Lord 1090
 Awoke from death. And as he soared aloft,
 His radiance darted on the ruins down
 Of Babylon, as from th' unclouded heav'n
 The star of evening-twilight lonely beams
 His splendour down on the obscuring earth. 1095
 Th' affectionate Son of Hilkiah once
 Sowed tears of dole, but reaped abundant joy
 When from the yielding grave he rose, and felt
 His new existence, wholly' immortal now.
 Yon herdsman at Tekoa, who, though dwelling 1100
 Beneath simplicity's obscure retreat,
 Yet was not ignorant of him who plac'd
 Arcturus and Orion in the heav'ns;
 He saw the meadows mourn, the lofty brow
 Of Carmel wither, Kibheres' firm holds 1105
 By smoking flames devoured; how Moab sunk
 In tumult wild amid ascending shouts,
 And clangour of the trumpet; he beheld
 The fields of Judah allaround with spoils
 And mangled corpses deck'd, and Bethel's altar 1110

And palaces of all the Rulers, how
 Demolished; he beheld the iron scourge
 Of scarcity, the heavens not yielding rain,
 Alone by rising clouds of sand obscur'd;
 How from afar three cities unto one 1116

For water thronged; and how the sword slew all
 The young men, and the pest the residue:
 With visions of such misery depress'd,
 Amos descended to the joys of death,
 With gladness from such scenes of woe retiring, 1120

Th' accomplishment of which already' appear'd.
 He now awoke and testified the great
 Salvation, which the blessed Mediator
 Achieved for man; he testified that now
 Heaven was not longer inexorable 1125
 And iren to the parching thirst of those
 That thirsted for the knowledge of their God.

Job round his tomb had planted cooling shade,
 And now he hovered in the waving grove.
 The rock of his sepulchre, suddenly, 1130

Before him sunk in shivers. Dust arose,
 Which hovered radiant on the silent air,
 A cloud and radiance as he ne'er beheld.
 Much wondering, this phenomenon to see,
 And in profoundest admiration thus 1135

Absorbed, so sunk into the lucid cloud.
 The Seraph who accompanied him, saw
 How, from the hand of the Omnipotent,
 He came effulgent forth, now glorify'd.
 The Seraph's voice in triumph to the heav'n's 1140
 Ascended, till the grove and rocks around
 Shook with the acclamation of his joy.

And Job perceived the Seraph's powerful voice,
 And felt he was, he was anew created.
 And he could not refrain but, high to heav'n, 1145
 While tears gushed from his eyes, he raised his voice,
 Exclaiming, till the grove and rocks around
 With tremour answered: Holy, holy, holy
 Is He, who ever and for ever lives.

Dun lowered the heavens still round Golgatha. 1150
 Nocturnal clouds around the awful scene
 Of the divine atonement, far as th' eye
 Of man could see the hill and lofty cross,
 Enveloped every eminence and vale.
 Stiff, with inclining head, his sacred temples 1155

Deck'd with the crown of insult, now his blood
Not longer flowing, also stiff and cold,
Not crying more to the Vindictive Judge
For mercy, high into the heaven of heaven's
For mercy to the Father; hung the corse, 1160
Oh, that I could discover appellations
That might be worthy' of Thee! thy sacred corse, —
The tears and voice of trembling adoration,
These do not set Thee forth! Inclining from
The lofty cross, thy sacred body hung. 1165
Near the Deceased, the gentlest breeze was hush'd.
Th' earth and the heavens were silent allaround.
Lone lay the hill of death, by man forsook.
So lies a field of battle, by the souls
Of all the slain forsaken, these condemn'd 1170
Or pardoned by the Sovereign Judge of all.
The Contrite Youth, also on a cross suspended,
Still unaverted viewed the sacred corse,
Though now his eyes began in gloom to swim.
And art thou dead? Thou dead! Lord, whom my soul 1175
To th' utmost of her power adores and loves!
Forsake me not! not in my great distress!
Not in the hour of death! ah, not as Thou
Wert by thy God forsaken! — Fearful truth!
In vain I dive into the depth profound: 1180
Thy God forsook Thee in the hour of death! —
Of all that ever struck me with amaze,
The consciousness of this appals me most!
It is a mystery I cannot solve.
Ah, if I still were able to express, 1185
To lip my thoughts; Ye Faithful few, perhaps,
Would tell me, whether ye beheld him, when
He raised his head? his eye to heav'n fix'd?
And whether ye his countenance beheld? —
His awful and tremendous voice ye heard! 1190
O that I could express it! Heaven and earth
Shrunk from me! and more copious flowed the blood
Forth from my burning wounds! I thought I was
Expiring, thought that nature's bonds dissolv'd.
They view me with compassionate regard! — 1195
Ah, gentle, pious Few! my breaking eye
Not longer tears of sympathy can weep;
Or I would weep for you! especially thee,
Afflicted mother, thee I most bemoan.
Forsake her not, O Thou, whom God forsook! 1200

And me, Algracious Lord, forsake me not. —
 Such were his thoughts in th' agony of death.
 And grace divine, with more illuming beams,
 Descended on him. Th' object of the great
 And mystic sacrifice, how the Redeemer's blood 1205
 Passed over into everlasting life,

And how the awful justice of the dread
 Vindictive Judge had now been pacify'd;
 All flowed to him from the revealing source,
 The Spirit of the Father and the Son. 1210
 And he was manifestly' astonished, so
 As those alone can be, whom God instructs.

From Pilate, — unto him the priests had sued,
 To have the perpetrators from the face
 Of th' earth removed, lest the approaching feast 1215
 Should be polluted by their bones accurs'd.
 Therefore a slave with haste from Pilate comes
 And with the Chieftains of the guard communes.
 He issues his commands. A vassal takes
 A ponderous club, still smeared with the blood 1220
 Of many who had died th' accursed death
 Of crucifixion, and, with hasty step,
 Approaches, by his fellows followed close,
 And high above his head, with nervy arm,
 He lifts it: Die! and fells the crashing blow: 1225
 And shivered were the malefactor's bones,
 And from the foot aloft the cross resounded.

The Youth, an object of God's sovereign grace,
 Perceived the sullen blow and, joyous, heard
 The boding import of his speedy death. 1230
 The Roman turned already and, appall'd,
 He passed the middle cross. It seemed to him,
 As though o'er it the gods of vengeance hover'd.
 And he approach'd the Youth, who on him look'd,
 With placid mien and with serenity. 1235
 And, speedily to terminate his torture,
 The Crucifier, with collected might,
 Aimed the descending blow, and crushed at once
 The weary bones of the exhausted youth.
 The cross resounded with the falling blow, 1240
 And dust ascended from it's foot aloft,
 And allaround the skulls of many, who
 Had died the death of crucifixion, shook.
 And now once more the crucifier, but
 With tardy pace, turned to the middle cross, 1245

And stood and looked, beholding the Deceas'd,
 And to the Chieftain much amazed exclaim'd,
 Who walked in thoughtful mood along the side
 Of Golgatha: Yea, by the gods, he lives not! —
 The Chieftain answered: He is death, I know; 1240
 Yet, take a spear and thrust it through his heart.
 So saying, he again his face averted,
 And fix'd his eye more stedfastly' on the ground.
 The glittering spear already shows it's point,
 Draws back, reverts more quickly, and into 1255
 The side of the divine Redeemer's corse
 Deep gashing plunges. Water, mix'd with blood,
 Flows from the side of the Redeemer's corse.
 The breaking eyes of the expiring Youth,
 Though only' as from afar through hovering gloom, 1260
 Still saw how, from th' incarnate Saviour's side,
 The purple stream of blood and water flow'd.
 And now his heart broke. While the body' and soul,
 To part reluctant, still thine arm, O Death,
 Resisted; ere the unexplored texture 1265
 Of nature's potent bonds were all dissolv'd;
 The soul felt, thought, experienced or was conscious;
 But words of human language strive in vain
 To represent how souls departing hence
 From th' earthly tenement, or think or act. 1270
 Now, now — ah, have compassion also' on me.
 Oh, by thy blood, which thou didst shed for all;
 And by thy death! — Did God forsake thee! God!
 God did forsake thee! Show compassion to' all!
 To me! Yea, by thy birth, and by those sufferings 1275
 Which, in the direful judgment, thou hast borne!
 By thy atoning sacrifice, the death
 On th' ignominious cross; thy resurrection,
 And exaltation to the Father's Throne!
 Ah, by thy life and death! — Thou, — amen, amen! 1280
 Thou hast accomplished all! Thou art the great
 Highpriest, who entered th' inmost sanctuary!
 Thine, is an everlasting sacrifice! —
 How Jesus thirsted! Perpetrated crime
 And curse devolving, how my Saviour thirsted! 1285
 Shall e'er, Almighty Voice: it is accomplish'd!
 I hear thee more? Thou hill of death, my grave,
 Thou wert the altar of the sacrifice!
 Rejoice in your returning unto dust,
 My shattered bones, here is your destined grave. 1290

While from the heart's most latent depths this pray'r
 Proceeded, Abdiel gently' approached and near
 Him hovered. And th' Immortal's countenance,
 While he th' expiring Youth beheld, at once
 Shone with more splendour and, with soft concern, 1295
 He uttered thus his benedictive accents:
 Thou Source of life, of more unspeakable
 Compassion, and of mercies more exalted
 Than men or Angels e'er could supplicate
 Or comprehend; Great Intercessor, who 1300
 Didst step between the Righteous Judge and those
 Who fell from their allegiance! O, be with him,
 Be with him in the fearful hour 'in which
 Celestials e'en would tremble, if they were
 To pass to the Eternal's awful presence 1305
 Through such a night of horrors and amaze;
 Support him in this dole nocturnal vale,
 And let him, from afar, behold the bliss
 That doth await him at the final goal.

Thus Abdiel blessed him. The ardent soul 1310
 Continued still: God! merciful, and loving!
 But let me not attempt my gratitude
 To utter, to express, to hsp! In vain
 I still attempt my feelings here to' express.
 Lord! God! Compassionate and merciful, 1315
 And faithful, and long suffering! pardoning sin,
 Iniquity, transgression! Gracious Lord,
 Into thy hands — ah, hosts from paradise!
 With snowy vesture! — how the victors wave
 Their palms around! Lord! God! Compassionate, 1320
 And merciful, and faithful and long-suffering!
 Into thine hands, Lord, I commend — ah, now
 No longer tarrying! now no more delay,
 My Righteous Judge is reconciled to me,
 And I am pardoned, I am justify'd! 1325
 Into thine hand's, my Saviour, I commend —
 He died. The finest particles of life
 Now left the corse, to vest th' immortal soul,
 And to the body's widely scattered dust
 To be once re-united, when it will 1330
 Be summoned to the general judgment-bar.
 These were the thoughts which now the soul indulg'd:
 Was this my dissolution? this was death?
 O gentle, speedy rupture, how shall I
 Henceforth denominate thee? Not longer must 1335

The doleful name — death, be to thee apply'd,
 And e'en the gloomy thought of my return
 To dust and earth, is changed to sudden joy! —
 Ah, slumber then, my earthly life's companion,
 Return to dust, seed, by the hand of God 1340
 To th' earth committed, for the general day
 Of reaping. Yea, return to kindred dust,
 I feel a new, a new and deathless life.

And Abdiel now refrained not. He had seen
 How radiance vested the immortal soul. 1345
 And, beaming forth the bliss of cordial love,
 The bliss to see a soul from sin redeem'd;
 He onward moved. From the Celestial's eye
 Tears rolled profusely, when the penitent
 Also tow'rd him advanced. The soul began: 1350

Ah Thou, Thou art a servant of the Lord!
 This dignified composure, beaming from
 Thy countenance, declares thee such to me.
 When my unfolding eye first, from afar,
 Beheld thy radiant form, and I perceiv'd 1355
 The sound harmonious of thy motion, lo,
 I stood amazed with joy! Thou see'st, I still
 Before thee tremble; but, Celestial Seraph,
 My tremour is felicity and transport.

And, deeply in futurity absorb'd, 1360
 The Seraph answered: Thou, First of the dead
 Whom the Redeemer's sacrifice reclaim'd,
 Who turn'dst to God not till the latest hour,
 Not till in bonds, at th' Altar e'en receiv'd
 To mercy, — the presumptuous hope of future 1365
 Transgressors, their despondency' after death;
 Come, now will be accomplished the divine
 Redeemer's promise! I conduct thee now
 To the transcendent joys of paradise. —
 So saying, the Celestial winged his way, 1370
 And the redeemed soul pursued his course.

The Special servant of Jehovah, he
 Whose countenance with such effulgence shone,
 He now descending from Mount Sinai,
 From the Eternal's presence, with effulgence 1375
 So overpowering that, his face to veil,
 He was constrained while speaking to the people;
 Who, on account of disbelieving once,
 When, in the gloomy moment, not a stream
 Gushed instantaneous from the flinty rock, 1380

Who therefore only from afar, from Nebo,
 The promised land, the land of Canaan saw;
 Moses was hovering near his lonely grave,
 No Angel with him. In the earthly life
 Of trial he had none. So great was he, 1385
 Who saw the Glory of the Deity,
 And died not. Deep in thought, he viewed the life
 Probationary, which, like fleeting shade,
 In swift succession all before him pass'd.
 Ah, Pharaoh, Pharaoh, the extended shore 1390
 Is white not longer with thy scattered bones,
 And with the bones of all thy charioteers,
 Thy horsemen and thy steeds, a spoiled host.
 How, with an hideous crash, thy lofty walls
 Of waters fell! and how the hurricane 1395
 Tremendous roared, forth issuing from the high,
 The cloud-supporting pillar huge of fire!
 How Egypt sunk to ruin and to death!
 How overthrown by the Almighty hand
 Of the Most High! — There also, yonder, and 1400
 Beyond those hills, his clouds of fire did guide
 And did protect us. There Jehovah smote
 Thee, Amalek, while they my arms upheld.
 There burned the bush, burned and was not consum'd!
 Inviolably sacred is the spot. 1405
 Arising rock, ah, slowly thou becam'st
 A fountain! how, Abiram, didst thou feel,
 Dathan and Corah, what were your sensations,
 When th' earth ingulphed you? Hell roared triumph then!
 Yea, Thou art Sinai, the mount of thunder, 1410
 From whom was heard the trump's tremendous blast!
 Thou spacious wilderness, the general grave
 Of all who came forth from the stream of blood,
 By the Almighty through the sea conducted!
 And my grave is on Nebo's hoary brow. 1415
 Do not the height of Gerizim I see,
 The mountain which of Canaan I beheld?
 And is not that the pile of Golgatha,
 The consecrated, everlasting altar? —
 Th' ensanguined pile of Golgatha, which saw 1420
 Man's bliss achieved, an everlasting altar! —
 No sang an host of Seraphim which now
 Ascended Nebo, e'en the host by whom
 Th' Eternal sent the covenant of the law.
 'e Orion they advanc'd, 1425

And hovered round the grave, and lifted high
 To heaven their golden harps, and sung aloud:
 Not with the bliss of Gerizim we come,
 Not with a blessing for the life of time;
 With Golgatha's superior benediction 1490
 We are invested now! Why tarries Moses' corse?
 Dust, slumbering still, awake! rise into life,
 The Saviour calls thee from the silent grave.

With softest sound and soothing harmony
 Of heavenly harps, he slumbered gently' away, 1495
 And with the shouts of trump Angelic woke. —
 When the vivific clangour of each trump
 Into the grave resounded, Nebo shook.
 And Moses, glorified, with great solemnity
 Kneecled radiant in the dust, and worshipp'd him, 1440
 Who conquered the grave, and sin, and death.
 And long th' effusion of his grateful joy
 Ascended, long the praise of the Most High;
 No Angel lifting now his arms to heav'n.

The vaulted grave of kings began to tremble. 1445
 And with Celestial rapture David woke,
 In the effulgent image e'en of Him,
 Behold, on whom corruption had no pow'r,
 Whom also' of resurrection triumph high
 Awaited, e'en the greatest of the dead. 1450
 When in the dark sepulchre Jesse's son
 Radiant advanced, he tarried near the spot
 Where he the soul of Salomon beheld,
 Hovering above the dust. The soul with much
 Astonishment beheld the glorify'd 1455
 Effulgence of the Sire who woke from death.

And now a company of Seraphim,
 And glorified Immortals, from the grave
 For ever free'd, into the vault descended.
 And all exclaimed: They woke, we woke from death! 1460
 And Abraham with heavenly transport added:
 Our mouldered bones perceived the voice of the Most High,
 And we awoke, that, wholly' immortal now,
 We may receive him, glorious as himself,
 When he shall rise triumphant from the grave. 1465
 O David, thou of our adorable
 Redeemer a progenitor, thou also
 Art chosen, round the cedar of the Lord
 A vernal-shrub to flourish, and to lisp
 In th' ambient breeze which high from heav'n descends, 1470

When to the clouds her glorious crown she lifts. —
 And Gabriel said: Soul of Salomon,
 Weep not, into the covenant of grace
 Received soul! thy dust will not vest thee, ¹
 When now the lofty cedar of the Lord 1475
 Her branches o'er these vernal firstlings spreads.
 S. Weep? I, whom heaven with such mercy crown'd,
 I, who from such a labyrinth of errors
 Was rescued! O my mould'ring bones, repose
 Until the day of general gathering home 1480
 To th' everlasting life! And when this vault of death
 Not longer can retain you, thou disperse,
 An airy vapour in the cooling breeze
 Of evening, even in the silver beam
 Of the nocturnal moon, until it shall 1485
 Not longer yield a light to mortal man.
 G. So neither canst thou to the company
 Of Future christians now appear, for none
 May unto them appear save those who wake from death.
 S. Yet I shall see, how they themselves reveal, 1490
 And I shall also their felicity
 Experience; yea, I shall with them rejoice,
 To whom the heavenly vision will appear.
 G. These joys, redeemed soul, in all their fulness
 Await thee. — Thus, all from the grave of kings 1495
 Ascended, now tow'rd Mamre to proceed,
 And, in the umbrage of the sacred grove,
 The host of saints, now glorified, to meet.
 But Hezekiah woke not yet from death.
 He who, in the omnipotence of God 1500
 Confiding, overwhelmed the Countless host
 Of Zerah with dismay, with consternation
 And terror from on high, Aa awoke;
 He also who, accompanied by all
 His princes and the ministers of God, 1505
 Twice from Beersheba e'en to Ephraim through
 Judea passed, the people to instruct;
 Jehoshaphat whom the Eternal crown'd
 With high prosperity, because his host
 Went forth, with sacred vesture clad, against 1510
 The foe with praise, with psalms and mighty shouts
 To heaven, — not in battle to contend,
 But now their gratitude unto the great
 Deliverer already to express,
 Who soon would come to conquer, and the fields 1515

E'en to the wilderness (for here was no
 Escaping) with vast piles of slain to deck;
 And in his lonely grave Uzziah woke;
 And in the grave of kings, his son; with him
 The pious youth Josiah who, with zeal, 1520
 Strove th' idols from the land to extirpate.
 He likewise was compassionate and mild;
 The damsels and young men in solemn choir,
 Therefore, lamented sad his mournful fate;
 The Benjamites, whose tears had often flow'd 1525
 O'er Salem's ruins, most sincerely mourn'd;
 They wept, because he fell of Necho's shafts
 The victim. And their plaintive lay of dole
 Continued long, through generations e'en.
 These five awoke at once, as lightning which 1530
 From heaven descends, they from their tombs arose.

But Hezekiah woke not yet from death.
 An Angel from the deep, Nisroch, an idol once,
 Now with the soul of the Assyrian king,
 Sennacherib, on tardy wing the heights 1535
 Of Lebanon descended. From th' abyss
 Up to the tomb of Judah's kings, the Demon
 Infernal was the tyrant's soul to force.
 S. By what constraint, Nisroch, did we ascend? —
 To th' idol the sanguinary tyrant thus. 1540
 N. Thinkst thou, Sennacherib, I had comply'd,
 Had not an Angel of death, with iron voice
 Of thunder, brought the mandate? didst not thou
 His utterance hear? and not the lightning see,
 That from his eye flash'd and his flaming sword? — 1545
 It is a double death that these are arm'd
 With terror so terrific, and with might
 So paramount, so irresistible.

S. Thou weak and abject slave, whom victims bled!
 Did to these terror-vested ministers, 1550
 These Angels of death, e'er sacrifices bleed?
 N. Thou far more weak, more abject slave of slaves,
 Constrained a vassal's mandate to obey;
 Hasten, inflated, vain, sanguinary tyrant,
 The dust of Judah's kings abjectly to adore! 1555
 Reviler of the Mighty One, who laid
 Rings in thy nose and bits into thy jaws,
 And dragged thee back the way thou hadst despoil'd:
 So thou didst not the Angel recognize,
 Whom I this day without reserve obey'd? 1560

Knowest not that mighty minister of wrath!
 Who with the sleep of death thy hosts o'erwhelm'd,
 And strewed their corpses o'er the spacious fields,
 Till with the sweeping winds of the ascending sun
 The region of the air with winged cry 1585
 Resounded, and the glutting eagle forth
 From Lebanon with flaming looks advanc'd!
 Thou knowest him not, thou conqueror of gods
 At Hamath and Arpad? Where are they now,
 The gods of Hana, Haran and Remph? 1590
 Of Thalsar, Ivah, Sepharvaim?
 They are in hell, to mock thee! Abject wretch,
 I envy thee the satisfaction, here
 The triumph of those vanquished gods to' escape.
 The satisfaction, Hezekiah's dust 1595
 Alone to homage! — And Sennacherib
 With haste advanced. Th' Infernals entered now
 The vaulted tomb reluctant, where the soul
 Of Hezekiah and his Guardian Angel
 Alone remained. And Hezekiah thus: 1600
 Why, O Celestial Friend, why does the presence
 Of these Accused, profane this place? who are they? —
 Th' Angel reply'd: They are Sennacherib,
 Th' Assyrian, and his Idol. Why they came,
 Thou soon shalt ascertain. — Sennacherib! 1605
 Say, dost thou recognize this blessed soul? —
 S. How, wretched as I am, how should I know.
 All those, of more auspicious destiny
 The favoured, happy sons? A. Wretched thou art,
 For impious and oppressive was thy course. 1610
 Behold the prince that prostrate sunk to him,
 Against whom thou thy blasphemy didst vent, —
 Who still confided in the power of God,
 Although thy hords, like rolling streams advanc'd!
 Thou knowest what judgments thou on earth o'ertook, 1615
 And those that followed; this is following now:
 He, who so utterly despicable
 To thee appeared, that thou couldst scarcely deign
 To render him the object of contempt,
 But chiefly didst thy scoffing insult vent 1620
 Against th' Omnipotent, to whom alone.
 The more exalted prince for succour look'd:
 Sennacherib! him thou shalt now behold
 With glory vested, new and more sublime
 Than all the splendour that he now displays. 1625

S. Yea, let him with his glory now and old
 Be vested, only let me to the deep,
 Devoid of further molestation, pass!
 What is the glory of Hezekiah, what
 Th' eternal light to me, — to me who am 1319
 The fellow of perpetual gloom and night?
 Tyrant of heaven, suffer me to flee! —
 A. Much do the judgments of the living God,
 Disdainful wretch, concern thee! Here the dust
 Of Hezekiah slumbers; thine beneath 1325
 The ruins huge of Nineveh is lodg'd:
 It also will awake, but wretched, dark,
 And hideously deformed; ah, different from
 The splendour which thou shortly shalt behold. —
 Dismay, and furious rage, and blank despair 1330
 Seized the sanguinary conqueror of nations,
 When suddenly the tomb of the sublime,
 The pious Hezekiah trembled, when
 With glorified effulgence he arose.
 And, armed with livid lightning, Hezekiah 1335
 Exclaimed aloud: Now see, Blasphemer! see,
 Thou who didst the Omnipotent defy,
 Him who awakes the dead! why dost thou tarry?
 Flee to th' infernal regions, thou hast seen me: —
 But to the rock of the sepulchral vault 1340
 Transfix'd, Sennacherib, with consternation
 And fury, was unable hence to flee.
 And Hezekiah added: Other scorn
 Awaits thee now, than that before thou fledst:
 Into the temple of Nimrod, where thy sons 1345
 With lifted swords awaited thine approach!
 Now Sion's daughter, in the heavens above,
 She, with the golden diadem of bliss,
 Despises thee, — Jerusalem sublime,
 Despoiled spoiler, shakes her head at thee! 1350
 For, whom — in the presumption of thine heart,
 Whom didst thou make the object of thy scorn?
 To whom didst thou thine eye insulting lift,
 Thy vaunting voice of menace, against whom? —
 Sennacherib and Nimrod fled to hell. 1355

David proceeded to the tomb of Kish
 At Zelah, of the fourteen cities one,
 That on Benoni's children were bestow'd:
 So he was named by Rachel, when she gave
 Him birth, and she from him her death deriv'd; 1360

He hastened unto Jonathan, his friend:

J. O is it thee, my David? e'en thyself?

Behold, with splendour so transcendent, none,

Save Henoch and Elijah, yet appear'd!

How, thou progenitor of the divine.

1655

Messiah, how becamest thou so transform'd!

D. The dust in mine, and in my children's tomb,

Began to move, behold, and I arose!

J. Sire of the self-ordained sacrifice,

I hail thee to this new felicity!

1660

D. My Jonathan, thou also wilt arise!

J. Am I one of the Son's progenitors?

D. Adam arose, Noah and Abraham!

J. And are not all of them th' Incarnate Son's

Progenitors? D. And Moses also rose!

1665

J. Who may presume with Moses to compare?

D. I also rose, hast thou e'er sinned as I have?

J. If not, I neither lived so dignify'd.

A life as thou, O David!, nor did I.

Such piety display. And more than all,

1670

Th' Incarnate Saviour is of David's race.

I meritted no such axalted grace,

And unto all eternity, my heart

With gratitude will glow, that I was thus

Permitted, from the heavens to descend;

1675

And the Incarnate Saviour to behold.

I am content, my David! I have seen

Him bow his head! and I shall see him rise

Triumphant into glory from the grave!

This also doth my happiness augment,

1680

That thou, my David, visitest me here.

Dolour had most assailed me near this grave;

Because here I was utterly alone,

None of my fathers, of my brothers none

Here with me; most of them, indeed, are happy;

1685

Yet, do his bones not also here repose,

My Father Saul's? D. I hope, my Jonathan,

Thou dost not utter sorrow and complaint?

J. My David, I would rather pass away!

I should to sorrow or complaint give vent?

1690

Did not Jehovah, in the plentitude

Of mercy, make me also an heir of light?

Void of complaint I drop a single tear.

A final tear upon my father's bones.

Th' exalted Angels even are not pure

1695

CANTO XL. Hlopstock's Messiah.

242

In presence of the awful Deity,
 And our felicity may nomentary
 Be overshadowed with a cloud of dole.
D. Now, O my Jonathan, dolour must not
 Obscure our bliss, because our Lord exclaim'd: 1700
 It is accomplished! — While he suffered yet,
 Our drooping hearts experienced more than dole;
 But now, behold, they wake to testify
 His life, as they have testified his death. —
 And even at the instant, Jonathan's
 1705
 Attendant Angel joyfully exclaim'd:
 O dry this single tear that flows so late,
 O dry it also, this a final tear! —
 And scarcely spake th' Immortal with the voice
 Of the celestial hallelujahs this, 1710
 When, suddenly, the soul of Jonathan
 Sunk gently down into a soft repose,
 And instantaneously in presence stood
 Of David glorified, now wholly' immortal.
 Those who will once before th' eternal throne 1715
 Hear Jonathan's and David's jubilant
 Acclaims of hallelujahs, those will also
 Hear what they now imparted to each other,
 And what they were unable to express.
 Gideon who did the diadem refuse, 1720
 Which Judah brought him, in th' effulgence now
 Of glorious immortality arose.
 Not thus, when to the solemn judgment-bar
 The trump Seraphic from th' eternal Son's
 Exalted throne shall summon all the dead, 1725
 Not thus effulgent those will rise, who their
 Unhallowed crowns uplifted from the blood
 Of the subjected, with the tyrant's right
 Them placing on their heads; so neither those,
 Though rightful owners of their diadems, 1730
 Who stained them in the battle which was not
 Contended to protect the innocent,
 Which fain would from the scrutinizing eye
 Of the Vindictive Judge itself conceal.
 But he perceived the awful cry of blood, 1735
 And will command it, when he comes, to accuse
 All those who caused it wantonly to flow.
 The mouldered bones of him who, while he liv'd,
 Had power to call the dead again to life;
 Elisha now forsook his decking grave. 1740

Thus pious souls forsake their mortal mansions.
 And he with purple vested soared aloft,
 Effulgent like a rising vernal morn.
 Once, when the prophet's bones white bare assum'd,
 The mourners laid a corse into his grave, 1685
 A youthful woman, the felicity
 Of her affectionate, now sad and much
 Afflicted spouse, to whom, with sighs and pain,
 She bore a beauteous son when she expir'd.
 They long had loved and gained at last each other; 1690
 But she expired. He wept not after her.
 With silent grief he walk'd before the funeral-train.
 And of the mourners one bore in her arms
 The tender boy who, like a vernal bud
 Of th' early rose, began his charms to unfold. 1705
 The bearers now laid on Elisha's bones
 The mother of th' unconscious smiling boy.
 At once a cry of joyful fear arose,
 The weeping mourners' cheeks became more pale,
 They breathed quicker! To th' amaze of all, 1710
 The mother raised her head, rushed from the grave,
 And snatched the infant from the stranger's arms,
 And brought him, trembling brought him to the father.
 The loving spouse, imagining he saw
 A vision, and the semblance of his child 1715
 Held in the Spirit's arms, he smiling view'd
 Them both and now, supremely happy, said:
 I follow you, ye beckon, I shall come! —
 But as it was herself, when all exclaim'd:
 She lives! and when herself exclaimed: I live! 1720
 His eyes began in hovering gloom to swim,
 And quickly to the women of the train
 She gave the child and, with solicitude
 Conjugal, to their cot conducted him,
 When deadly gloom lowered round him with his joy. 1725
 The tufted palms around Deborah's grave
 At once began their lofty boughs to move,
 And quickly stood beneath the rustling palms
 Th' awakened prophetess, praising aloud
 The great bestower of immortal life. 1730
 Miriam advanced triumphant from her dust.
 With transport glowing, she to heaven rais'd
 Her beaming eye and, eagerly, looked round
 The spacious fields, but was unable there
 The Angel to descry, who from the grave 1735

Thus called her forth to everlasting life,
 Invested by Omnipotence with pow'r.
 Thou Angel of the resurrection, where,
 Where dost thou tarry? where doth hallowed shade
 Thy radiant head conceal? where did the sound 1790
 Of the reviving trump, that called me forth,
 Among what mountains did it die away?
 Ah where, from such a work, dost thou repose,
 Thyself e'en in astonishment absorb'd,
 That to such wonder God commissioned thee. 1795
 When, O thou people whom Ezekiel
 Beheld, advancing from the grave of dire
 Captivity, a people of God's judgment;
 Ah, when wilt thou arise a second time? —
 Thy temporal deliverance not alone, 1800
 But also to be taught the joyful hope
 Of pious souls in dissolution - pangs,
 He saw the resurrection of the dead,
 Behold, a solemn vision, most profound! —
 He stood and prophesied and, suddenly, 1805
 A general noise prevailed, the dry bones mov'd,
 And all became unto their own annex'd.
 He looked and, suddenly, they all were form'd
 To perfect bodies, but they had no life.
 He prophesied again, and they became 1810
 All animated, and they stood erect,
 They breathed, an innumerable host. —
 This heavenly vision which he on the banks
 Of Chebar saw, the prophet had retain'd,
 And, luminated with the splendid beams 1815
 Of his felicity, it left him not in heav'n.
 And as the reascending from the grave
 Of the divine Messiah now drew near,
 And the unfolding of the great event
 With transport fired his breast, while near his dust 1820
 He stood, in contemplation deeply' absorb'd;
 It seem'd anew with splendour to arise
 Before him, beauteous like a vernal morn.
 And his attendant Angel thus began:
 I hear, remote, a gently-rustling breeze, 1825
 Like to the presence of the Deity!
 I hear it e'en from every side around!
 Ah, if his breath would move the dust beneath?
 But now the fanning breezes die away;
 Ah, now again they wake, they breathe afresh. — 1730

He spake it, and the Seraph's golden locks
 Moved with the motion of the ambient breeze.
 Ezekiel! the Celestial now exclaim'd;
 But he not longer heard him. Now his dust
 Already moved, already it inhal'd 1835

The breath divine, a breath to endless life.
 And the Immortal rose, too joyful, now
 His feelings to express, yet he to heav'n
 His folded hands uplifted and, anon,
 He fervently his heavenly friend embrac'd. 1840
 And both moved onward, by the rustling breeze
 Conducted, which the present Deity
 Gently announced; they now moved tow'rd the fields
 Of other dead, to see them also rise.

Asnathia into slumber seemed to sink. 1845
 A lucid vapour o'er the meadow swims,
 With silver tinged by the nocturnal moon,
 As she with dubious motion touched her dust.
 Ah, my Conductor, what is hovering thus
 Around me? what portends this hovering gloom? 1850
 What mean these gliding shades, I never saw?
 What is it, that I now within me feel?

I have no names for these sensations, yet,
 Though faintly, they resemble what I felt
 In th' earthly life when summoned hence by death. 1855

Thou Angel of the Lord, my heavenly friend,
 Ah tell me, do I die a second time?
 It seems to me that, that my voice would fail;
 It's silver sound, ah, it diminishes,
 It sinks to tremulous, gentle, faint, unheard 1860
 Articulation! Angel of the Lord,

I die, I die again! I hear the gentle sound
 Of Eden's oozing fountains, Seraph, ah,
 The fanning breeze of shading paradise
 Glides cooling round my slumber. — Thus her voice 1865
 Died gradually away. But luminous
 Ideas hovered round her like the hues
 Of morning; and, pervaded with a sense
 Of inmost joy, she soared aloft, now wholly
 Become a heiress of eternal life. 1870

While he with transport heard that, allaround
 The spacious fields which, once strewed with the dead,
 Now with the tumult of the resurrection
 Were agitated; suddenly the blast
 Of trump Seraphic thundered from on high. 1875

With it's tremendous clangour which' the hills
 With tremour answered, lo, the Hero whom
 The Lord appointed Canaan to subdue,
 Stepp'd forth sublime, forth from the shades of death.
 Their blaze nocturnal, lightnings thus display, 1880
 And thus on Dothan's radiated hills
 Elisha saw the flaming chariots roll
 Of Angels, which succouring encompassed him.

As th' early floweret in the dewy dale
 It's vernal charms unfurls, e'en so the Daughter 1885
 Of Jephtah woke, no more to droop and die,
 But now in everlasting bliss to live.

With silver sound her grateful, praises flow'd.
 Her Angel on his golden harp her voice
 Accompanied, and, on the soaring wings 1890
 Of animated harmony, still rais'd
 It nearer to heaven's hallowed precincts.

Deep in a cavern, near Jerusalem,
 A pious individual had interr'd
 The mother and her seven sons, all martyrs. 1895
 Undaunted he the holy family
 All to the grave committed, purposing
 Unto the tyrant who had murdered them,
 The action to confess, and thus to die.

This cavern oft to weary travellers 1900
 A place of rest afforded, oft a shade
 To ardent prayer and tears that latent flow'd.
 And all who passed, perceived with awe profound
 The sacred place, because they all had heard,
 What hallowed bones the cavern's depths contain'd. 1905

The seven sons now round the mother kneel'd,
 The martyrs round the martyr, glowing all
 With gratitude and bliss, that the divine
 Redeemer found them worthy, with their blood
 Their testimonial unto him to seal, 1910

While his original commandment still
 Enveloped him; while still in divers types
 He to the pondering and exploring few
 Alone himself revealed, ere Tabor yet
 And Golgatha so much of him display'd. 1915

While their orisons from their silent grave
 With gratitude ascended to the Throne,
 Athward a brook that near the cavern flow'd,
 Semida came with Jethro, one of those
 Who saw thee in the cottage, O Divine 1920

Redeemer, by an Angel guided, where
Thou first didst weep and utter infant cries.
And weary with their dole, both took a seat
At th' avenue of the grave and thus convers'd:

Semida! — but, how can I utter those
Sensations which did agitate my breast
Since he, the greatest friend to man, is dead!
Ah, therefore let my grief be ever mute.

Yet, O Semida, tell me, what is this,
This new sensation which pervades me now,
Since we did rest beneath the hallowed shade
Of this sepulchral cove, a gentle sense
Of sacred awe and ne'er-experienced dread?
And yet I think, such my sensations were
When the Celestials his nativity

To us proclaimed, while they were yet remote,
Not beaming yet their heavenly radiance forth.

Semida answered: Sacred is this grave.
I feel portending awe, Jethro, as thou.
Let us retire. Departed souls or Angels,
Perhaps, now consecrate this grave a sanctuary.
Dread which assails us from the latent depths
Of this sepulchral gloom, is admonition
For us to hasten hence. They may desire
Uninterrupted to express their feelings. —

Semida thus. And still some paces more
Advancing, he exclaimed into the gloom:
O ye Immortal Spirits, e'en with us
Adore the holy Jesus! holy was
His life on earth, and holy was his death.
Before his birth, Angels pronounced his name,
Christ Jesus, the Deceased! But he will rise,
Yea, he will rise triumphant from the grave.

Ye, though your presence with a sacred dread
Assails us, yet, ye even as ourselves
Are finite creatures. From mortality
Ye are exempt, we are as ye immortal.

Ah, therefore with th' endearing human name
Of brethren let me address you. And this grave
Of martyrs be a testimonial; when
We come to you, that we already on earth,
Still in the mansion of mortality,
Addressed you as our brethren. And this grave
Of martyrs be remembrance unto you,
That, when we come, ye be the first in heav'n

Who, with regard fraternal, will receive us. —

The mother and her sons observed the youth;

And while Semida with melodious voice

The ardour of his glowing heart express'd,

They fancied his companion and himself,

1970

With joyful looks, were gazing down on them.

And when he ended, Thirza with delight

Turned to her sons and softly thus began:

I wish they still would tarry here, I love them.

With innocence and with simplicity

1975

Their hearts o'erflow; and th' awe and dread which here

Assailed them, did perhaps from God descend?

Depart in peace! The Lord your God be with you,

And guide you to the everlasting life.

Yea, by our dust which slumbers, here interr'd,

1980

And which to immortality will rise;

When ye shall fall asleep in death, we will,

To meet you, joyfully from heaven descend,

Semida now, and Jethro turned, and left

The cavern. And the soul of Thirza still

1985

Dwelt fondly on th' idea of the twain

Departed mortals when, at once, an object, more

Amazing, all her faculties engross'd.

Her sons, with heavenly radiance vested, all

Around her sunk as into soft repose,

1990

Yet two of them she fancied, rather were

With heavenly transport fired, than overpower'd

With slumber, for their countenance display'd

Effulgence more surpassing than before.

Amid they spake, and high felicity

1995

Was their perception, and their voices, sweet

As harps, resounding in celestial hands.

One of them now, Beninu was his name,

With heavenly rapture thus aloud exclaim'd:

Dost thou already rise, most beauteous morn,

2000

Morn of the resurrection? yea, thou art

Ascending! Golgatha, the grave, the cross,

With consternation tremble! O, the morn,

The glorious morn of our salvation rises! —

Thus he exclaimed, and slumbered away.

2005

With sense ecstatic of celestial bliss,

The youngest of the Sev'n, Jedidoth raised his voice:

Ye Angels, O where am I? did he rise

Already to th' Eternal Father's throne?

Ah thou, Jerusalem, transcendent is

2010

Thy radiance, Thou, the Victor's lofty Throne,
 Surpassing is thy radiance! But, his wounds!
 The glorious effulgence of his wounds! —
 Exclaiming thus, he among the brethren sunk.
 And Thirza with astonishment still view'd 2010
 The Seven Immortals who, like mortals, seem'd
 With slumber overpowered. It was indeed
 An object grateful to the parent's view.
 With silent contemplation she beheld
 The several countenances of her sons. — 2020
 But those who slumber round me, are Immortals!
 Shall they perhaps, (such were the mother's thoughts)
 While the divine Redeemer's sacred corse
 Sleeps in the grave, ah, shall they during those
 Momentous, festal, bliss-restoring hours, 2025
 Although not dead, yet slumber in the grave? —
 While musing thus, her eyes began to close.
 She saw herself not longer, and now, scarcely,
 Perceived her sinking gently to the ground.
 Transmuted, she arose. Ye Angels, what 2030
 Was the emotion of her throbbing breast,
 When she her new and glorious form beheld! —
 For ever shall my grateful thanks ascend,
 (She cried with tremulous voice) for evermore
 My thanks to the eternal throne shall rise! 2035
 Ah, more than transport of aspiring hope
 To eager expectation could set forth,
 Thou hast on me bestowed! They also rise
 Around me, Giver of felicity
 Unspeakable, and everlasting life! — 2040
 She kneeled and widely spread her open arms,
 And wept aloud, and saw her children rise!
 She saw them coming forth into a new
 Existence. Quickly, as the rising flame
 With waving course the glowing mass forsakes, 2045
 She saw, from trembling dust, Angelic forms
 With glorified serenity arise;
 Saw their first smiles unfolding, and their eyes
 To heaven opening, beaming highest bliss!
 And heard their voices uttering praise to God. 2050
 The happy mother saw her happy sons.
 Close to each other, in a vaulted tomb,
 Four friends had been interred. An earthquake once
 Demolished the sepulchral arch which deck'd
 Their corse. But the happy souls still saw 2055

Some of their scattered bones among the ruins
 And 'mong their ashes of mortality,
 And blessed them with the cheering hope that once
 They should be gathered and should rise again;
 Though yet the realizing of their hope 2060
 None ventured to expect. The last deceas'd,
 Dordah who followed Ethan, Chalcol and
 Hemor to their repose, then on the earth
 Still wandered solitary a little while;
 He now addressed his friends: How happy we 2065
 Were always in eachother's company!
 The life of time in friendship's happy bond
 United us; one grave received us all,
 And everlasting bliss unites us now.
 Indeed we sorely wept when, to the grave, 2070
 We followed Ethan; — whiter are they bones,
 O Ethan! — I and Chalcol saw Hemor
 From us departing, but he Ethan join'd.
 And gentler was our grief. Then in my arms
 Expired my Chalcol, I alone remain'd, 2075
 Still less than ye for th' endless life prepar'd.
 Ah, Chalcol, how did I forsaken feel,
 When thee the grave enclosed! But heaven deign'd
 It's consolation on me to bestow,
 Embling me, with manly fortitude, 2080
 To look on high, and soon my tears to wipe.
 And short was the remainder of my life.
 Few were the evenings till the last bestow'd
 The sleep of death: Now all our bones repose,
 Awaiting all the resurrection-morn. 2085
 The thought of rising from the grave again,
 Is full of transport; what will be our feelings
 When we indeed shall from the grave arise!
 Ah, when we shall (with heavenly harmony
 Hemor resounded it) to endless life 2090
 Triumphant rise, not to a life of time! —
 Bestower of our high felicity,
 Permit me to indulge the pious wish,
 Which almost ripens in my soul to hope,
 The wish, with Thee again from death to wake! 2095
 Thou, Mediator, canst not see corruption!
 Christ Jesus, how could Thee thy God consign
 To sad corruption's power! Here, from the dust,
 To Thee I raise my supplicating voice,
 To Thee, above the cross and hillock far, 2100

High in the heaven of heavens: Ah, let my dust,
 Lord of the harvest, let my scattered dust
 Beneath thy shadow ripen into life.

And Chalcol suddenly exclaim'd: Behold,
 Ere yet the Lord hath spread his shadow forth,
 Heman, our brother, blossoms from the gravel
 Ye Blessed, do ye see that he awakes?
 And how his radiance suddenly augment? —
 Thus he exclaimed, was silent, and awoke
 With him who just was rising from the grave,
 Dordah and Ethan, neither of you found
 Sufficient time, your wonder to express;
 A noise prevailed, your bones began to move,
 And all were vested suddenly with light.
 And as they beamed their heavenly splendour forth,
 They all arose, united radiance
 And, hand in hand, soared to the clouds aloft,
 Singing the Son divine, the Great Redeemer.

Close to Jerusalem, Anna, the prophetess,
 In death reposed. Than many of her time
 More blessed far, she in the temple saw
 The Babe divine, at Bethlehem brought forth,
 And knew whom she of Judah's stem beheld.
 He fled to Egypt, Anna to the grave;
 And now to immortality she woke.
 When she ascended from the tomb, and op'd
 Her eyes that never were again to close,
 She saw at once the Saviour's sacred corpse
 Still on the tree, not far from her, suspended.
 Ah Thou, though dead, hast called me forth to life!
 This glorious, this immortal form, thou hast,
 Before the day of days, on me bestow'd!
 High in the heaven of heavens, the awful Judge
 Heard how thy blood aloud for mercy cry'd,
 And he regarded it's ascending voice.
 Thus Anna, now with heavenly transport mute,
 Still pondering the wonderful result
 Of the Divine Redeemer's great achievement.

Young Joel, Samma's first now only son,
 Had left his father and the bill of death,
 Descending through the valley of the Mount
 Of Olives, through Gethsemany, on tow'rd
 His brother's grave. With heavy pace he mov'd.
 The stone became already green with moss.
 Close to it, Joel sunk exhausted down,

O'er the Redempter's and Benoni's death
 Still weeping. — E'en the lips of children shall
 Extol thy name, and sucklings breathe thy praise! —
 I just began th' affliction to repress,
 That from my dear Benoni's death arose, 2150
 When — but I may not venture to pronounce
 His name divine, not with the name of death!
 Ah, now I nevermore my pain shall soothe,
 Which thoughts of my Benoni still excite.
 My brother now is dead to me afresh! 2155
 Th' exalted Prophet who resigned his life, —
 I hardly venture to lament his death,
 He is a brother of Celestials, and
 Celestials only may his death lament.
 But thee, Benoni, thee I may lament, 2160
 Thy death I shall bewail for evermore. —
 Now on the stone he leaned his glowing head,
 His visage wan, his eye with languor fix'd,
 His gently-opening lips with weeping pale,
 Nestling in his Guardian Scraph's breast, 2165
 And in his brother's breast, pathetic sympathy
 And heavenly satisfaction and delight.
 Because his Angel and Benoni, thou
 Down to the sacred stillness of the tombs
 Descended. The afflicted Joel was 2170
 Of this not conscious. So the pious man
 Sees not the hand that stays him in his dire
 Calamity, though near him as the breeze
 That from on high descends, into the grave
 With gentle rustlings seem to waft him down. 2175
 Because the Lord supreme of life and death,
 Numbered the days already of his dole.
 B. O my Celestial Friend, I am endow'd
 With life more real than my brother's life;
 Yet how he the deceas'd; disconsolate 2180
 And sad, laments; my higher life not heeding!
 J. Departed hence, Benoni, thou hast left
 Me utterly alone! Thou, like a flower
 That greets the morning with exhaling sweets,
 Art broken by the tempest's ruthless blast, 2185
 Most exquisite of flowers in Sharon's vale!
 B. Departed hence, my Joel, tender, most
 Affectionate of brothers, on the banks
 Of the celestial streams of life to grow,
 High in the heavens, where tempests never meet! 2190

- J. Our Father is advanced in age; thy death,
 Thy death, Benoni, will deprive me soon
 Also' of my father and, with sorrow, will
 Bring to the silent grave his drooping head!
 Without a father then, ah, and without 2185
 A brother, I shall languish for the cup
 Of death, to others bitter, sweet to me.
 B. Seraph, his anguish penetrates my soul!
 O dry his tears, dry his distressful tears!
 A. God, God will dry his tears, when once the hour 2200
 Is come, which is appointed unto him.
 Art not thou conscious, that we Angels ne'er
 The flowing tear too speedily prevent?
 J. Repose in peace, my brother dearly lov'd!
 Yet Lazarus rose from the grave again? 2205
 But then the heavenly Prophet was himself
 Still living. Now he on the gored cross
 Exclaimed: It is accomplished! and expir'd.
 B. O Thou, his Angel, will his earthly life be long?
 A. He only knows, who, when thy brother dies, 2210
 Will my conducting him to heaven injoin.
 J. Instruct me, Lord and father of us all,
 Me, brotherless and sad, O teach me, Lord,
 The wisdom which, through life's vast wilderness
 Conducts us to the blessed promised land. 2215
 Thou seest, O Lord, the sorrow of my heart.
 I feel the growing powers of my youth,
 And see a life before me, void of bounds!
 I, brotherless, without a father soon,
 I see a life before me void of bounds. 2220
 B. O Seraph, will the sadness of his heart
 Not shorten the duration of his life? —
 His days, indeed, at most will be but few,
 But every day to him will seem a year.
 J. Thou blessed soul of my Benoni, ah, 2225
 If thou wert hovering here around thy grave,
 And still hadst knowledge of thy hapless Joel;
 O thou wouldst wish my coming soon to thee.
 B. Nought less, O Seraph, than the peace profound
 Of endless life, would thus enable me 2230
 The anguish of his heart to testify,
 And not into' equal sorrow to dissolve!
 Thou always wert immortal, never didst
 A brother in the vale of sorrow leave.
 A. Yet, O Benoni, I participate 2235

Thy brotherly concern! Oft as we part
 From our beloved, and approach the Throne
 Of the Eternal, there new mandate to receive;
 We leave behind us dear and loving brethren.

B. What, my Celestial brother, what is this? 2240

Does not my grave shake? Joel bounding from
 The agitated stone, confuzed, amaz'd?

Why hovers gloom around my swimming eyes?
 That I — O God, where am I? Thou, the great
 Restorer of eternal life, thou wilt 2245

Uphold me, Lord? and not annihilate,
 Not let me die away, Giver of life? —

So spake the soul, softly' as the dying echo.
 And with the body of the resurrection,
 With glorified effulgence vested now, 2250

He cried aloud: Not only, Gracious God,
 Didst thou uphold me when my fears prevail'd;
 Thou hast endowed me with this glorify'd,
 This deathless body! Praise, eternal praise,
 To Thee, Lord, infinite in mercy' and love. 2255

Now, O my brother, when thy body once
 Shall to the dust return, thou also shalt
 Thus glorious from the trembling grave arise,
 Called forth immortal by the Lord of life.

J. Was I awaké? or did my anguish spread 2260
 It's direful slumber over me, which deck'd

My Father when, with mute astonishment,
 He drooped his head, then started and exclaim'd:
 My Child Benoni! — though he lived not more,
 His tender head long dashed against the rock! 2265

Was I astonished thus, or shook the stone? —

Ah ye, my brother's bones, rest undesturb'd?
 The earth perhaps did with convulsion shake?

Here comes my father, seeking after me.

B. O Seraph, see my father! — Weep not more, 2270
 Thou tender parent, o'er Benoni's grave!

I am in regions of eternal bliss,

And of my dust this tomb is dispossess'd.

S. Come, Joel, come away, I sought for thee.
 Come, hasten from this drear sepulchral gloom. 2275

Ah, is not this Benoni's? — Joel come! —

Benoni's tomb? — Come, Joel, come away,

Ah, now my only child. God bless thee. — They retir'd.

B. God bless thee soon, Benoni after them,
 As they retired, with filial love exclaim'd: 2280

God bless thee soon with everlasting life,
Ah, tender and afflicted parent, soon.

Simeon, when he the Son of God had seen,
The Light which to the nations was to shine,
The blessed Mediator, e'en the glory 2285

In Judah, and had wept his grateful thanks;
He soon laid in the grave his hoary head.

Simeon, expiring, threw a light around,
Because his lamp flamed brighter near the grave,
And God's eternal glory on him beam'd 2290

More luminous when nature's bonds dissolv'd.
His frail remains already sunk to dust,
But the immortal soul now hovered o'er
The place in which the body had been sown,
Which soon should rise (of this he was not conscious) 2295

A lofty Ear among the early crop,
Anterior to the day of general gathering home,
With single spikes above the seed to grow.
That in the silent grave since Adam slept;
O'er all the human race which till the day 2300
Of judgment will into the grave descend.

In a lone path which, near the laving brook
Of Kindron from Jerusalem winds round
The basis of the mount of olives, and
With various turnings passes by the grave 2305
Of Simeon; in this path an aged man

Moved slowly on, with him a guiding boy,
Simeon's own brother, and a nephew's son.
Th' eye of the hoary sire had long been veil'd
With blindness, the precursious night of death, 2310
Which lowers around us e'er his grisly hand
Conducts us to the gloomy date itself.

The boy, with childhood - assiduity,
Endeavoured much, the hoary Sire's distress
To' alleviate, and his sorrow to remove. 2315

B. O hoary Father, dry thy tearful eyes,
And do not thus for ever moan and weep!
F. Long since mine eyes have been of sight depriv'd;
Ah, therefore let them weep, of which alone
They are not yet disabled. Death at last 2320
Will terminate my weeping, and will hence
Conduct me, unto yon far better life.

But tell me, Child, I am fatigued: Are we
Yet distant from the holy Simeon's grave?

B. We are not distant, father, from the grave. 2325

CANTO XI. *Blotstock's Messiah.*

365

F. Is the sepulchral stone with verdant moss
 Not covered yet, as ruins solitary
 Of tower, or temple' are oft with ivy deck'd?
 Does not the stone, sunk deep into the ground,
 Give testimony of the long repose 2330
 Of pious Simeon? Ah, dear blooming child,
 My Inguid heart with inmost joy leaps high,
 When oft the hoar and venerable tombs
 I to myself imagine. In his grave
 My Simeon now has long ago repos'd! 2335
 My tomb was also in the massive rock
 Hewn long ago; but still it lacks the corse. —
 So spake the hoary sire, and on the boy
 With bitter sadness leaned. He now resum'd:
 Dear Child, to whom the blazing sun is not 2340
 Extinguished, and whose eye still sees the faint
 And glimmering light of summer's midnight-hour;
 O tell me, is the atmosphere serene?
 I feel a gentle and a rustling breeze,
 Which did mine aged limbs invigorate. 2345
 B. Serene, my father, is the atmosphere,
 And, in the distant prospect, much augments
 Th' unfolding beauty of the vernal fields.
 F. Ah, Child, although the sky with sable clouds
 Were shrouded, yet the day on which I die, 2350
 To me will be a cheering vernal-day. —
 The soul of Simeon said: He longs to die,
 Celestial Friend, for he cannot support
 The doleful thought of the Redeemer's death. —
 Of this, the Seraph answered, he is yet 2355
 Wholly' uninformed. Such they from him conceal'd,
 Lest, with the doleful tidings, he should die. —
 Ah then, indeed, should Jesus' death he hear,
 Replied the soul of Simeon, he expires.
 And yet, this sword the mother's heart did pierce! — 2360
 While the Celestials thus conversed, the boy
 Sat down, and Simeon's brother, near the grave.
 And now the Seraph, from the dust of th' earth,
 Separated Simeon's bones and scattered dust,
 Collecting these for everlasting life. 2365
 With rushing noise they moved, but this alone
 To Seraphim was visible, and heard
 By those alone, who high in heaven perceive
 Th' utterance of praise, from distant stars ascending.
 While radiance for the new and glorify'd 2370

Existence sunk convolving on the dust,
 The soul sublime imagined that her pow'rs
 Contemplative were to a distance borne, —
 On wings of softest soothing harmony
 Still farther hence, still more and more away. 2375
 But when th' immortal body of the new
 Creation was completed, when his breast
 Expanded with the inexpressive bliss
 Of resurrection, — quickly they return'd,
 Imbibed new vigour and, with sentiments 2380
 Exalted, the aspiring mind upbore. —
 A pilgrim from the feast, with hasty step,
 This instant was advancing in the path,
 Forth tending tow'rd the cots of Bethlehem.
 B. O Pilgrim say, why dost thou hasten thus? 2385
 P. Should not I hasten to relate his death?
 Unto my house the tidings dire to bring?
 F. Whose death? what direful tidings dost thou mean?
 P. Thou surely art the only one, who still
 Is uninformed that, on th' accursed tree, 2390
 Our Rulers slew the bless'd, the holy Jesus? —
 Devoid of speech the hoary man sunk back.
 With much exertion and with difficulty
 The pilgrim and the boy at last restor'd
 And led him hence o'er Kidron from the tombs, 2395
 And, though he much entreated to return,
 Conducted him unto the city-gate.
 The glorified Immortal, Simeon said:
 Shall we, O Seraph, hover at his side,
 His Spirit to receive when it forsakes 2400
 The mortal mansion which, ere morning comes,
 Doubtless will shattered sink? — The Seraph thus
 Replied: O Simeon, he expires not yet,
 Because his Angel is not near him now.
 Moreover, he will yet experience high 2405
 Felicity in the terrestrial life,
 For thou, O Simeon, wilt to him appear,
 And on the resurrection of the Lord
 With thine afflicted brother wilt converse.
 The soul of John, now hovering o'er his corse, 2410
 Thought: Here, until the dreaded day of grand
 Decision, rest: Thou Lamb of God! we, whose
 Transgression Thou hast borne, shall tarry here;
 Though longer not, perhaps, than shades of night
 Involve and deck thy slumber, Lamb of God, 2415

And th' altar still is reeking with thy blood.
 But thou wilt gather us around thee when,
 A Victor, from the grave thou dost arise,
 That we thy glory also may behold.
 Then I forsake this dust which, with the sound 2420
 Of trump Angelic, once will rise again.
 Most gladly I will tarry near it now.
 O Joys of resurrection, what will your
 Reality be, since th' anticipation
 Alone does fire the soul with rapture thus! 2425
 What dream is this, what phantom hovering round me,
 A high aspiring wish, soon to arise?
 Thy purposed day, Great Judge, not to await?
 A wish that hope to heaven still higher bears?
 Wondrous are all the mercies of the Lord, 2430
 Inscrutable and not to be recounted,
 And mercies new we ever may expect. —
 Such were his thoughts when, suddenly, he saw
 Benoni, gliding through the evening-gloom,
 A passing radiance. J. What celestial youth 2435
 Is gliding onward from yon pendent rocks,
 O Seraph? every vernal charm of heav'n
 Beams round him! and harmonious is the sound,
 Forth wafted from his gliding through the air.
 I recognize him now, it is Benoni! 2440
 Yet, though he bear Benoni's semblance much, —
 He is, perhaps, Benoni's Guardian Angel.
 O Seraph, who is the effulgent Youth?
 I have no recollection of him now.
 He is no Angel, nor a human soul 2446
 With light away'd; yet seems Benoni still.
 Arisen from the grave? Thou, heavenly Youth,
 Thus glorified, didst from the dead awake?
 O speed thy progress, let me nearer hear
 The sound harmonious of thy gliding forth 2450
 Through th' ambient air, whoever thou may'st be.
 Yea, some Benoni from afar perhaps,
 Newly deceased, and risen from the grave,
 Here some mysterious wonder to divulge,
 Perhaps thyself the wonder. — Now Benoni 2455
 Had wafted nearer the harmonious sound
 Of his approach. Benoni came to John.
 B. O thou, of all whom woman e'er brought forth,
 Most dignified; may the Eternal God,
 From everlasting unto everlasting, 2460

On thee his benedictive grace bestow!
 Most glorious intelligence I bring:
 Behold, the sacred dust, the dead awake!
 Baptizer of the Lord, the spacious fields
 Are agitated, rushing noise prevails, 2465
 The resurrection far and wide resounds,
 Those, who are slumbering in the grave, awake!
 J. Whom, O Celestial youth, whom hast thou seen?
 B. I saw the Father of the human race.
 And Enoch and Elijah were amaz'd. 2470
 In blazing glory Abraham came forth,
 Isaac advanced in splendid ruby clouds.
 I saw, — their lifted eyes their thanks express'd;
 Moses and Job: I saw the Seven Sons
 Advancing with their Mother, martyrs all! 2475
 And I became with rapture overpower'd.
 From everlasting unto everlasting,
 God's benedictive grace upon thee light!
 Thee also, John, I see, though not yet glorify'd.
 Prepare, thou greatest of the sons of Adam, 2480
 Prepare for rising from the silent grave. —
 John saw astonished that his corse arose,
 And was alive, though glorified not yet,
 A body still as fashioned of the earth.
 But instantaneous the axalted soul 2485
 Lost all her wondering powers contemplative,
 And joyous expectation's grateful sense;
 Because the body' and soul united now.
 The miracle was finished. Glorify'd,
 John raised his voice, praising the Lamb of God. 2490
 The names of these who from the grave arose,
 Aloud to me resounded, some among
 The tufted boughs of lofty palm dispers'd;
 It is alone in consecrated hours,
 That Sion's Visitant, with cheering smiles, 2495
 Returns and those celestial names repeats.

Klopstock's Messiah,

CANTO XII.

With anguish sad in her most latent depths
 The soul is pining when with rueful fears
 Assailed, that from th' eternal heritage
 She by the Sovereign Judge will be rejected.
 Once erring in the mazy labyrinth
 Of providence divine, she turns her thoughts
 Despondent from inquiry now away;
 Each feeling shrinks appalled, amit by a curse
 From Sinai, and by denouncements dire
 From Ebal, and with terrors overwhelm'd,
 Which hover round ensanguined Golgatha.
 Now she will not receive the snowy vest,
 The victor's waving palm and radiant crown!
 Disconsolate she droops and would dissolve
 In dole, if by the single thought not stay'd:
 All to submit to God's allsevereign Will.
 So, with their sorrow utterly depress'd,
 Of hope bereft and drooping with despair,
 Were those, the few of all the human race,
 Who recognized still the Son divine,
 He pale, gored, dead and silent on the cross;
 And so th' Arimathean, he alone,
 The general dejection still withstood.
 Thy sacred corse, Redeemer, to inter,
 Joseph resolved, less daunted now, avenger
 Of that timidity that made him shrink
 From the infuriate rage of Jesus' foes.
 Aloud he on the hill of death exclaim'd,
 Heard by the Roman Chiefstain of the Guard,
 And, though with th' anguish of their hearts o'erwhelm'd,
 The faithful company his voice perceiv'd:
 The blessed Jesus' corse I will inter!
 Hence not remote, there is his grave, and mine!
 No, only in the avenue of the rock,
 My bones their destined resting-place shall find.
 Rise, Nicodemus, myrrh and aloes bring,
 And here expect me. From the Roman Prince
 I shall with speed return, and I will bring
 The linen to th' interment requisite. —
 He hastened. Even so the firm resolve,

A vicious course not longer to pursue,
 Hastes to effect, if it be truly meant,
 And furious vice with lifted dagger's point
 In vain does menace, or alluring or
 Somniferous her siren-song attuning. 45
 And soon th' Arimathean had attain'd
 The Pagan's palace, and observed, that great
 Disquiet discomposed the Roman's brow;
 And Portia was, with sorrow pale, her eye
 With weeping dim. — P. Say, what is thy request? 50
 J. Not recognizing him, and by our Priests,
 And Elders thus seduced, O Pilate, thou
 Didst sanction Jesus' death. I crave his corpse,
 I purpose to inter him in my tomb,
 P. But, what is the Deceased unto thee? 55
 J. Ah, much he is to me, more unto none,
 O Pilate, save unto the awful Judge
 Who reigns supreme on high, the God of gods!
 P. The gods who in the judgment stern preside,
 Reign not on high, but where Coccythus flows! 60
 Not he, O Israelite, whom thou didst call,
 With arrogating pride, the God of gods;
 But Rhadamanthus, Minos, Æcus reign,
 J. O Pilate, whether, where Coccythus flows,
 The gods of Rome in judgment stern preside, 65
 Let this be ascertained when, with our bones,
 We fill sepulchral urns. Now let me see
 To thee, Our Ruler, also Paramount
 To those infuriate murderers who slew
 The Blessed Prophet: On a pious fear 70
 The holy Jesus' sacred corpse bestow.
 P. But tell me, is he dead? died he so soon?
 Now Portia could repress her grief no longer:
 Give to this virtuous suppliant the corpse,
 Or bury me! — So saying, from her eyes 75
 A flood of tears precipitantly gush'd, —
 And Pilate to th' Arimathean thus:
 Dispatch unto the Chieftain of the guard
 At Golgatha, a vassal; when he comes,
 Conduct him hither. Joseph sent. He came. 80
 They entered. P. Is, whom to Barabbas they
 Preferred, say, is he dead? — The Chieftain answer'd:
 He was already dead. And none his bones
 Would fracture. One however plunged a spear
 Into his heart, whence blood and water flow'd. 85

And Pilate added: Let unto this man
The corpse be given, that he may bury him. —
Where, didst thou say, the corpse should be interr'd?
J. In my sepulchre, near to Golgatha.

Thus, Joseph to the hill of death return'd. 90

Th' afflicted mother of the Son divine
Observed the faithful Joseph first, and saw
How for th' interment he the linen bore,
And she again with inmost sorrow wept;
But still of speech devoid, still with the sword 95

Lodged in the vitals of her soul, still mute.
And thus the lips of John first trembling op'd:
Thou Mother of the Lord, ah, it is some
Alleviation to our sad distress,
To see that Joseph will inter the corpse. — 100

Though, while he spake, his eye was from the tomb
Averted. But the Mother of the great
Deceased, and of the most affectionate
Of the disciples, answered him not.

The pious Joseph hastened to the cross, 105
And Nicodemus hastily advanc'd

To meet him. To' all who, of the faithful few,
Approach'd them, both with joyful voice exclaim'd:
We may commit his body to the grave! —
But the afflicted company retir'd, 110

And stood aloof: Not so the radiant host
Of Witnesses celestial; glorify'd
Immortals, risen from the grave, and Angels.
These formed a narrow compass round the cross;

And, though by mortal hearing not perceiv'd, 115
With soft complaint their harps already sigh'd;
But their celestial voices yet were mute.

Had of the mortal mourners one perceiv'd
Th' Angelic harmony, he would have felt
Himself with joy in heaven; not on earth; 120
Or with the lofty plaint he would have died.

Joseph approached and with him Nicodemus,
The one unfolding the sepulchral shroud,
The other spreading richest odours forth.

Then from the cross they took the body down, 125
And lowered it gently. Now the sacred corpse
Not longer was suspended, now it rested.

They hastened and infused the life of shrubs
Into the shroud, and Him who, with the sound
Of trump Angelic, once will wake the dead, 130

Him from corruption they would thus preserve.

But Eye approach'd and gently o'er the great
Deceased Messiah's countenance inclin'd.

Her golden tresses flow'd around his wounds,
And on his breast a heavenly tear she dropp'd. 135

Ah, beauteous are thy wounds! she softly sigh'd,

Still in thine essence self-existent, though

Thy sacred body slumbers now in death.

Eternal bliss streams forth from every wound!

And, O my Son, my Saviour and my Lord, 140

Though now the hue of death has deck'd thy face,

Thy closed, now silent lips, and eye now fix'd,

Still utter bliss and everlasting life.

A blooming Seraph, if he could expire,

Would thus in death appear. Thy livid lips 145

Still smile with love, and every feature still

Is prominent with mercy and compassion.

To the Deceased the happy mother thus;

Not so th' afflicted Mother. She with grief

Ineffable depressed, still hid her face, 150

Unable on the sacred come to look.

Joseph and Nicodemus now already

Envelop'd the Deceased. But, when beneath

Their trembling hands the shroud assumed his blood,

Th' Immortals glorified, progenitors 155

Of the Messiah, were unable longer

Their silence to maintain; and they commenc'd

The funeral-lay, the soft dolour of heav'n.

One of the choirs began, and soon the tears

Of all th' assembled host began to flow: 160

Who, clad with purple vesture, who is this,

From Golgatha advancing? with the blood

Of sacrifice adorned, from the altar

Descending? who his power divine conceals,

Which is of everlasting bliss the source? — 165

This by an other choir was answered, tears

Still flowing; with the harmony the blast

Resounded of the final judgment-trump:

I, who teach righteousness, mighty to save! —

The choir that first in tears dissolved, resum'd: 170

Why is thy garment stained with red? thy vesture,

Like one that treads the grape? — Did not alone

I labour in the wine-press? was with me

A finite being? Those who did revolt,

I in mine anger stamp'd them as the grape, 175

And crushed them in my wrath! Their richness all
Is on my garment sprinkled. In the great
Work of salvation, I with blood have dy'd
My vesture! For the day of vengeance huge,
The year of great redemption is arriv'd. 180

When I the vast achievement first commenc'd,
I looked around, but helper I found none!
Jehovah's terrors overwhelmed me then,
And none supported me, no, none in heav'n,
And none on earth! my arm was then constrain'd 185
To yield me succour; and, against the proud
Revolters, indignation stay'd my foot!
I crushed the serpent's head, he gored my heel!
Mine adversaries all, I in my wrath
Subdued, and made them drunken unto death. 190
Thus all their 'pride and richness I despoil'd. —
Such was the lay of the celestial choirs,
And bursts of triumph mingled with their dole.

Joseph removed th' ensanguined crown of thorn,
And, handing it to him who near him stood, 195
He covered the Divine Redeemer's head.
But not as Mary, not as the disciples,
Were silent the celestial witnesses,
Who hovered still around the hill of death.
Afresh the heavenly funeral-lay commenc'd, 200
Again the tears of dole began to flow.

Ah, hadst thou now the heavenly harp perceiv'd,
Which, mortal still, on Patmos thou didst hear;
How, O disciple of the great Desecas'd,
Thou, the afflicted mother's loving son, 205
How had thy breast with ecstasy been fir'd? —

A choir of those who from the grave arose,
Resumed the lay, all gazing on the corse:
Behold, with rushing sound Kidrona fled,
The brook, ye Angels, near the temple flowing, 210
Kidrona. — Crush the proud Revolter's head!
Great Soul, yea, crush the prostrate serpent's head!
Few waving palms by the Celestials borne,
Aloof, still in Gethsemany were waving.

Then he began to die! — Redounding peals 215
Of thunder from an other choir burst forth:
Did not he from afar perceive the roar
Of th' agitated floods in the abyss, —
Did not he hear the fury of the deep,
The yell and menaces of the Accurs'd? 220

Shook not bear Tabor high into the clouds?
 From the dun night Eloah then advanc'd,
 The night that shrouded the Vindictive Judge;
 And the Celestial hovered near, and sung
 High triumph to the Son! Then he began to die! — 233
 When these ceased, gentle plaint was heard:
 And he is dead! Ye Angels, he is dead.

So sung the heavenly choirs, and Joseph now
 And Nicodemus lifted, from the dust,
 The sacred corse and, slowly, bore him down, 230
 Down from th' ensanguined height of Golgatha;
 Jehovah found them worthy of the burthen.

One of the choirs, as these descended, sung:
 He deemed it no exaction, to the God
 Of heaven himself to liken; yet, O Thou, 235
 The fairest far among the sons of men
 Or Angels, Thou to death, yea, to the death
 Of the accursed tree, thyself hast humbled!
 And slaves of sinful idols on his vesture
 Did cast the lot! Ah, vinegar and gall 240
 They gave him in his burning thirst to drink,
 And to his suffering soul they gave the cup
 Of bitter insult! — Now an other choir
 To heaven with flaming ardour sung aloud;
 Jerusalem — Wee, wee, Jerusalem! 245

Woe to thy sons! Yon too-terrible voice,
 The voice, ascending from the Saviour's blood,
 Was heard, and warring Chiefs will answer it!
 How flapping eagles gather on thy walls! —
 The patriarchs their trembling harps now dropp'd, 250
 But the tremendous trump resounded still.
 The harp of Moses also now was mute;
 But when Eloah's thundering trump the blast
 Of woe still uttered; Moses from among
 The weeping choirs now lighted on the earth, 255
 And at the side of great Eloah stood,
 Close to the gored corse. His utterance this:
 This was the utterance of Eloah's trump:
 Long the Avenger will with you adjust,
 With you who slew this Abel, him who is 260
 Eternal. O ye Cain, ye are not,
 Nor is your hiding-place, to me unknown!
 Did not your murdered brother's blood exclaim
 Against you? High in heaven I heard it's voice!
 It sued not vengeance, No! The inmost night 265

Of judgment penetrating, it aloud
 Craved mercy! Yea, but mercy ye disdain!
 Therefore the voice of the avenging Judge
 Long will resound, from the ensanguined height
 Of Golgatha e'en down to lowest hell! 270

Receive your choice, ye murderers of the bless'd
 Messiah, lo, receive your choice, and die. —
 But also now from great Eloah's hand
 The thundering trump sunk down, and now the song
 Sublime of the assembled prophets ceas'd. 275

But still their eyes the sacred corpse pursued.
 The pious bearers bore it to the grave,
 Which, near to Golgatha, amid a group
 Of hoary trees was hewn into a rock.
 And from the opening of the silent cell, 280
 Laborious, they removed the dooking stone.

Joseph chose th' inmost vault for the deceas'd,
 And thus his pensive soul sighing dissolv'd:
 At last the holy sufferer has a place
 Whereon to lay his head. — They took the sacred corpse, 285
 And lowered it gently down into the depth
 Of the sepulchre, oft their weeping eyes
 From the deceased averting, till at last
 Their weary arms moved back the massy stone,
 And down into the opening of the tomb. 290
 It's burthen sullen rolled, thus spreading night
 O'er the divine Redeemer's sacred corpse.

When shades of night o'er the Deceased were spread,
 The heavenly choirs resumed. These in the dark
 Sepulchral night already saw the morn, 295
 The glorious morn of resurrection dawn. —
 Thou also wert committed to the earth;
 But from corruption thou shalt not grow forth.
 The shades of death, Divine Redeemer, scarce
 Envelope thee when, suddenly, new life 300
 Salutes thee! when the fields of Golgatha
 Already with the resurrection shake!
 When the ensanguined altar trembles loud
 With his resuming life, who 'among the dead
 Is greatest. O ye Angels of the throne, 305
 Ye Reapers on the day of his reward,
 Whose voice melodious on the smiling banks
 Of Sion, high in heaven, will repeat
 The blessed names, new names, of those that gain'd
 The victor's palm, who form his glorious crown; 310

Loud let your trump resound, and hail the great
 Redeemer's resurrection from the grave.
 With softest sound, Celestial harps, begin
 The fairest morn that ever rose to greet,
 The morn when he, the Conqueror of death, 315
 Triumphant and effulgent shall awake.
 To us he sleeps not in the gloomy shades
 Of dire astonishment! We see him slumber
 Beneath the spreading palm's extended boughs,
 The Vanquisher of death. Lament him still, 320
 Ye, his beloved, his faithful followers,
 Who, mortal still, are wandering in the dust;
 Ye soon weep different tears, transporting tears,
 That we could never weep, who never could
 Experience your affliction and your woe, 325
 And never with a bleeding heart thus moan'd.
 Silence extended now around the grave.
 The Angels and the mortal mourners all
 Forsook it. And the sound of heavenly harp
 And flowing tears, Divine Redeemer, ceas'd 330
 Around thee who, near the ensanguined altar,
 Now rescued from the intercessive death's
 Dire sufferings, at last didst find repose.
 Th' affectionate Disciple John now turn'd
 His countenance and unto Mary said: 335
 My Mother, silent shades of night extend
 Around him. Let us from the hill withdraw.
 I will attend thee to my dwelling-place. —
 From th' inmost soul (the soul of Jesus' mother
 Was dignified and great!) with dim, tears-bleeding eye, 340
 She ended thus her long and death-like silence:
 Thy mother? — With celestial ecstasy
 It once may fill my breast, that Jesus was
 The giver; nor the last of joys that thou,
 O his Disciple, wast the son bestow'd: 345
 But misery, and death, and grave, and all
 Appalling horror it is to my soul,
 That he, that he not longer is my son! —
 Now she again was mute and veiled her face!
 Pale, as the most distressful mother, John 350
 Conducted her, slow, down the hill of death.
 Recluse, amid a tufted grove of palm,
 Within the temple's shadow, not remote
 From the enclosing city-wall, the house
 Obscurely stood, which John, the most belov'd 355

Disciple of the most exalted master,
 Inhabited. And thither, from the crowd,
 He now conducted the disconsolate
 And mourning mother. Scarcely less depress'd,
 John spake to all whom, of the twelf, he saw, 399
 And of the seventy, likewise to some
 Of the faithful matrons, supplicating all
 To come and, if by any means they could,
 To soothe the wound that marred his mother's soul;
 Though only to alleviate her pain, 406
 Not wholly to remove it, which surpass'd
 The power of man: to this the Lord alone
 Is allsufficient! — If Jehovah now
 A second time should mission Gabriel,
 To hail her, mother of the Son divine, 379
 She would forget her sorrow and again
 Rejoice in God, the strength of her salvation. —
 Soon the disciples at this house conven'd,
 And many of the seventy, and also
 Many' of the faithful matrons. Not remote 375
 From John's abode, along the city-wall,
 Another mansion reared it's ampler height.
 And here the faithful company still found
 Assembly-rooms. Above the lofty hall,
 The spacious roof extended, higher than 380
 The city-wall, which, to the wondering eye,
 A prospect far of richest fields display'd.

Resound, my Lay, with mourning friendship's plaint,
 Flow with the tears dolorous of the few,
 The faithful few, the loving and belov'd! 385
 As on the blood-stained coat of Rachel's son
 The dole of Israel in copious stream
 Descending flowed, so with simplicity
 And sensibility's acuteness flow.

Slowly, with tearful eyes and heavy breath 390
 Advancing, Mary reached at last the house
 Below the temple, and th' assembly-hall,
 Where she the holy Jesus, whom she bore,
 And who in death now slumbered, often saw,
 And often hid the flowing tear of joy 395
 Averted, in the veil her face concealing.
 And when she now beheld the place where he
 Was wont to sit, and where his heavenly wisdom
 He uttered, where he blessed her and those
 Around him; when she saw the place now void, 400

For ever void, she wept aloud and sunk
 Down on her knees before it, on it hiding
 Her sobbing face. So was the mother found
 By Mary Magdalene, and Salome
 The mother of the sons of Zebedee. 405
 Nathaniel also entering, found her so,
 Until at last she suffered Magdalene
 And Salome to raise her from the ground.
 Now seated, she again, as at the cross,
 Concealed her face and hid her flowing tears; 410
 And those around, with sympathy stood mute.
 Now Simon Peter entered. When he saw
 The mother near the holy Jesus' tomb,
 He wept, exclaiming: Now he is interr'd!
 I hope to God, that soon we all shall be 415
 Interred around him! Joseph, promise this,
 That thou wilt lay my corse close to the rock,
 That did receive the body of my Lord! —
 And Mary added: Mine into the rock.
 New, hand in hand, Simon the Canaanite, 420
 Matthew, Philip, and James the son of Alphaeus,
 Entered the hall; Lebbaeus came alone.
 He would address his friends but, to the most
 Obscure part of the hall, he mute retir'd,
 And hid his face; James, son of Zebedee, 425
 The son of thunder, also entered now,
 Exclaiming, hands and eyes to heaven uplifted:
 Dead! he is dead! all human excellence
 Henceforth is vain and of no more avail!
 Yea, e'en the most sublime, that only acts, 430
 Nobly disdaining th' eyes of men to dazzle,
 This also; for against him basest men,
 Inhuman tyrants finally prevail'd! —
 So spake the son of Zebedee, and left
 The hall again, the cooling air to breathe, 435
 Beneath the spreading boughs of palm retiring.
 Bartholomew, and Andrew — Simon's brother,
 And Cleophas, Matthias, and Semida,
 Came all together, all disconsolate,
 Each more depressed than what he others deem'd. 440
 Their lips were silent, doleful was their voice
 Of tears and heaving moans, that glided through
 Th' expiring gleam of the assembly-hall,
 Which Mary Magdalene, but sparingly,
 Lighted with a mourning funeral-lamp. 445

Whose lapsing flame seemed slumbering away.
 So Abel, near the altar's dying gleam,
 Lay void of speech when, from his flowing blood
 Alone, a mourning voice to heaven rose.
 Some of the faithful matrons also came, 450
 Rich odours still and funeral-linen bringing,
 Designed for the Deceased. Immortals too,
 The Guardian Seraphim of the apostles
 And other mourners, hovered near their charge.
 And Thou, Allseeing Eye, whose death they were 455
 Lamenting, Thou didst with compassion view
 Th' assembly! — The Celestial, who had charge
 Of Magdalene, had from the gulph of dole
 So far relieved her soul, that she at last
 Was able thus her sorrow to express: 460

How different, ah, how very different now
 Is our condition, since — But, donot thou,
 His mother, also die, lest we should all
 Be utterly deserted! — Now I first
 Learn how to feel, and weeping to lament, 465
 Jerusalem's distressful doom, which once,
 With flowing tears, our Lord and Master mourn'd,
 The solitary widow, once princess
 Among the heathens, queen of all the lands! —
 Our lot was humble, in obscurity 470
 We passed our days, but still we, evermore,
 Were happy and supremely blessed, because
 Our Teacher was divine; but he is dead.
 And, ah, what are we now! with misery
 Overwhelmed! and what will be our destiny 475
 In future! during nights of wretchedness
 To weep and moan. Oh, that they would be few!
 That soon the night of everlasting sleep
 Would rescue us and, from the bed of tears
 And sadness, would deliver us with speed! 480
 Our enemies with pride are lifted up,
 Insulting those distressed and hapless few
 Who honour, in simplicity of heart,
 The blessed Jesus and his words divine.
 Nay, their malignant insults more against 485
 Himself were aimed; unto his burning thirst
 They gave not only gall but, in his pain
 And anguish, they reviled him, and the cup
 Of all indignity they gave to him, —
 He drank it to the lees! — Ah, Righteous Judge, 490

Avenger, let them drink the cup of wrath,
Ah, let them drink it to the lees, and die.

She ceased. And Jesus' Mother, weeping still,
That, with the sorrow of her inmost soul,
Her words were scarcely' articulate, reply'd: 405

O Magdalene, let this be all committed
Unto the Righteous Judge of every word and deed!
Did not my Son, when bleeding on the cross,
Aloud exclaim: They know not what they do,
Forgive them, Heavenly Father, and receive them 500
To mercy! — Admiration and amaze,

And inexpressive grief seized every breast;
All felt the conflict of sublimest joy,
And sorrow most profound and most acute;
But sadness soon prevailed, and every soul
Again with dreary night was overwhelm'd. — 505

Lebbaeus added: Yea, O Lord, receive
Them to thy mercy and forgive their crime!
But, Righteous Judge and Father of us all,
On us, ah, have compassion too on us! 510
Soon let us all unto the grave retire.

Ah, why should we still tarry on the earth?
What are we longer able to effect,
Since him we lost? Oft he to us declar'd
That, in his father's house, were many mansions; 515
O Thou his Father, let us find a place,

Though merely at the threshold of thy house,
But from these huts of misery remove us!
No one approach me, and let none attempt,
To utter words of comfort to my soul. 520

To every consolation now, except
A thought of speedy death, I am estrang'd!
Death, death alone is cheering to my view,
And those alone can comfort me, who oft
Repeat his name. It is a pleasing sound, 525
Delightful as the sound of Vernal breeze;

It charms me as the temple's lofty chant.
No greetings now of life! our sole discourse
Be, the departing hence, to those who now
Quaff at the fount of everlasting bliss. 530

And let us be like wanderers prepar'd,
With staff in hand, to go when we are call'd.
I donot wish to bless myself alone,
For like myself, Beloved, I love you;
Therefore receive this blessing: soon to die! 535

It will be good for us, now in the grave to dwell.

O let us, Merciful and gracious Lord,

These tabernacles to each other rear. —

He ended scarcely when, into the hall,

Th' afflicted Thomas came. With doubtful step,

549

He tarried on the threshold. Doleful was

The object that thus stay'd Didymus' foot:

A company of pious fervid souls,

His friends, now by the Great Deliverer

In heaven and earth, Jesus, by him forsaken,

545

Forsaken! Unto him the gleaming hall

Became a tomb; and those who round him wept

And speechless moaned, were images of death. —

If ye indeed still are the same who heard

The shouts and loud hosannas of his entering

550

Jerusalem, why tarry ye to die?

To die indeed? why to the conflict thus

Give scope, or whether still to live or die?

I, I feel death approaching, and I hop'd

Here some to find, among my friends, who were

556

More blessed, whom we to the silent grave

Already might commit! For he is there,

Who living walked upon the boisterous sea,

Who from the tomb called Lazarus, and rais'd,

Weeping Semida, thee again to life! —

560

With this Didymus sunk down to the floor.

With solemn ardour and sublime dejection,

Th' Arimathean entered the assembly.

Ye Brethren of our Blessed Lord, with me

Came Nicodemus, but he stay'd without,

565

To enter irresolved; because he bears —

Ah, Joseph, what? what, Joseph, does he bear?

J. I see, your hearts already are surcharg'd;

He must not enter, he must hasten hence. —

What is it, Joseph, say what does he bear?

570

J. Donot constrain me. I'll to him, and will

Entreat him to retire. He bears the gored crown. —

With voice of keenest anguish, now the mother

Exclaimed: The gored crown? the crown of thorn? —

Her piercing cries were deeply felt by all.

575

But scarcely had she thus to heaven exclaim'd,

When, bearing in his hand th' ensanguined wreath,

The Faithful witness came into the hall.

From th' arms of those, who still supported her,

The mother rushed, more wan her countenance,

580

And threw her veil upon the murderous crown.
 Writhing, she clasp'd her hands and sunk to th' earth.
 They stay'd her fall as well as they were, able,
 And, moaning deeply, round the mother kneel'd. —
 Cease, Dole-reverberating harp, desist! 585
 Thy softest sound is still incompetent
 To weep, what now the mother uttered first,
 When she, again erect, to heaven spread
 Her lifted arms, and sued divine support.
 Down from the heaven of heavens, the loving Son 590
 Looked on her with compassion, and prepar'd
 Bliss unexpected for her drooping soul.
 But this was yet from her concealed, and she,
 With deadly paleness, thus her plaint continued:
 Yet once again to see it? why did ye. 595
 Convey it hither? ah, too long I saw
 The cruel insult, when it gored his head!
 But He who, in the heavens, above us reigns,
 Has bent his bow against me, and his shafts,
 Wee me, are aimed at my defenceless breast, 600
 I am his object, and to dire destruction
 His flaming darts are winged. Lives under heav'n
 A parent who saw such a son expire,
 As the Divine deceas'd, who languished on the cross? —
 Thus she lamented. Meanwhile Mary, sister 605
 To Lazarus, lay sick, sick unto death.
 The labouring of her breast, life to prolong,
 And icy dew already gathering on
 Her temples, the approach of death announc'd.
 And heavy slumber, with distended wing, 610
 Already hovered over her, the last
 Precursor of the silent sleep in sad
 Corruption's cold embrace. Now from the depths,
 To which the leaden slumber had deppas'd her,
 Yet once again she lifted up her head, 615
 And sought, with swimming eye, the countenance
 Of Martha who, with her incessant grief,
 Not longer could a tear of sorrow weep.
 Th' expiring Mary said: Ah, Sister, long
 I have refrained from uttering complaint, 620
 But still I am forsaken by my friends.
 E'en Lazarus and my Nathaniel now
 Desert me, and I feel the hand of death.
 They alway were around me while I liv'd,
 And now, alas, I shall without them die. 625

Mth. Accuse them not, they ne'er will faithless prove.
Perhaps our heavenly Teacher took them hence,
Remote into a wilderness, where all
May testify how he sustains and feeds
The hungry, and the drooping soul regales. 630

M. Did I accuse them? Martha, such was not
My purpose. 'Ah, whom I so dearly love,
Did ever I accuse them in my life?
O Ye Beloved, if I ever did,
Forgive the fault, and every frailty which
Is still to me attached, or known or hid;
The objects that now rise before my view,
Depress me much; and shroud my soul with gloom. 635

Mth. Wrest from perplexing gloomy thoughts thy soul;
Let not thine ardour and solicitude,
In th' hour of death, recall the gloomy night,
That sometime hovered on thy cheerful life. 640

M. Ah donot, Martha, donot call the hand
Of heaven that guides us, donot call it night!
Nay, I conjure thee, e'en by Him who will
Preside in judgment; and who gathers me
Now to the fathers, donot call his guidance
Night! And if ever I have been depressed;
Did not I likewise taste abundant joy?
Was not I blessed with friends, friends such as thou art?
And did not I experience bliss Angelic,
Celestial transport by the way that leads
Us to the grave, — did not I see the Lord,
Christ Jesus? not his wonders testify?
Not hear his wisdom? Let me thank the Lord
For all th' affliction which in life I bore,
And for consolence which I have deriv'd.
Yea, let me to eternity not cease
My gratitude to express, for every aid,
For every shade that in the noon of mine
Adversity I found. And let me be 650

Especially thankful for my having seen
The Lord, the Great Reviver of the dead.
Go, Martha, leave me; go, prepare my grave.
There let me sleep, where Lazarus did sleep. 655

Mth. Repose where Lazarus reposed, and rise,
O Mary, by the quickening voice of him,
Who raised our brother. *M.* Happy Martha, Oh,
What fond illusions of aspiring hope!
Go, and prepare my grave. Now let me be 670

Alone with God. When, at the feet of our
 Divine Instructor, I his wisdom heard,
 I heard him say: One thing is needful! — Now,
 This is the One thing needful, with our God
 To be alone; O Martha, also now 675
 The better part to choose. *Mth.* And I should leave thee?
 Compose thyself, Dear Mary, I will not
 Desert thee. I administer to thee
 In temporal things alone. And may the God
 Of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob, 680
 Be with thee, amen! *M.* Stay then at my side.
 And may the God who, with his presence, fills
 The heavens and who, omnipotent, enjoins:
 Children of Adam, unto me return!
 May Jesus and the God of Abraham, 685
 Of Isaac and of Jacob be with me! —
 Thus she began to breathe from th' inmost soul
 A prayer unto the God who pardons sin:
 Regard, O God, regard my humble pray'r,
 And donot enter into judgment, Lord, 690
 With me a wretched sinner! Who would be
 Sufficient, in thy presence to appear,
 If thou wouldst judge him! O, bestow thy peace
 Upon me, and unto my trembling soul
 Gracious assurance of salvation give. 695
 And donot spurn me from thy presence, Lord.
 But yield, O Father, yield to me again
 Thy consolation and, by th' influence
 Rejoicing of th' eternal Spirit, still
 Support me. Thou didst hear the prayer of Job : 700
 Thy servant when, by dire adversity
 Encompassed round and wholly overwhelm'd,
 He strove and laboured to believe, and yet
 Still doubted, thine attending to his pray'r;
 Therefore, Great Lord, my supplication hear, 705
 And thy divine support to me vouchsafe. —
 So prayed her ardent soul. And, now again
 To Martha turning, she proceeded thus:
 Dost thou believe, my Sister, that the Lord,
 E'en Jesus, now for me doth intercede? 710
 He wept when he to Lazarus' grave came;
 Should not he have compassion also' on me! —
 Ah, Martha, can we ever access find
 To Him from whom he came, except it be
 Through Jesus Christ? — This is the cheering hope, 715

Through Jesus' merits mercy to obtain,
 Which animated oft my drooping soul,
 When daunted with the dire denouncement, which
 Shook Sinai: Accurs'd is every one,
 Who does not these commandments all fulfil! — 730
Mth. Ah, if Nathaniel now and Lazarus
 Were present, they might intimate the whole.
 Of one thing only I am confident,
 Forsaken Sister: Jesus prays for thee.
M. I, dearest Martha, were forsaken? and 735
 The Omnipresent Lord of life and death
 Is with me! and the Great Deliverer
 In Judah, he now intercedes for me! —
 With this, into deep slumber she relaps'd,
 Her trembling heart depending wholly' on God. 740
 To see her slumber, Martha gently' arose,
 And at the bed-side stood, scarce breathing, lest
 She should awake her, whom she loved more
 E'en than herself, who was departing now
 Unto the fathers, far from her away, 745
 Through the nocturnal vale, now leaving her alone.
 And, sorrow streaming through her heart, a tear
 Rolled down her cheek; but she repressed the voice
 Of weeping, also soon her quicker breath.
 Thus Martha in the gleaming chamber stood. 749
 Because obscuring, thick and sable veils
 Involved the quivering flame, now many' a night's
 Associate, not extinguished until morn.
 E'en so the happy traveller to whom
 Of death the recollection is not sad, 755
 When he attains in parching wilderness
 A cool and silent cave and, in the rock
 Discovers a sepulchre, and above
 The grave the semblance of th' interred deceas'd;
 Another marble, the lamenting friend, 760
 Stands by the corse; and the obscuring cave
 Admits refracted gleaming day alone;
 With sympathetic sensibility
 The traveller's mind at once recalls the dole
 Of the departing and surviving friend, 765
 And long he stands and views the marble tomb.
 So, Mary, thy Celestial Guardian found
 Thy mourning sister standing at thy side,
 When he the chamber entered, thee approaching,
 And the Celestial Youth, with radiance much 770

Diminished, near th' expiring damsel's feet
 With soft emotion stood. Of excellence
 Gradations on Celestials are bestow'd,
 Which rise successive from the human soul,
 Until they reach the eminence of thrones. 765
 But to the glory' of Him who rose on high
 To the Right hand of the Eternal Father,
 The glory of the most sublime of thrones
 Seraphic, merely is obscuring shade, —
 O Thou, who didst triumphant rise on high, 770
 And didst into the heaven of heavens ascend, —
 Who reignest where th' eternal God does reign;
 My Intercessor, do in mercy grant:
 That I, and that innumerable hosts
 Of the redeemed, my brethren all, may die 775
 The death of the righteous! Though adversity,
 The last probation, should environ us,
 Or we already should anticipate.
 The bliss of heaven; Thou who didst sacrifice
 Thyself for sin, Redeemer, let us see, 780
 Thy countenance and die the death of the righteous.

Chebar at the Bathanien damsel's feet
 Stood, and perceived his beauty's fervid lustre
 Die gradually away. The ruby blush
 Of morn forsook his countenance, and th' eye 785
 Not longer beamed it's vivid brightness forth.
 Down sunk his pinions like descending shade,
 Not wafting forth nor sound harmonious, nor
 The fragrance of heaven's everlasting spring;
 Nor heaven's azure did longer from them stream, 790
 Nor golden gems effulgent from them dropp'd.
 And from his brows he took the, until now
 Far-beaming crown, and in his sinking hand
 Upheld it scarce, dejected with concern.
 He knew he could no succour to her yield, 795
 Not until then, when nature's bonds dissolv'd,
 And Lazarus for her to heaven should pray,
 Lebbæus, Martha and Nathaniel weeping
 Around her. Lazarus was tarrying still
 With the disciples at Jerusalem. 800
 Now to the Mother of the Great Deceas'd
 The brother said: Behold, O Mary, midnight
 Approaches, and when Bethany I left,
 My sister seem'd to be on point of death,
 Perhaps she did not live until this hour. 805

But, whether she be living yet or dead,
 I go to see her. Ah, if none to her
 From Golgatha the woeful tidings brought,
 She may be yet alive. And, should she have
 Th' intelligence survived, ah, how she would 810
 Be cheered, of the disciples one to see,
 What consolation to her soul in death!
 Lebbæus rose: I will accompany thee! —
 Embracing him, Nathaniel said: O come,
 Thou most-beloved among the dearly-lov'd! 815
 Ah, how for this my heart will ever thank thee.
 They, to depart, stood ready. Lazarus
 Proceeded: O his mother, I the name
 Will not repeat, which Angels did proclaim;
 Because as oft as to his blessed name 820
 We utterance give, thine eyes begin to bleed.
 May He who sees and numbers all thy tears,
 The Sire of him whom they interred, the Lord
 Who in his wisdom willed, that he should die,
 May he, may God be with thee! Thou hast heard 825
 The Son divine pray: Father, I commend
 Into thine hands my Spirit! even so
 Be thou commended to th' Eternal's hands;
 But donot die! — Now he with haste departed,
 Lebbæus and Nathaniel following close. 830
 With solemn silence, by uncertainty's
 Unsteady hand conducted, they advanced,
 And soon attained the house, the avenue
 To Mary's grave. And they already stood
 With Martha round her bed, when she again 835
 Her head from slumber lifted. She exclaim'd:
 Thanks unto Thee, Giver of life and death,
 They are arrived, — Lebbæus with them too.
 And Lazarus addressed her: How, O Mary,
 How hath the Giver of our life and death 840
 Upheld thee? — M. With his mercy, all is result
 Of his compassion, though it seem to us
 Calamitous and grievous. Ah, my heart
 Hath suffered greatly, and I now expire.
 Where, O my Brother, where is Jesus? he 845
 Knows doubtless all my pain. Pray'd he for me?
 L. I know thy sufferings, Mary, when drear night
 Involves thee; yet, say what afflicts thee now?
 M. Ah, my distress does not originate
 With the appalling thought of dire corruption, 850

And with the racial thought, my friends to leave;
 But gloomy doubts still wound my bleeding soul:
 Whether I to him, who on Harib dwells, belong? —
 My Brother, tell me what thy feelings were,
 When thou didst hear the thundering awful voice: — 865
 Accursed are all, who do not all fulfil!
 Ah, did not thine expiring heart then shrink?
 But say, did Jesus intercede for me?
 Ah, if the holy Jesus prayed for me,
 I will into the drear nocturnal vale, 870
 To my long rest, with cheerfulness descend.
 But Oh, why do ye keep me still in doubt,
 Why not relieve me! — Martha, they are silent;
 Nathaniel also does not answer me!
 The holy Jesus has not prayed for me! 875
 Ah, pierce my soul then wholly, here I am,
 Sword of the Lord! Thy Will, O God, be done!
 Thy Will, Almighty Father, is the best. —
 Now Lazarus his folded hands uplifted:
 As a mother hath compassion on her child, 880
 So Thou, El Shaddai, wilt have compassion
 On us! and though the mother should forget,
 Thou, Lord, wilt thy compassion still display!
 Our names, O God, are written in thine hands. —
 And Lazarus with tears his prayer concluded. 885
 Now Mary once more lifted up her head:
 Say, my Celestial Brother, which does now
 Concern me, or the curse from Sinai?
 Or the maternal tenderness and love?
 Ah, blessed am I, if it be this love! 890
 Then jubilant acclaims of holy joy,
 And fervid gratitude unto the Giver
 Of everlasting mercies, who doth not
 Show his compassion like the sons of men,
 But who in all his mercies is divine. 895
 Yet, how shall I th' assurance e'er attain,
 That he regards me with his tender love? —
 Ah, tell me, did the Righteous Jesus' pray'r
 Incline my Judge to lenience? Doth he now
 Regard me with solicitude parental? 900
 With deep concern, with pity and fostering care? —
 I weep in mine affliction, and in vain
 My hands I ring; aloud I succour crave,
 But still I lift my hands, and sue in vain! —
 Nathaniel raised his voice: Compassionate 905

Jehovah, let her see thy countenance!
 Lord God, not longer hide from her thy face. —
 My Sister, added Lazarus, sustain
 Th' affliction yet, devoid of murmuring, which
 Will soon complete thine everlasting bliss. 910
 Ah, if thou wert apprised of the divine
 Example of forbearance which we have,
 And resignation to the Will of God,
 To whom high in the heaven of heavens we look! —
 I from the grave arose and, gladly, would 905
 With thee to the nocturnal dale return,
 If I were summoned by the voice of death.
 Harmonious unto me would be the sound,
 Yea, far more charming than the lofty song
 Within the temple on the festal day 910
 Of hallelujahs and rejoicings loud.
 M. Joy and amazement have assailed my breast!
 What is it, O my Brother, that thou say'st?
 L. Yea, was not it the Will of the Most High?
 I will unfold it unto her, my friends! 915
 We never should conceal the ways of God,
 Nor when they are terrific and obscure.
 The Best of men, Mary, our heavenly friend,
 The powerful deliverer in distress,
 Christ Jesus, who did freely pardon sin, 920
 The Great Reviver of the dead expir'd
 With heavenly resignation on the cross. —
 With faltering voice, while night involved her round,
 Mary exclaimed: Expired? died on the cross?
 (Her head sunk back) He, O ye Angels, dead? 925
 (Her eyes began to break) He died indeed?
 Died on the cross? — O Thou, who didst decree
 The death of the divine, the holy Jesus;
 Praise to thy name, for my affliction, God!
 I gladly follow the divine deceas'd. — 930
 Her speech now failed and, suddenly, the hue
 And quietude of death spread o'er her face.
 And Lazarus into the icy dew
 Of death, gently' on her forehead laid his hand:
 Ah, slumber then away, depart in peace 935
 And follow the divine deceased, now soon
 Perfected in the mercy of our God.
 Emerge from darkness to the day of light,
 Be born to endless life. My heart to thine
 Is cleaving, but with cheerfulness I see 940

Thy taking down this tabernacle, hence
 Into the land of Canaan to remove.
 Be Thou her staff, O God of Israel,
 In the nocturnal valley of the desert!
 Conduct her to the land of endless rest, 945
 Where thou dost wipe all tears, and where the voice
 Of sorrow, where affliction's rueful plaint,
 Donot obtrude into the voice of praise,
 And jubilant acclaims of grateful joy.
 Thou Sun terrene, to her obscure thy beams; 950
 Approach, death's final slumber; resting-place
 Of her remains, ope gently to her view!
 Take her remains, corruption, that her bones
 May also grow to everlasting life.
 Thou seed of God art to the earth committed, 965
 To ripen for the general reaping-day:
 The reapers then will shout, the trump resound,
 The earth and th' ocean with convulsion move,
 And will bring forth as Eden ne'er brought forth!
 And all the heavens around, the heaven of heav'ns 960
 Aloud will answer to the praise of Hlm,
 Who then in th' awful judgment will preside. —
 And Mary now with heavenly sense of peace
 And of salvation, turned to Lazarus
 And, joyous, viewed his joyful countenance, 965
 While he with eloquent emotion utter'd
 The benedictive supplication, e'en
 The consecration to eternal life.
 But Chebar saw, how death victorious
 Raged in the damsel's breast, and tremulous 970
 Delight pervaded all his faculties,
 And gentle rustling wafted from his wings.
 They heard the sound, and knew not what they heard.
 But now the Seraph touched, with roving hand,
 The soul-animating weftage of his harp. 975
 And the expiring Damsel heard the sound,
 Aloud as though it was from heaven descending.
 She raised her head and, with solemnity,
 Listened on high, supported by the arm
 Of Lazarus and by Nathaniel's arm. 980
 But the celestial trembled now no longer.
 His harp resounded with surpassing notes
 And harmony inexpressive. Every string
 Rung with the more exalted peace of God,
 That peace which man ne'er fathomed nor conceiv'd. 985

And in th' expiring damsel's listening soul
 Sensations as she ne'er had felt arose,
 New and sublime conceptions, emanant
 From falling dust to everlasting life.
 Such, O Ezekiel, were thy feelings when 990
 Thou saw'st the dead arise, when allaround
 A rushing noise among the bones prevail'd,
 When suddenly the dead began to breathe.
 And the Immortal's harp, to heaven inviting,
 Resounded still, and poured into the now 996
 Most disencumbered soul composure which
 None ever feel, who into life return;
 Not even those who have already heard
 The sullen sound of clodded earth, down on
 The coffin falling, and the funeral-song. 1000
 And still the into heaven inviting harp
 Resounded, and anon more loud, and now
 Still louder, like a distant-rising storm,
 That overthrows huge mountains in it's course.
 Because th' Immortal, with the transport high, 1006
 Streamed forth his feelings, and into the harp's
 Impetuous strain sung: Holy, holy, holy
 Is He, the Lord who, high on Golgatha,
 Poured forth his blood, until the heirs of death
 Were ransom'd, till the grave and sin were spoil'd. 1010
 Almost a corse, th' exhausted Mary now
 The rapture; which into her breaking 'heart
 The Seraph stream'd, no longer could sustain.
 And she expired. Soon kneeling at her side,
 The Brother took the hand of the Deceas'd, 1016
 And pressed it close between his folded hands,
 And wiped consoled his flowing tears, and pray'd:
 Praise be to him, who endless life bestow'd!
 Lo, thou art dwelling now in tabernacles
 Of bliss and peace; yet thine immortal soul 1020
 And body will be re-united once!
 And this corruptible will be transform'd
 To incorruptible. The floweret which
 Sunk, broken in the tempest, will unfold
 Immortal beauty on the Vernal morn 1025
 Of the resurrection-day. Now take here hence,
 To th' earthly dust her sacred dust commit;
 Yet, let us still with pious wonder view
 The frail remains which by death's thunder fell,
 And which will rise unto the louder peal 1030

Of the resurrection-trump. The Lord of hosts
 Still tarrys, and he yet will tarry long
 While, through revolving centuries, the dust
 Is ripening to eternal life and bliss.
 But all his ways are wondrous and obscure, 1036
 And teeming evermore with new amaze.
 When I attempt his purpose to explore,
 I am confounded and with awe repell'd.
 A gleaming ray of light however beams
 Around his path, and tears of joy I weep, 1040
 When guided by this dawning ray, the morn's
 Precursor. Unto her the morn arose.
 Once more receive my blessing, if thou still
 Dost hear me, and if one who still the dust
 Inhabits, may confer a benediction 1046
 On thee, thou listening now unto the voice
 Of the divine, th' exalted Jesus, who,
 Though mute to mortals, is not mute to thee.
 May the divine Deceas'd his blessings on thee show'r.
 Thus Lazarus. And the divine Deceas'd 1050
 Already inexpressive blessings down
 On the immortal soul of Mary shower'd.
 While th' ærial body yet was incomplete,
 Not wholly yet a body of heavenly light,
 Beneath the potent and omnific hand 1056
 Still trembling and aspiring, wholly now
 Celestial to become, th' immortal soul,
 At once environed by a blissful group
 Of heavenly joys, still viewed, contemplative,
 The body which in kindred dust she left, 1060
 Of all it's frailties disencumbered now.
 But, vested with immortal glory, high
 To heaven she soared, with consciousness profound
 Of everlasting life and endless bliss. —
 O death, sweet slumber, most benign of all 1066
 Heaven's blessings! Ye Celestials, can it be,
 That I am thus with bliss and glory crown'd? —
 And now, with folded hands, she hovered mute;
 Again she soared aloft, reflected still
 Superior rediance and, anon, resum'd: 1070
 Ye First-born sons of everlasting bliss,
 Ye holy children of th' eternal light,
 Ah, can it be, that I am happy thus?
 Oblivion sweet of all my sufferings, come,
 Pour on me thy tranquillity and joy! 1076

Come not! it is delightful to compare
 The transient sufferings of our earthly life
 And this felicity, this peace profound!
 Ye ne'er can th' altitude of this attain,
 O Undegenerate progeny of heav'n: 1080
 The wretchedness and misery of sin,
 With the supreme felicity of life
 Eternal to compare. Ye sympathize
 With us, but ye could never weep these tears,
 Which Jesus now, the God of loving kindness, 1085
 With tenderness is wiping from our eyes.
 Prophetic feelings which, unto my soul,
 Did whisper oft, when I was most depress'd:
 I once should e'en be thankful for my dole;
 Which pointed out deliverance to me, 1090
 High in the heaven of heavens; behold, ye now
 Are realized, — I joy in part delour.
 Succeeded by the night of dissolution,
 And now succeeded by the glorious morn
 Of life eternal, unto which I wake! 1095
 Dream that commenced with weeping, and with tears
 Of dissolution ended, dream of life,
 Thou art no more, — behold, I am awake.
 Ah, and I shall awake yet once again,
 When my corruptive body shall assume 1100
 Life incorruptive, and become a far
 More worthy dwelling of the Breath divine,
 The essence of the soul, interminable
 In being, which will once effulgent shine,
 Like the Divine Reviver of the dead, 1105
 The Blessed Mediator, who expir'd,
 Was buried, and who will triumphant rise —
 And the immortal soul perfected soar'd
 Aloft, still higher tow'rd the heaven of heav'n,
 A rising beam of morning, oumbent less 1110
 Than swimming vapour, fleet as passing thought.
 She heard the wide creation move around,
 Redounding peals of jubilant acclaims,
 And had a view profound of spheres remote,
 But, bounds to her astonished view, found none. 1115
 What animation, what capacity
 She now unfolded, how exalted now! —
 Not one degree, a thousand I am rais'd
 Nearer unto th' incomprehensive source
 Of all created substance! On the day 1120

Of consummation, when I, glorify'd,
 Rise from the grave, (my feelings such forebode,)
 A thousand more degrees J shall attain! :
 Then in the splendour of superior worlds,
 Nay, free from th' intermediate splendour, then, 1125
 Of highest spheres, I shall behold th' Eternal.

And Lazarus, with elevated views
 Of death, and with sublime ideas, soon
 Unto the mourning company return'd. .
 When he approached, One of the Seventy 1130
 Embraced him, and with fervid speech recounted
 The wondrous and mysterious ways of God.
 Behold, not from tradition did mine ear
 Collect it; yea, these eyes have seen the deed.

When Lazarus to the assembly-hall 1135
 Proceeded, the distressful voice of tears
 And lamentation tow'rd him, through the gloom,
 On waving wing of sighs and moanings wafted.
 He merely dropp'd the tear of sympathy.
 Great God, (he lifted hand and eye to heav'n) 1140
 Still, as thou hast begun, reward him who,
 Because it was thy Will, e'en to the death
 Of th' ignominious cross himself did humble!
 Why is the gored crown of thorn conceal'd? —
 Obstruct me not, I will behold it; yea, 1145
 Will view the wreath dy'd with his precious blood!
 Refulgent are the diadems of Angels,
 I saw their blazing lustre from afar;
 Yet more refulgent is the blood-stained wreath
 Of the Divine Deceased. Doth not the great 1150
 Jehovah now reward him, infinitely

Above what we, or thou his Mother, ventur'd
 To hope or to expect? Lift from this vale
 Of sorrow, Mother of the great Deceas'd,
 Thy countenance, and hear the wonders, wrought 1155
 By the Almighty. When his sacred head
 In death he bowed, the solid earth around
 Shook! thou e'en stoodst astonished and appall'd!
 Terrific night, thou saw'st her sable horrors,
 Enveloped all the land! But yet thou know'st 1160
 Not all, how the Almighty in the heav'ns
 Bears testimony to the Son divine.
 Before the temple, in the outer court,
 The sacrifice was kindled; direful was
 The waving of the flame amid the gloom, 1165

That lowered appalling on Moriah's height.
 The sacrificers round the altar stood,
 Smit with the silent terrors of the gloom,
 And, through the portals of the sanctuary,
 To the most holy of the holies gas'd. 1170
 The priests within the temple, on their knees,
 Th' Avenger thank'd that the Nazarene now
 Was brought to judgment, dying on the cross!
 And ventured even, while expressing such,
 To th' inmost sanctuary their flaming looks 1175
 With vehemence to turn. Ah, how the Great
 Avenger then his indignation show'd!
 For, from the lofty temple's vaulted roof,
 The sacred veil of th' inmost sanctuary,
 Down to it's very lowest border, rent! 1180
 Terrors of death o'erwhelm'd the prostrate priests;
 They trembled long, aghast, ere they could flee.
 Because, with powerful arm, astonishment
 Assail'd them; and astonishment pursued
 Their doleful steps when they, from instant death, 1185
 At last with silent consternation 'scap'd.
 Consoling is the consciousness, that God
 In heaven above, bears testimony, thus,
 Unto the Great Deceased, who, when the Son
 Died on the cross, envelop'd th' earth with night; 1190
 Commanding rocks to shake, to mortal eyes
 In part his endless glory thus unfolding. —
 With mute amaze the mourners listened all
 To Lazarus, yet the alleviation
 Which their afflicted hearts experienced, was 1195
 But momentary. Their pangs were too acute.
 The traveller dizzy, with precariousness
 Descending from a pendent eminence,
 Thus heeds not the delight of day serene,
 Which on the blooming valley smiles below. 1200
 In vain it's lucid beauty adorns the grove
 And flowery banks of laving rivulet.
 Unto the fearful traveller's eye, the charms
 Of vernal season are involved around.
 When Lazarus observed, that their distress 1205
 And sadness not subsided, he resum'd:
 If from th' assurance that th' Eternal God
 Through miracles from heaven proclaims the Son:
 If there from ye derive no consolation;
 Ah then let this, alleviation yield 1210

To your distress, regalement to your thirst,
 A shade against the fervid noon-tide beam;
 That she did follow the Divine Deceas'd,
 She whom ye loved, and whom our blessed Lord
 Instructed: Mary weeps with you no more. — 1215
 Him Mary Magdalene with hasty step
 Approached, and on him gazed with tearless eye,
 More happy now, as though already hence
 Departing, after her departed friend:
 A Messenger from heaven thou art to us! 1220
 Angelic are, O Lazarus, thy words.
 Regalement when we faint with thirst, a shade
 Against the beam of the meridian sun,
 Is thine intelligence, — at fountain-side
 A fanning breeze! Thy heavenly sister, now 1225
 With Jesus Christ, is in the realms of bliss!
 Ah, Lazarus, hast thou none more of these
 Celestial tidings? ah, no intimation.
 Prophetic, of our being speedily
 Removed from hence? Thou wast among the dead; 1230
 Ah, didst thou not, then, ascertain, if we,
 Thy friends, should with the dead be numbered soon?
 Ah, donot longer hide it from us, speak;
 If thou indeed dost know, whether to us,
 Forsaken as we are, this prospect yet 1235
 Be open? whether this emollient balm,
 This distant bliss, we may antieipate! —
 Ah, Jesus' Mother, silent are his lips!
 Thou, O Thou Judge vindictive, Judge supreme
 In heaven and on earth! then let us live 1240
 To see that those, who slew the innocent,
 The holy Jesus; Yea, Lord, let us live
 To see them sink beneath thy wrath terrific,
 Ne'er able to escape! let dire amaze
 Dismay them, dire amaze with iron arm 1245
 O'erwhelm and crush them! And: when, from the heav'ns,
 Jehovah with the cup of vengeance comes,
 Then let them drink it to the lees and die.
 Now midnight rested on the earth around.
 Unto the mourning friends of the divine 1250
 Redeemer, sable horrors lowered beneath
 Her spreading wings, dire shades of death, and shade
 Sepulchral; though delightful once, ah more
 Delightful far than beauteous vernal day,
 When Jesus passed the silent hours in pray'r. 1255

CANTO XII. *Klopstock's Messiah.*

387

But now his intercessive voice was mute.
 The plaint of their dolour died gradually
 Still more and more away, and also now
 Th' alleviating tear no longer flow'd.
 Affliction's torpor rested on their souls. 1200
 The Seraphim e'en stood around with much
 Diminished radiance and, with soft concern,
 Th' affliction of the Saviour's friends beheld.
 John's Guardian Angel Salem, and Selith,
 Th' Angel attending Mary, thus convers'd: 1205
Sth. O Salem, we are conscious of the great
 And glorious result that will devolve
 From th' awful scene of rueful Golgatha;
 Yet, O my Brother, we participate
 The dole of these! *S.* Ah, my Celestial Brother, 1270
 We never can experience their distress!
 The views of mortals are so circumscrib'd,
 That if thou, in the splendid beams of heav'n,
 Wouldst show to them the glorious result
 Of the Divine Redeemer's death, they would 1275
 Regard it as the phantom of a dream.
 And they, of this unconscious, still descry
 More gloomy mazes in the labyrinth.
Sth. I am astonished, gazing on the depths
 Unfathomable, that to their views unfold. 1280
S. E'er let us with compusure view the vast
 Profundity of all divine decrees.
 Thou dost participate their dole, and thus
 Too much in sympathetic sense dissolve.
 I own, thou didst with great acuteness feel 1285
 Afflictions human, else thou couldst not thus,
 Like mortals, view the high decrees of heav'n;
 Forgetting that th' eternal God, with great
 Affliction and with tribulation, oft
 Doth purify the hearts of his belov'd, 1290
 And thus exalt their everlasting bliss,
 Beyond what they could e'er experience,
 If not their souls had drank the cup of woe;
 And if not they, when all the sons of bliss
 Drink freely from the stream of endless life, 1295
 Were able still the bitter cup of woe
 With heavenly satisfaction to remember.
Sth. Celestial Friend, th' affliction that o'erwhelms
 The mother, has involved me with concern.
 Excuse it, Salem, she is Jesus' mother; 1300

And I beheld her sufferings near the cross.
 Ah, that benevolent slumber would distend
 His pinions over her exhausted pow'rs;
 Then round her pensive soul with smiling dreams,
 I 'd hover, and would thus dispel her grief; 1305
 And when the anguish of her heart with sudden
 Return should break and terrify her sleep,
 I with the fond remembrance of her dreams
 Would still her sorrow and distress assuage.
 But balmy slumber is to her enstrang'd. 1310
 Ah, she will wake, until the hand divine
 Solace administer; until from heav'n
 That consolation flow, which, she imagines,
 The hand of death alone can now bestow.
 While the Celestials thus conversed, short sleep 1315
 Was lighting on the tearful eye of John,
 And Salem quickly' approached him; and a dream
 Already streamed into his throbbing heart
 New animation and a sense of bliss.
 On Lebanon, beneath the spreading boughs 1320
 Of rustling cedars, John, as though on wings
 Advancing, thought he gently onward mov'd.
 The morn, in gold and purple clad, (none such
 He ever saw awaking in the heav'n,)
 Shone radiant through th' aspiring dewy grove, 1325
 And laving rivulets still filled the dale
 With sounds harmonious like the temple's chant.
 Anon, with more transporting energy
 And fervour, animating harps resounded,
 And voices, singing: Highly favoured Son 1330
 Of the exalted mother, dry thy tears,
 O dry thy tears of sorrow. — Yet he thought,
 That still he did not dry the flowing tear.
 Such feelings yet the powerful Seraph's dream
 Could not inspire; e'en in his transient sleep 1335
 The bitter stream uninterrupted flow'd.
 At once the morn serene, with ruby clouds
 Became o'ercast, and distant died away
 The melody of heavenly harp and voice.
 Yet one of the celestial voices still 1340
 Impelled him onward with augmented speed.
 Because th' immortal voice with powerful strain,
 To loftier heights still soared, desisting not.
 And the disciple, much astonished, saw
 Men who, with flaming fury in their looks, 1345

CANTO XII. Klopstock's Messiah.

389

Felled of the cedars one, that with the fall,
Sullen and terrific, Lebanon resounded.
And of the cedar felled, they formed a cross.
This, reared aloft, threw down a fearful shade.
But, suddenly, palms sprouted from the cross. 1350
Now the disciple dwelled not in the grove
Of Lebanon. He dwelled in Eden now,
And saw the morning smiling down from heav'n,
Serene, and radiant more than gold and purple;
And song celestial, choirs far more sublime 1355
He now perceived; his heart with highest sense
Of ecstasy and heavenly transport heav'd.

Klopstock's Messiah.

CANTO XIII.

The glorified progenitors of Jeans,
Of resurrection to the transports high
Themselves resigned, still tarrying in the fields
Where they so lately slumbered in their graves.
But th' Angels roved around the spacious globe, 5
To see the concourse vast of human beings,
Whom the Divine Messiah by his death
Anew had consecrated to their God.
But sadness superseded oft their joy,
When they the great enormity of men's 10
Offences testified. Indignant, then,
They soared aloft and, from resounding wing,
Shook the contaminating atmosphere,
As from his foot the traveller shakes the dust.
Near the sepulchre hovered Gabriel, 15
Eloah tarried on one of the suns,
That round the heavens revolve. Eloah, there,
Awaited the descent of Jesus' Glory.
The Angel of the grave soared in the vast
Expanse of the creation, to observe 20

The sign celestial, that should intimate
 The resurrection. Long one of the most
 Efulgent constellations round the heav'ns
 Attracted his attention. And at once
 The blazing system widely round display'd 25
 A juvenile beauty and surpassing splendour,
 As though but now from the Creator's hands
 Forth coming. And th' expecting Seraph, such
 Observing, lustre more sublime assum'd.
 Already he advanced: his progress was 30
 A tempest, and his course the lightning's blaze.
 The Seraph to the fields of th' earth descended,
 And called aloud, e'en with a hurricane's voice,
 At whose advance the trembling mountains smoke:
 Come to the grave! — With haste the Seraphim 35
 And Fathers came. Behold, the triumph high
 Encircled the sepulchre of the Greatest
 Among the dead. And Gabriel sublime
 Amid th' august assemblage, o'er the grave
 Was hovering, hovering like some golden cloud, 40
 That, from the fields of th' earth, perfected souls
 To realms of everlasting bliss should waft.
 But th' Angel of death who, in Jehovah's name,
 Announced dissolution to the Son,
 On waving wing tow'rd the sepulchre mov'd, 45
 And sunk into the arms of Gabriel:
 Night, sable night involves me still around;
 The earth still trembles where my foot alights;
 More dark than darkness is the direful bill of death!
 My powers immortal never yet did fail, 50
 When executing th' awful judgments which
 Jehovah deigned to commit to me;
 In this, my powers did fail, and still do fail.
 Renew my strength, Beam of omnipotence,
 Who, soon to shine efulgent from this grave, 55
 Didst hasten from th' Eternal Father's side. —
 Thus the Immortal. And, astonished, he
 Leaned on the rock in which the sacred corse
 Of the divine Redeemer still repos'd.
 But the assembled Seraphim and Fathers 60
 Addressed each other, saying: Will the sun
 Rise with him? that the vernal fields around
 May be a shadow of the glory which
 He will reveal, when rising from the grave?
 Or will the earth, still from the solar blaze 65

Averted, slumber, when the Great Deceas'd
 Who ever lives, shall come effulgent forth?
 Will the sepulchre crumble into dust,
 And yon o'erjutting rock become the sport
 Of playful breezes, from the face of th' earth 70
 Remotely scattered, when the Victor lifts his head?
 Ah, shall we be sufficient, to sustain
 His overwhelming glory? — Abraham
 Proceeded: Scarcely can my heart conceive
 The high, the wish-ful, the transporting thought: 75
 I, e'en myself shall testify that He,
 Who sacrific'd himself to God for man,
 Shall rise, the glorious conqueror of death!
 This, hallelujah, I shall testify! —
 The silver moon, when Abraham conclud'd,
 Again appeared. But gloomy clouds afresh 80
 Her gentle beams involved. A weary group
 Of travellers, children, men and matrons, came
 Tow'rd the sepulchre. Quickly they advanc'd,
 Led and impelled by the nocturnal light. 85
 Again their pace they slackened, and attain'd
 The circles of the Seraphim and Saints.
 A sudden terror smote them. They know not
 What thus alarmed them, but they all fled hence.
 A screaming child stray'd from the mother's side. 90
 With haste one of the Seraphim advanc'd,
 And to the parent led the trembling boy.
 She would express her thanks unto the kind
 Companion; but he disappeared in night.
 The Seraph to the boy from David's side 95
 Was hastening, now unto his heavenly friend
 Returning. David thus address'd himself
 To th' Angel: So the Lord, who soon will rise
 And gather all the nations of the earth
 Unto himself, guides through the earthly life 100
 His straying children. How my soul in God
 Rejoiceth! and I shall much more rejoice,
 When from this transient slumber he awakes.
 Ye, Saints perfected, yet whose bodies still
 Are in the dust deposited; and ye 105
 Celestials, whom the terrors ne'er of sad
 Corruption could assail; your heavenly breast
 Can not the inexpressive joys conceive
 Of resurrection. How will Jesus feel
 These transports high, the Son divine, who felt 110

The sufferings dire of his mortality,
 And death's terrific frowns, more keenly far
 Than e'er by mortal man they could be felt.
 O Asaph! (David hastened to th' embrace
 Of his rejoicing friend;) the Lord of life, 115
 Who to the death of the accursed tree
 Submitted, soon will from the grave arise! —
 So saying he, with inmost sense of bliss,
 On the sepulchre of his Saviour gaz'd.
 Thus a yet mortal saint, with wishful eye, 120
 To heaven looks, when he, who doth preside
 In judgment, finds him worthy to remember
 Th' exhaustless fount of everlasting bliss,
 The Son's submission to the painful death
 Of th' ignominious cross. Asaph beheld 125
 The Psalmist, and his transport high imbib'd.
 And joy diffused e'er David's countenance
 Superior splendour; his ethereal breath
 Became harmonious sound, and soon he touch'd,
 With animating fire, his heavenly harp. 130
 No utterance yet articulate was heard;
 But jubilant his golden harp resounded.
 But th' inspiration of celestial psalms
 Now fired his breast and, in convolving stream,
 His lofty lay of harp and voice forth flow'd: 135
 The Seer of revelation, on the height
 Of the Celestial Sion, will behold
 A Lamb with radiant wounds, adorned with blood;
 Yea, with the blood that streams eternal bliss.
 With festal splendour, round the holy hill, 140
 Countless adoring hosts of saints will, then,
 Perfected gather, and the Father's name
 Is on their foreheads written luminant.
 And like the roaring ocean, like the voice
 Of thunder, the reverberating harps 145
 Of heaven resound, in th' animating hands
 Of the Redeem'd, round Sion worshipping.
 Because they sing the Son, th' eternal Son!
 And everlasting life streams from the Lambs
 Effulgent wounds, down on th' adoring souls. 150
 Thus he expired, and we have seen him thus.
 Ah, sacred corse, corse of the Increate,
 Thou slumberest in the grave! — Still ye were not
 In being, O Celestials, when this light
 He on th' original creation pour'd, 155

Aeonian ages in succession view'd,
 And beams diffuz'd, (we saw them from afar!)
 That luminated his profound designs:
 That mortal man should slumber in the grave,
 Himself the same, then gloriously awake! 160
 Ye Witnesses immortal of his death,
 In heaven recount the wonders that ye saw, —
 Yea, in each mansion of eternal peace
 Aloud proclaim them! But let none of all
 The blessed hosts, to the infernal regions 165
 Proclaim these wonders! Yet if, unto them,
 Ye do proclaim what ye have testify'd,
 Then thunder down appalling hallelujahs,
 That the abode of horror, farther hence
 From heaven, into th' immeasurable void 170
 May trembling flee. The Son divine will rise,
 Appear sublime above the yielding grave,
 And, hallelujah, will his glory unfold!
 O come to us, come soon, Ye Blessed few,
 Still mortal witnesses of the divine 175
 Messiah! mansions of eternal rest
 And bliss, already are for you prepar'd;
 High waving palms already beckon you.
 Soon ye shall seal your sacred testimony,
 Soon bleed as he did bleed. Terrific blood 180
 Of martyrs, do not cry for vengeance, not
 Like Abel's blood, for vengeance; sue the crown.
 Stephen and James, ye are the first! the beam
 Of morn his lustre scarcely doth unfold,
 And ye, victorious, already rise. 185
 Come then, O Stephen, and O James, come hence,
 E'en from this Canaan hence: Joseph no longer,
 No longer now his feelings can repress!
 Fraternal love prevails now! hallelujah! —
 So David sung and, overpower'd, desisted. 190
 The hallelujah he could scarce complete.
 His heavenly harp sunk from his failing hand.
 But Joseph, in egulgent snowy vest,
 With waving palm, his golden ringlets round
 His shoulders playing, thus his voice attun'd, 195
 And to his brother who, in his embrace,
 Once wept the tears of joy, he sang aloud:
 O the impelling transport, still my heart
 With rapture agitating, when yon hour
 Of bliss I to remembrance fond recall, 200

In which, my Brothers, the allsovereign Lord
 Of every dispensation, me allow'd,
 To you my inmost feelings to disclose!
 Most blissful hour of my terrestrial life,
 Thus thou hast been bestowed on me anew. 206
 Yea, thou becam'st one of the blissful hours
 Of my felicity supreme and life
 Eternal. My perfected Brothers, ah,
 What did I feel, when I to you exclaim'd:
 I am Joseph! Is my father yet alive? — 210
 O thou, who art reposing in the grave,
 Most loving brother of a countless train
 Of a redeemed fraternity, Thou First
 Among the heirs of light, remove the garb
 Of blood and dust, and show thyself again 215
 In glory! Though we recogniz'd thee still,
 In thy humiliation; yet we thirst,
 With wounds to see thee, wounds that radiant shine,
 The Conqueror of death, — ah, not alone
 Of temporal death, but potent Conqueror 220
 Of death eternal! — And compassion show,
 Exhaustless Source of everlasting mercy,
 Also to those who thirst not for thy grace,
 Because they know thee not. And speed the coming
 Of yon great day that will consummate all, 225
 That will reveal thy glory unreserv'd.
 Thou hast been tempted every wise, that thy
 Compassion thus might unto all appear;
 Yea, Potent Victor, thou wast tempted more,
 Far more than mortal man was ever tempted. 230
 And he who formed the eye, shall not be seel:
 The Lord who formed the ear, shall not be hear!
 Who placed a heart into the human breast,
 Should he unto compassion be estrang'd!
 Ah, didst thou not, with thy atoning blood, 235
 High Priest for ever, enter the Most Holy
 Of Holies! Is thy reconciliation
 Not everlasting, which originates,
 Lord, with thy mercy and thy justice? which
 Alone thou hast consummated? — When th' hour 240
 Of inexpressive bliss, from heaven hid,
 More from the earth; the hour which, to the great
 Deliverer, the sons of Abraham
 Of Isaac and of Jacob shall restore;
 When now the fulness of the nations all, 245

CANTO XIII. *Malapstick's Messias.*

305

Of Israel too, shall to him be gather'd,
 To him who for them all was crucify'd;
 When he no longer can refrain, but now
 Begins to weep, exclaiming: I am Jesus!
 And when the most beloved around his neck 250
 With transport weep, and he on every one
 A festal robe of innocence bestows,
 A robe effulgent, sprinkled with his blood;
 And, on the most beloved, a diadem,
 That all the thrones of heaven, when they behold 255
 The great reward, will be with joy amaz'd!
 When this he shall accomplish, ah, how then
 The messengers of heaven, from star to star,
 Will hasten and proclaim, what glorious light
 Was issuing from profoundest wisdom's depths, 260
 What radiance beaming from divine decrees!
 And how the Elders, then, around the throne
 Will lowly bend and, casting down their crowns,
 All jubilant extol the name of him,
 Who is eternal, Sovereign Lord of all! — 265
 Behold, Thou hast accomplished this, and wilt
 Accomplish more! All praises to thy name,
 Eternal praise, Primeordial Source of being.

The solemn harp and the resounding trump
 Accompanied the streaming festal song. 270
 The pomp majestic of it's rushing forth,
 My lay but faintly, like the dying echo,
 Hath imitated. Now it gently flow'd,
 Now more impetuous, and the varying sound
 Of the reverberating harp and clangour 275
 Of trump celestial, still pursued the strain
 With harmony, which the exalted sense
 Of heavenly hearers only can perceive.
 Celestial song is not th' effect of slow
 And oft, perhaps, exanimate invention; 280
 It is th' effusion free of holy joy,
 The primogenial flow of heavenly bliss,
 To us unknown. Sometimes it is perceiv'd
 By pious souls in death, the interlude
 Between the earthly and th' eternal life. 285
 The prophet of the silent lamb, Isaiah,
 Alone perceived the heavenly harmony,
 While yet remote from th' opening grave, when th' Angels,
 Their faces veiled, against eachother flew,
 All singing: Holy, holy, holy is 290

The Lord of hosts! and all the hinds are full
Of his eternal glory! — Till the temple's
Most lofty threshold with their voices shook.

With the transporting expectation fix'd

Of the Messiah's rising from the grave, 285

The Seraphim and Saints continued still

To' impart unto eachother what they felt,

With voices now, now with symphonious sound

Of golden harp, oft with the solemn peal

Of harp and voice concordant. For they had 300

Not yet the height of silent joy attain'd,

Not yet of mute astonishment the bliss.

Still the Divine Deceased slept in the grave.

Ezekiel lighting now upon the grave

Near Olivet, thus sang: I looked around, 305

And mouldered bones I saw. I was esteem'd

Worthy of the great injunction, and exclaim'd:

Hear, Mouldered bones, the word of the Most High!

When I the great injunction had pronounc'd,

Behold, a rushing noise through all the fields 310

Around prevailed, the bones began to move,

Bone came to kindred bone and, with a gust

Of passing wind, the dead arose and liv'd.

They were collected on the spacious fields,

A countless host, and I was worthy' esteem'd 315

To see this! Still I am with transp. fir'd,

When I the glorious vision recollect.

But what were my sensations, when myself

Ascended into life, I mouldered bone!

Eternal praise to him who, from the grave, 320

Upraised me, and whose corse is slumbering yet,

Although he did recall the dead to life!

But he is not, as we were, to corruption

Subjected. Such was the Eternal Will:

He should expire, yea, on th' accursed tree 325

He languishing should die! But he was not,

The Holy One was not, as we, to see

Corruption. O stupendous crop, far more

Abounding, than the field which I beheld,

Far greater than the crop of general gathering home, 330

To which we shall collectively descend,

When we perceive the joyful reapers' shouts,

And hear the clangour of th' Angelic trump!

Though only' a single ear; yet is the crop

More bounteous, greater far, than numberless 335

CANTO XIII. *Blodstock's Messiah.*

327

Aspiring ears on widely spreading field,
More bounteous, greater than the general crop
Of resurrection round the spacious globe.

Were not this rising, lo, not from the heav'ns
The reapers would with loud acclaims descend,

340

And the reviving trump would not resound.
All hail, Thou Single Ear! beneath thy shade
The heaven of heavens will be collected once,
And death terrific, last of every foe,

Will be unable the omnipotent

345

Revival of thy shadow to sustain;

And he will droop, and pine, and die away.

And Thou wilt to the Father then resign

The sovereignty, that God be all in all.

Unto the Father, hallelujah's loud!

350

The Father is for ever all in all. —

The reappears with anticipation sweet

And gladness viewed the countenance sublime

Of the acclaiming Seer. And from the grave

Of the Divine Deceased, with nomentary

355

Regard, th' exalted Gabriel his face

Averted, and beheld the joyful prophet.

Meanwhile, with th' ocean's voice, a general peal

Of hallelujahs rose: All hail, Jehovah!

The Father is for ever all in all.

360

And now the Son of Amos from th' august

Assemblage of perfected Saints and Angels,

Descended to the silent hill of death,

And stood before the cross of the Divine Deceas'd.

365

Thou also, Daniel, much beloved of God,

Didst leave the circles of Celestials, down

To Golgatha descending, and before

The cross of the Divine Redeemer stoodst.

They took the psalter, and alternate sung:

J. Here, here he bore our griefs, and carried our

370

Afflictions. They imagined, he of God

For guilt his own was stricken! D. For our misdeeds

He was afflicted, wounded for our sins!

He was chastized that we might peace derive!

375

We, with the wounds that he received, are heal'd.

J. Beneath the hands of cruel torturers,

And when conducted to the scene of death,

Even as a lamb he opened not his lips!

D. Past is the anguish, Jesus hath surmounted

The judgment! Soon he will to life awake!

380

And who is on the earth, who in the heav'ns,
That comprehends the long eternity,
Which Jesus now, the Great Deceased, will see?

J. Because while he the sins of all the earth
Did bear, he like a perpetrator died! 385

D. Accomplished is the sacrifice divine,
The sacrifice for sin! and unto him,
E'en like the orient dew-drops, numberless,
His children will be born! his life will be
Devoid of limits, an eternity! 390

J. Eternity! his soul in anguish dire
Hath laboured inexpressive; therefore, now,
Thy portion is interminable bliss.

D. Thou Servant of th' Omnipotent, the just,
The righteous Jesus, by his wisdom, will 395
Make many righteous, and will make them heirs
Of everlasting bliss, because the sins,
Th' iniquity of all the world he bore.

J. Lo, who is this, that came from Kidron forth,
Forth from the awful night that veiled the first 400
Terrific judgment? who, e'en in the night
Of power divine, our sins to bear resolv'd?
With sorrow laden, deeply in his soul

Afflicted? *D.* Jesus, who taught righteousness,
Mighty to save, he came from Kidron forth! 405

J. Who, on this hill, was wounded unto death?
O heaven of heavens, whose blood did on this altar
Of expiation flow? *D.* The blood of him,
To whom the knee of every one shall bow,
And whom the tongues of all shall once confess 410
And, to the glory' of God, proclaim him Lord.

J. Now, now transgression is for evermore
Prevented, now the power of sin is spoil'd,
Iniquity is pardoned, righteousness
And justice are established, and the words 415
Of revelation are for ever seal'd.

Praise to the Great Deliverer, praise to him.
Th' Anointed of the Lord accomplished all,
Anointed on this direful hill of death,
High priest and king for ever, hallelujah. — 420
Transported with th' ideal of the great
Redeemer, all the company of Saints
Repeated gently, like the passing breeze
That rustles through the spreading trees of life:
Anointed on the direful hill of death, 425

High priest and king for ever, hallelujah.

Now the sepulchral guard became reliev'd.
And the relieving party was conducted
By Cneus, the commanding chieftain who
Had seen the Son on Golgatha expire, 430
The hill beneath him shaking, rocks around
Precipitating, heaven with night involv'd.
Close to the sealed stone, that deck'd the vault
In which the sacred body still repos'd,
The wondering Romans stood, their Chief among them. 435
Cneus, such was his name, resigned himself
To mood contemplative. The silent night
And gentle lustre of the wandering moon,
Invited him to lose himself still deeper
And deeper in the mazy labyrinth 440
Of intricate and gloomy doubt, and none
With friendly hand did guide or extricate him.
He leaned against the rock. — A Son of God?
Of what God? But, why do I question, thus,
The greatness of our Jupiter, and heed, 445
Whom these, a soon-subjected people, call
Jehovah, whom to know they are unworthy?
How abject, how contemptible' in themselves;
How through Jehovah great, the God of gods!
Such he denominates himself, nor does 450
He merely such himself denominate;
His actions all the greatness of his nature
Imperiously display! And if we deem
The wonders doubtful of Jehovah told,
Then the relation of achievements which 455
By Jupiter were wrought, are more than doubtful!
But, he a Son of the sublime Jehovah,
Yet mortal? and, if merely' a mortal man,
How could he be distinguished thus, so great? —
Such were his silent thoughts when interrupted 460
By the arrival of a messenger
From Portia, to inquire if nought disturb'd
The silent watches of the night, and whether
None the sepulchre during night approach'd?
She purposed first, herself to hasten hither: 465
But otherwise resolved, she missioned me. —
The silence of the tombs, tell Portia this, reigns here,
And none did during night approach the place. —
The messenger with hasty step retir'd.
Stay, intimate to Portia also this: 470

Or whether he do from the dead arise,
 Or whether he do not return to life;
 Both will alike disturb me. Hence, depart. —
 She, as myself, is anxious to' ascertain
 The termination of this most abstruse 475
 Occurrence, that the mighty, th' innocent
 And pious, should beneath oppression sink.
 A pious mortal, this he doubtless was,
 If of the God of gods he were no son.
 The God of gods? and I deny the pow'r 480
 Of Jupiter? acknowledge, that the God
 Of Israel, Jehovah, is before
 The god of Rome? Jehovah, unto whom
 I am a stranger? Ah, to him I am
 A stranger less, than unto Jupiter! 485
 More truth is in the history of what
 Jehovah did, than in the history
 Of what the thunderer with his Might achiev'd.
 Truth more in this! and is it not truth all?
 Yea, if the Conqueror of Israel 490
 From Jupiter had supplicated aid;
 The image of the god, like that of Dagon,
 Had fallen a mass of potsherds to the ground;
 And from the hand of th' Impotent had fall'n
 The pageant thunder, then a silent mass 495
 Of ruins! Ah, what venturous thoughts did I
 Unheedingly indulge? what latent pow'r
 Impels me, to deny the power of Jove?
 To sacrifice him to the dread, th' unknown
 Jehovah? and what voice is this, within 500
 The deep recesses of mine inmost soul,
 Which I am insufficient to resist?
 If, Jupiter, if than the God of gods
 Thou greater art, then crush me with thy thunders!
 Into th' abyss infernal strike me down! 505
 Where am I? Oh, the marring rage of main
 Uncertainty! No, not uncertainty!
 With this I should offend against Jehovah.
 Yea, by Cocytus, Jupiter, I sue
 Destruction, if the power to slay be thine! 510
 Thou, whow my soul with fervour longs to know,
 Invisible Jehovah, O reveal
 Thyself to me! But am I worthy' of this?
 Can mortal man be worthy of such grace?
 Reveal thyself to me! — His fervid thoughts 515

To heaven were directed, and he sunk
 His head down on his breast. — Ah, why did I
 Neglect, th' amazing miracles to see,
 Which this exalted, pious man perform'd?
 Why tarried I to hear what he of God 420
 Unfolded, of the world and of himself?
 Those who attended most to his sublime
 Instructions, those were men, remarkable
 For poor integrity' and simplicity.
 Ah, better so, than if they had been men 426
 Of learning, who do not so rarely err.
 But where, at present, shall I with them meet?
 Himself is dead, and these I shall not find.
 Yet in the future and the better life,
 Perhaps, he will instruct me. — Better life? 430
 Is then a life hereafter? and if such
 We may indeed expect, ah, will it be
 Desirable to me? Since th' innocent
 And virtuous suffer thus, of measure void;
 Ah, what will be the portion of the guilty! 436
 Thou Dread Unknown! ah, Thou Unknown! my soul
 Becomes entangled with perplexity,
 Inquiring after Thee! Oh, that I could
 The revelation and the lore sublime 440
 Of thine exalted prophets comprehend,
 And the obscuring veil remove, that hides
 Their beaming light from my inquiring view!
 Though on the cross, I still might have address'd
 Myself to him. He now is mute for ever. —
 For ever? Such is known to him alone, 446
 From whom he came. But can the dead revive?
 The holy man, beneath this stone interr'd,
 Hath to his friends announced, that he, anon,
 Should into life return; such e'en his foes 450
 And grievous persecutors have proclaim'd;
 And therefore we were stationed at his tomb.
 Now, if he do not into life return,
 Th' adventure still involves me more and more,
 Perplexing me with mystery and doubt;
 Whereas the nature of the circumstance 456
 Might otherwise, if more explored, conduct
 Me nearer to the Deity, especially
 His miracles, his sufferings and death.
 Ah, to what misery is my life reduc'd!
 Wherefore, in the sanguinary field, was I 460

Still spared, the falling shaft, the whizzing spear
 Escaping? why did not I, long ago,
 Of the resounding bow perceive the last
 And fatal twang? Ah, Brutus, when in th' end
 Perplexing doubts of virtue's recompense 465
 Assailed thy mind, thy sword performed it's office!
 And I see greater virtue less rewarded, —
 Why do I tarry, wavering, irresolv'd? —
 Not fear of death appals me; death I saw
 Too frequently in the sanguinary field, 470
 Too often over prostrate eagles march'd
 Into his grisly jaws! No, death I fear not.
 What, then, can awe me thus? why do I start
 And stand amazed, confounded, when the firm
 Resolve I am approaching? Can it be 475
 Offensive in the sight of th' unknown God?
 And is the latent power that, thus, resists
 And fetters me, perhaps, a warning voice?
 Ah, should my death become offence to him,
 I first must pause and must on the resolve 480
 Not rashly enter. But how can, how can
 I ascertain, whether I should thus offend?
 May not the question with the fear of death
 Originate? fear couching in my breast?
 Ah, if it were, how I th' effeminate 485
 And abject love of life would thus chastize,
 And sacrifice it at thy shrine, O Death! —
 Thus Cneus, on the path obscure, that led
 Him imperceptibly to the Most High,
 Became bewildered, not yet by the hand 490
 Of the divine deliverer, to the heights
 Of wisdom, through the narrow pass conducted.
 But Mary's lovely soul the narrow pass
 Already had surmounted, introduc'd
 By Chebar, her celestial friend and guide, 495
 Unto th' assembly of perfected saints.
 Benoni with a silver sound moved on,
 From the ethereal cloud on which he hover'd,
 And joyfully received the beauteous soul.
 B. Thou hast not seen him die; he there expir'd! 500
 But thou shalt see him, Mary, rise again. —
 Mary replied: I have not seen him die;
 Ah there, there he expired! but I shall see
 Him rise, Benoni, into life again.
 B. Thou overcam'st through th' expiating blood 505

CANTO XIII. Klopstock's Messiah.

403

Of the atoning Lamb; the psaltery now
Receive, and join the Choirs of the Most High.

M. Ah, may I venture, with th' exalted choirs
To mingle, with the choirs of victors who

Already, during centuries, have borne

610

The waving palm, and the effulgent crown?

B. Sing thou the Lord, and learn what I was taught.

Though on th' ensanguined cross, The Holy One

Did languish and expire, he shall not see

Corruption. O stupendous crop, far more

615

Abounding, than the field Ezekiel saw;

Far greater than the crop to which we shall

Collectively descend, when we the reaper-shouts

And clangour of th' Angelic trump perceive!

Though only' a single Ear; yet is the crop

620

More bounteous, greater far, than numberless

Aspiring ears, on fields remote and far;

More bounteous, greater than the general crop

Of resurrection round the spacious globe.

Were not this rising, then, with loud acclaims,

625

The reapers would not from the heavens descend,

And the reviving trump would not resound.

All hail, Thou Single Ear, beneath thy shade

The heaven of heavens will be collected once;

And Death terrific, last of every foe,

630

Will be unable the omnipotent

Revival of thy shadow to sustain,

And he will droop, and pine, and die away.

And Thou wilt to the Father then resign

The sovereignty, that God be all in all.

635

With transport Mary to Benoni's voice

Was listening. Ah, how blessed, she reply'd,

How blessed, O Benoni! How with mercy

The Arbiter of life and death bestow'd

The hour of my departure from the earth!

640

To see the Mediator rise from death,

And in this company! Ye Saints of God,

Chrits's Brethren, ah, my brethren too, ye now

For evermore beloved; into your host

Receive me! Th' Allcompassionate Jehovah,

645

Who did bestow his' mercy' on me and you,

Hath hither sent me. O thou congregation

Of heaven, thou the bridegroom's bride, thy great

Reward, thine everlasting recompense,

O how transcendent! We experience bliss,

650

Bliss ne'er anticipated, joys that we
 Not even in obscure remoteness deem'd
 For us reserved! how we the stream of life
 Abundant quaff! and how, Exhaustless Source
 Of mercies, how thou hast endowed the souls, 565
 Whom to th' eternal heritage thou call'st,
 With vast capacity, this bliss to taste:
 With Thee, whom we adore, — for ever now,
 Lord, in thy glorious presence to remain!
 Who can sustain the transport? th' ecstasy? 560
 And this eternal bliss, who comprehend?
 God, I am with the prospect overwhelm'd!
 The whole of our felicity with Thee
 Originates, from Thee it flows, by Thee
 It is bestowed! Long e'er I being had, 565
 Yea, ere the heaven of heavens existed; Thou,
 O God, didst our felicity contemplate!
 Then we derived existence, — live, and all
 Rise higher, ever higher; every one
 Is rising individually, and all 570
 Collectively still new degrees attain,
 And never to eternity shall cease
 Still greater heights to' attain; for Thou, O God,
 Who this felicity on us betow'dst,
 Art infinite, in mercy infinite. — 575
 She trembling ceased, and felt the high degree
 Of bliss, on which she stood. Her transport fir'd
 Th' assembled heirs of everlasting life;
 They sang to her and, from their trembling harps,
 Anon resounding peals of thunder burst: 580
 Yea, infinite is He! In mercies, in
 Compassion infinite! But finite we!
 Feeling of ecstasy, from th' Infinite
 Jehovah, Sire of all created beings,
 We from his Love still grace for grace receive! 585
 For evermore he satiates our thirst!
 Yea, back into the depths profound of night
 Every new sphere shall sink, the new heaven be
 In gloom involved; ere from th' exhaustless source
 Of thy compassion th' overflowing stream 590
 Shall cease to satiate every one that thirsts!
 Lo, from the basis of th' eternal throne
 It gushes forth, an ocean void of bounds!
 With rushing noise it ever onward flows,
 Through fields of night, through spacious fields of day; 595

Descends from earth to earth, from sun to sun,
 Through all the heavens, through the universe.
 He who is ever blessed through himself,
 He hears it's rushing sound! and all the sons
 Of life, on every happy sphere remote, 600
 Perceive it, and they come, and quaff sublime
 Felicity. Ah, thou redeemed race,
 Brethren of the Deceased, our brethren too;
 O tarry not, come to the stream of bliss.
 If fainting by the way, the mighty hand 605
 Of him will stay you, who, although his heart
 Began to break, still with a powerful voice
 And energy exclaimed: It is accomplish'd!
 As the exhausted traveller after toil
 And peril, slumbers in the evening-shade; 610
 E'en so the Victor slumbers in the grave.
 The Lion of Judah slumbers in the shade.
 Hadst thou, O Hell, of the avenging cup
 Drank less, thou wouldst be silent, lest the great-
 And powerful Deliverer should awake, 615
 And from the silent shadow lift his arm.
 But he will soon arise and, ere in his
 High exaltation he shall lift himself
 In glory to th' Eternal Father's Right,
 The Lion, in his progress, on thy neck, 620
 O Hell, will place his foot; Yea, vanquished hear it:
 The Lamb incensed will crush thee! all thy dire
 And deadly deserts and infernal depths,
 With terror smit, will shrink and lower fall,
 Before the progress of the Lamb incens'd. 625
 Th' Angel of death Obaddon, with these words
 Moved on from the sepulchre and from th' august
 And splendid circles of perfected saints.
 Such was th' injunction which he had receiv'd:
 When the assembled choirs of patriarchs 630
 And prophets do pronounce the doom of hell,
 Then move against th' apostates, Satan and
 Adramelech, who to the dead sea fled.
 And he enveloped in the shades of night,
 Stood on the lofty shore and summoned loud 635
 Th' Infernals. On a towering surge they came,
 And in the presence of Obaddon stood.
 Th' Angel of death rolled back the shades of night.
 And on his awful brow alone, a dun
 Terrific cloud of thunder still was lowering, 640

Which slowly hence along the dead sea mov'd.
 The Archapostate now his crushed and spoil'd
 And shattered powers collected, and he thus
 The messenger of wrath from heaven address'd:
 Thou highly-favoured, mostly' almighty Slave, 645
 What tidings dost thou bring? — Obaddon made
 Him stern reply: To thy revilings vain
 I answered not while aomean ages pass'd,
 Thinkst thou that I will answer them this day?
 Receive imperious mandate! The Deccas'd, 650
 Who rises from the dead, he thus commands;
 Or instantaneously flee to th' abyss,
 Or follow me to the ensanguined hill,
 On which he died. Adjacent to the mount,
 From the despoiled grave he will arise. 655
 The space of time, while thus the flaming sword
 I brandish, longer not, ye shall behold
 The Victor! then ye fall before him prostrate. —
 Restrain your fury, Fiends! That ye adore
 And worship him, he deigns not to command; 660
 Of such ye are not worthy. Ye will fall,
 Cast down by his omnipotence. To' adore
 And worship him ye shall not, neither can.
 If ye attend me, ye shall tarry still
 On th' earth; if not, ye flee to the abyss. 665
 There hissing scorns, and roaring ridicule
 Await you. For, the hosts of hell your flight
 Precipitant to the dead sea beheld,
 When Great Eloah ordered you to flee.
 Choose now, Apostates! — With a furious look 670
 Th' Archfiend beheld Obaddon, yet he stood
 Aloof because the awful sword, though now
 Reclining, darted flames destructive forth.
 The Foe to God and Satan, from the cliff
 A rugged fragment tears, against his marr'd 675
 Front dashes it, and on the falling ruins
 Infuriate stamps, intent the Holy One
 Of heaven to blaspheme; but he is mute. —
 Apostates, choose! Obaddon stern rejoind,
 In smoking clouds the sword's appalling rays 680
 Involving. But they hesitated still.
 Now Abbadona sad approached and saw,
 While passing, Satan and Adramelech.
 He dreaded not their fury, nor with pride
 Disdainful and contumelious beheld them. 685

For he was not their Judge. Approaching nearer
 To the Celestial Seraph, he stood mute
 Before him, and at last his silence broke:
 A messenger of vengeance dire thou art,
 But to compassion thou art not enstrang'd! 690
 Dare I, Celestial Angel, since these two
 Revolters may, dare I behold the great
 Messiah, when he rises from the grave?
 To worship him, ah, how could I presume.
 To venture on the thought. All hail, all hail, 695
 Of his omnipotence th' uplifted arm
 Invisible, which, prostrate in the dust
 With these, will strike me also to his feet!
 O that I might behold him, the divine
 Redeemer, when he rises from the grave. 700
 The Victor, triumphing o'er death and sin! —
 The Archapostate heard him and, with rage
 Inflamed, he vented thus with broken voice
 His hellish rancour and infuriate hate;
 Slave, not of God, — of hell! among the slaves 705
 Of hell most abject! — But th' Angel of death
 Appalled him: Stay thine hellish rancour, Fiend! —
 For thee I have, O Abdiel Abbadona,
 No mandate. Whether thou wilt be indulg'd
 Still on the earth to tarry, and the great 710
 Messiah to behold, when from the grave
 Victorious he arises, I know not,
 I only can inform thee, that yon hill
 With hosts of Saints perfected, and with hosts
 Of Angels is encompassed. These Accurs'd 715
 Behold him, if to see him they shall choose,
 That the divine Deceased, who ever lives,
 May thus, when he arises from the grave,
 Begin to punish them for the resolve,
 Fallen mortals of their Saviour to deprive. 720
 Thou, Abbadona, hadst no share in this
 Infernal purpose. But with rapture, such
 As mine, or as the Saints perfected feel,
 To see him rise; couldst thou with such a wish,
 O Abbadona, still thyself deceive? — 725
 With fervid speech and with affect impetuous,
 Dejected Abbadona added: No!
 Ah, not with rapture, not with sense of bliss;
 Alone to see, to see him! — Thou most base,
 A vassal most of all contemptible, 730

Cried fierce Adramelech: yea thou 'art the same,
 Thou didst repeat Eloah's name to hell! —
 Angel of death, I hasten to th' abyss.
 Woe to the daring Spirit, that presumes
 With ridicule and scorn to banter me; 785
 O'erwhelming rocks shall crush and bury him. —
 Why dost not thou attend me, abject slave,
 Most mean of all the Angels? Nay, an Angel
 No longer, levelled with a human soul.
 Thou art surmising, and art not deceiv'd, 790
 That I will fix thee to the lowest step,
 With adamantine fetters, of my throne;
 And while I am in lofty thought absorb'd,
 Established there on regal splendour's height,
 I on thy bending neck will rest my foot: 795
 But first become a victim, near the place
 Of skulls, to thine ignoble tendency,
 To thy pusillanimity and base
 Preponderance to servility and fear. —
 With trembling awe and with indignant sadness, 799
 Most hapless, Abbadona shook his head:
 Not all the flaming volleys of thy rage,
 Infuriate Fiend, appal me! The sublime,
 The Holy One who from the grave will rise,
 And the with terror clad Celestial, these 805
 Dismay and awe me, and Jehovah, ah,
 Mine adversary! — And he turned his face.
 Adramelech forsook them. Satan said
 With furious rancour to th' Angel of death:
 I follow thee! — His leftly front, with scars 810
 Of thunder marked, assumed increasing gloom,
 While he Obaddon's course remote pursued.
 Still Abbadona, as they onward mov'd,
 Stood irresolved and mute. Adramelech
 With turbulence and fury turned again. 815
 His rancorous obdurate heart revolv'd
 A blasphemy, black like the spreading night
 Of lowest hell. He purposed, in the bright
 Assemblage of Celestials and of Saints,
 To vent the hideous monster. And he bellow'd: 820
 Angel of death, I follow! — Hence, avaunt!
 Exclaimed, with his destructive voice of thunder,
 The Seraph. Neither shalt thou see the splendour
 Of God's creation! Blindness shrouds thine eye.
 And howling tempests, — tremble hence amid; 825

Their uproar, — these shall hurl thee down to hell. —
His eye already was with night involv'd,
And uproar turbulent already roar'd
Around him, the impelling tempests howl'd.
Constrained, he followed the impetuous course 780
Of wailings dire and lamentations dole,
That in the flapping hurricane now seem'd
Remote to die away, and now again
With sudden gusts of terror overwhelm'd.

Swift, irresistible, unspeakable amaze 785
Assail'd him, when the daunting groan he heard
Of the denouncing trump: Woe, woe to thee!
Woe, woe! And then the thought that mountains huge
Of stars remote began to move, and fall
With thundering crash upon him, and amid 790
The smoking ruins hurl him gasping hence.

The Patriarchs and Seraphim now heard
Still in the heavens remote, on one of those
Effulgent paths by blazing suns illum'd;
The coming of Jehovah. All around 795

The harmony of the revolving spheres
Was hushed, when the Eternal's thunder spake,
Some wonder new to the inhabitants:
Because already down to Tabor's depths
They had observed the Father's glory pass; 800

They had already seen a bounding star
Move from it's orbit to a blazing sun;
And they had seen the wide creation stand.
The patriarchs perceived the thunder's progress,
And lifted glad their heads, and listened high 805

Into the heaven of heavens. Swift as thought
The thunder moved, and now they heard it's voice
Along the milky way, where the Most High
Once deigned to rest, and thence surveyed his works:
As though from hill to hill, the Voice of God 810

From star to star resounded, and approach'd
Our earthly ball. With fervid glowing forehead,
With beaming eye, and with the bliss of heav'n
Transported, like a flame from the Most High
Effulgent, radiant as a blazing sun. 815

First trembling forth from the Creator's hand,
Eloah soared aloft into the circles
Of Seraphim and Saints: The hour is come!
The Great Messiah, with the dawn of morn,
Will wake his corse! Ye hear him now approaching. 820

And he descended to the silent tomb.
 The mighty tempest in the heavens around,
 A testimony to the ever-living
 Redeemer, now abated, lest the earth
 Appalled before it's vehemence should flee. 825
 The powerful voice of thunder, now restrain'd,
 Desisted; and tempestuous winds alone
 Rushed down to th' earth, that onward from the heights
 Of Lebanon, the forests of Judea
 To the sepulchre bowed. The earth around 830
 Was only agitated and convuls'd,
 That all her mountains, Piscah, Hermon, Seir,
 And Lebanon high to the clouds, with awe
 And terror, shook; that all the rivers vast
 Of Egypt, and the Ocean, Arnon, and 835
 The flowing Jordan moved with dubious course,
 And tow'rd their sources seemed again to rush.
 But the sepulchre shook not yet with th' earth.
 The stone lay still unmoved, so as it first
 Was lowered into the opening of the tomb. 840
 And Gabriel with sense ecstatic view'd
 The resting rock, because: Remove it hence!
 Was the injunction, which from the divine
 Deceased he had received. And the assembled hosts
 Of Seraphim and Saints perfected, who 845
 Perceived the tumult of the rivers vast,
 Of th' agitated sea, of roaring forests,
 And trembling mountains, with acuteness far
 Superior to the faculties of man;
 These joyous to the present Deity 850
 Of the Messiah, on the ground prostrated.
 And Adam worshipp'd jubilant aloud.
 As with the harmony of moving spheres
 The sound of trump Angelic oft ascends,
 The wonders of th' Almighty celebrating; 855
 So Adam's voice ascended with the sound
 Of rustling palm, and agitated waters,
 Redounding from the mountains, rocks, and hills.
 Thou, Self-existent! first a weeping child,
 A youth endowed with wisdom, the delight 860
 Of God, and the delight of man who sinn'd;
 A heavenly teacher then, who, with parental
 Solitude, conducted erring man
 Into the paths of truth; then the Highpriest
 Who sacrificed himself and entered once 865

The holiest of holies, bearing all
 The curses of the law for sinful man,
 Ah, crucified! and numbered with the dead!
 God of compassion! God of love! how can
 We e'er sufficiently thy name extol! 870
 How praise thee worthily for all the wonders
 Which thou hast wrought, and which are still reserv'd!
 Ah thou, Messiah, whom we near perceive;
 We now shall see thee from the grave arise!
 Th' ignominy of death, th' ignominy 875
 Of the accursed tree, will shrink beneath thy foot.
 Thou Omnipresent Saviour, unto us
 Especially revealed; hail, hail to us,
 Thy rising from the grave to testify
 We were found worthy! Ah, we testify'd 880
 Thy languishing and dying on the cross, —
 But the Divine Deceased will soon awake!
 E'en as Thou didst advance when, from the shades
 Of night, thou didst call forth th' effulgent sun,
 So Thou dost from the silent grave advance, 885
 Encompassed by the countless powers of life,
 Preceded by the vivifying storm.
 Soon from the storm will tremulous divide
 Celestial breezes and, Thou Ever-living,
 Awake thy slumbering corse! Ah, do not ye 890
 Observe his glory 'mid the stars down beaming?
 A ruby radiance that emollient decks
 The overpowering blaze? Now every knee
 To him shall bow, the golden diadems
 Of all, shall sink before him to the ground! 895
 He comes, Captivity captive to lead!
 And freely to bestow gifts of eternal life
 To all, for whom he on the cross expir'd.
 Begin to breathe, thou all-reviving pow'r,
 Thou Breath of God, awake his slumbering corse, 900
 The blessed corse of him, whose wounds will shine
 At the Right hand of the Eternal Father,
 More glorious than the suns, or the First-born
 Of light eternal, e'en the glorious heav'n
 Of the Most High! O silent transport, lay 905
 Thy hand upon thy lip and wait the hour
 In which he will arise. And, ye, my Sons,
 Yet children of the dust, especially
 Ye chosen few, who are to testify
 In all the regions of mortality. 910

His rising glorious from the silent grave;
 Ye who still weep the tears of sad distress,
 Who only know the Son divine — a victim
 To cruel death, unconscious of his glory,
 Nor yet acquainted with the great reward 915
 That he bestows; Receive my blessing! yea,
 With all th' incomprehensive, the divine,
 Incomprehensive benediction, which
 He showers around when rising from the grave;
 I consecrate you to th' eternal life. 920
 O, blessed be your sufferings, blessed be
 Each conflict militant, each victory
 By the supported combatant obtain'd;
 All your exertion in the glorious work
 Of Him, who gives you strength to persevere; 925
 Your anguish, all your tears, your flowing blood,
 If he, who all recounts, shall so resolve;
 And blessed be the wisdom of your speech,
 The sanctity of your sublunary course,
 And may ye taste the bliss of heaven on earth. 930
 Ah, blessed be the miracles with which
 The Spirit of the Father and the Son
 Invested you. The transient blessings, those
 That pass away, ye never shall possess;
 But, in the name of Jesus Christ, command 935
 The dying to arise, the dead to wake!
 And when at last yourselves shall to the vale
 Of death descend, O be ye blessed, then,
 Above what ye could sue or comprehend.
 On you, when ye the final goal attain, 940
 When ye unto th' eternal life are born;
 The Victor-crown, and lofty thrones, reserv'd
 For th' elders, those be then on you bestow'd,
 From them the nations of the earth to judge.
 She, who became more radiant at the side 945
 Of Adam, while her eye she raised and saw
 The glory which descended through the heav'n;
 Eve, when she heard the benediction which
 Would from the Son proceed when he should rise!
 Stretch'd tow'rd the grave of the Divine Deceas'd 950
 Her longing arms, and pray'd: Yea, flow, Eternal fount,
 Dissolve the rock, and flow in bursting streams!
 Still thou dost slumber in the shade of night;
 Burst from the rock, and flow, Eternal fount,
 Flow forth in streams of everlasting life, 955

CANTO XIII. *Blipstock's Messiah.*

413

And every soul that like the panting hind
Is languishing, abundantly regale.
And Oh, abounding stream, into the world
Of joy and gladness flowing, into thy
Reviving breeze that wafts along thy banks, — 960
The wanderer to the celestial Canaan
Into a cooling shade receive, and yield
Him strength and solace in his pilgrimage,
And with the hope of from the sleep of death
Reviving, still exhilarate his soul. 965
Hope, Light celestial to the breaking eye
Of the expiring, hope, also to rise,
And with the Saviour Jesus Christ to live;
O pour thy joys abundantly on those
Who slumber hence in Christ, that not the dread 970
Of dire corruption them appal or daunt.
Most blissful hour that now will soon revolve,
And with sublimest transport fire our breasts;
From thee doth flow the everlasting life
Of hosts innumerable: not alone 975
Immortal life to Adam's progeny
Existant now, but all that shall exist!
Burst from the rock, burst forth, Eternal fount
Of life and immortality, and flow
Into the ocean, th' ocean vast of God. 980
Thus Eve th' emotion of her breast express'd.
The Angel from the grave tow'rd heaven soar'd,
The Saviour's glory in the clouds to meet.
E'en as a thousand times ten thousand dead,
Who in the Lord are slumbering, once will feel 985
When raised to life, and when the general woe
Forth from the fall unto the judgment-day
At last shall cease, not longer with each atom
Of time into the ocean of the past
Descending, when the cries of infants born 990
Into the world not longer shall ascend,
Nor heaving moans of the expiring mingle
With festal songs of choirs on whom the hand
Of grisly death ne'er had dishonouring pow'r;
As they will feel when with the dawning morn 995
Of the last day the general woe of cries
And dying moans for ever shall be hush'd;
With bliss they will be joyfully amaz'd,
And from their lifted grateful eye the tears
Of beatitude will flow! and their acclaims 1000

Of jubilant rejoicings and of triumph
 Will with the clangour of th' Angelic trump
 That wakes the dead contend, — ah, not alone
 Contend, it will prevail! As then the Just,
 The thousand times ten thousand righteous dead 1005
 Will feel: so the less numerous host now felt,
 Who round the grave of the Divine Deceas'd
 With hope and expectation of what now
 Devolved were panting; when the clouds now burst, —
 When, yonder, Gabriel — a flame from God, 1010
 Descended, — when from Bethlehem he mov'd
 Athwart the hill of death unto the grave, —
 When, from the silent Cot of Ephratah
 To the sepulchre, th' earth convulsive shook, —
 When Satan like a falling rock was hurl'd 1015
 Into th' ascending dust, the Roman guards
 Like falling hills, — when, from the trembling tomb,
 Th' Immortal rolled the ponderous rock away, —
 When, with the joys of deity, Jehovah
 Rejoiced, — when Jesus from the grave arose. 1020
 At first profound and awful silence reign'd
 Near the deserted tomb. But soon the circles,
 Jesus, of thy redeemed, with more sublime
 Beatitude, superior radiance beam'd,
 Exulting in the strength of the Most High, 1025
 Even like the stars of morning, the First-born
 Of the creation. — They beheld the Son.
 They saw him, after conflicts dire with death,
 Risen from the grave! — not as in th' agony
 Of dissolution on th' ensanguined cross, 1030
 With gored temples and with drooping head! —
 With glory crowned, o'er the sepulchre, Thou
 Didst hover, inexpressibly involv'd
 With victory, with victory divine, —
 With triumph, hallelujah, over death, 1035
 Yea, over death eternal! Thou, who art
 Mighty to save, whose name is holy and just!
 To whom the knee of every one shall bend,
 High in the heavens above, on th' earth beneath
 And under th' earth! — whom Ephratah receiv'd, 1040
 Who suffered in Gethsemany, and died
 On Golgatha, and whom the grave to us restor'd! —
 Ye depths profound, before the Victor bow,
 And in his presence lift your hands, ye heights!
 Archangels, most exalted of the thrones, 1045

High lift your harps into the heaven of heav'ns!
 And ye, my human brethren, raise your voice, —
 With yours my feeble utterance shall ascend,
 We from the dust will humbly breathe our joy,
 That Jesus lives! Before th' Eternal's Throne, 1050
 Ye who, at present, only breathe the great
 Oppressive joy, shall sing beatitude
 Unspeakable to the compassionate
 Redeemer who, as brethren, has receiv'd
 The human race, not so the Seraphim! — 1055
 Who did assume the nature of the sons
 Of Adam, e'en our form, our flesh and bone. —
 Thou who art mighty! — the assembled host
 Of human souls exclaimed, with louder joy
 Than all the choirs of Seraphim around; — 1060
 O Thou, whose name is holy, unto whom
 Our knees we bend, to whom is manifest
 Of our most latent feeling every depth!
 Whom names can ne'er set forth, not e'en the name
 Of all most sacred, most of all sublime: 1065
 Thou th' Author and Accomplisher of our
 Salvation, from the first beginning slain,
 And slain for ever! waked for ever now,
 Waked from the first! Yet short thy slumber was,
 When in the gloomy hour thou didst resign 1070
 The vital breath, triumphant soon to rise,
 And suddenly, as once thou didst perform
 The great creation, (at thy word the suns
 Rolled forth from chaos and from shades of night,
 The lesser spheres submissively round them 1075
 Revolving!) O Thou blessed First and Last!
 Abounding in compassion, grace, and love,
 Renewing all things, and in all divine.
 O we for evermore with Thee shall dwell,
 Unceasing e'en as thou art! while thou art 1080
 Jehovah, through a main eternity,
 We shall, Almighty, in thy presence dwell. —
 And they were mute. The Risen Saviour deign'd
 To them his countenance in mercy to reveal.
 And with the transport of beatitude 1085
 O'erpowered, they prostrate sunk and all were mute.
 Thus the autumnal valleys cease to rustle,
 The waving crop all sinking to the earth,
 When heaven pours down the gushing shower at once.
 Few trembling spikes alone rear yet their drooping heads. 1090

Thus, in the bright assemblage, with the mother
 The seven sons, all martyrs, trembling rose,
 And thus with solemn voice their silence broke:

Rejoice, 'O Earth, and shout! thou hast been worthy' esteem'd,
 The sacred body of the Son divine, 1095
 Of Jesus Christ, into thy depths obscure
 As to th' embrace maternal to receive.

He now is risen, high above the dust,
 The Greatest and the First of all the dead.
 Heaven saw his coming. From the Victor's foot 1100
 Appalling terror rushed, the hill of death,
 Moriah huge with consternation shook.

And with th' ensanguined hill and hoary mountain,
 The cross, the pinnacle of the temple trembled.
 Rejoice, O Earth, with all thy beauty deck'd, 1105

Thy light is coming, and the glory of Christ,
 Thou late unfolded sphere of the creation,
 On thee devolves. Thou art esteemed the Queen
 Of every sphere, the Much-beloved of Him,
 Who called thee into being. Thou wast not 1110
 So beauteous, not so signalized, not so

The theme of heaven, when morn first on thee rose.
 Thy sons, O Earth, are numerous; numerous is
 Thy righteous progeny. And in the heav'ns,
 Kind parent of th' immortal children, thou 1115
 In quick succession shalt distribute them,

That, in the festal robes of innocence,
 And with new names distinguished, they may sing
 The Victor, him, who rescued them from death,
 And everlasting bliss on them bestow'd. 1120

Ye hillocks of the dead, before the hills
 Of all the earth rejoice! Ye mossy graves,
 Rejoice before the mountains hoar and huge!
 All, slumbering in the silent grave, shall wake.

And thou, O Earth, shalt on the last of days 1125
 Come forth effulgent, by th' omnipotence
 Of Jesus, whom into thy depths obscure
 Thou didst receive, — forth from the awful dust,
 Of general judgment, fashioned wholly anew.

The solar beam, and moon's nocturnal light, 1130
 Not longer then shall rule thy days and seasons;
 Inhabited by righteousness and truth,
 The glory of th' Omnipotent, and Christ
 Whose blood was flowing on the hill of death,
 For ever then shall be thy glory and light. 1135

So th' earlier martyrs sung, who bore already
 The palm of victory, while Stephen yet
 Him scarce remotely knew, to whom he was
 His testimony with his blood so seal,
 The First among the Christian martyr-train. 1140
 Yet, Stephen, O how near unto the palm
 Of splendid victory! how short thy course
 From thine ordainment till the victor's crown.
 Thou saw'st heaven opened, Jesus at the Right
 Of the Most High; then flowed thy blood, and thou 1145
 Into the heaven of heavens wast receiv'd.

But now Jedidoth, youngest of the sev'n,
 With him Benoni and Mary, their surprise
 Of silent joy surmounted. Holding each
 The other's palm, they lighted from the clouds, 1150
 And gently kneeled upon the resting rock,
 The rock that now not longer deck'd the tomb.
 And they looked up to Jesus with a love,
 Too inexpressive for the tongue of man,
 And too exalted for the human heart. 1155

To the partakers of the better part,
 With transport Mary said: Ah, were I yet
 To live in the sublunary life, my years
 Though in the bloom of youth still flourishing;
 Each passing moment of this inmost love, 1160
 Of this supreme, divine benevolence,
 With death would overwhelm me! Ah, dost thou,
 Benoni, and Jedidoth, do ye see

His glory? how with gentlier beams he deigns,
 The Lord of life and glory, on us to look? 1165
 On us, the flowerets in the heavenly vale?
 But to yon Cedar, though diminished likewise,
 For he created great Eloah too

A finite Spirit; yet, far different is
 The blaze of glory which he doth reveal 1170
 Unto the Chosen! — Different to us all,
 Such th' infinite perfection of his glory! —

Eloah with a flow of highest joy
 Exclaimed, and at their side kneeled on the rock.
 To you Job, Daniel, Moses, Abraham, 1175

To thee First Angel of death, Salem to thee,
 To thee O Mary, unto me, to you
 Benoni and Jedidoth, unto all
 He deigns in glory different to appear;
 Yet is to all the same! The same benign 1180

And gracious Giver, whom we all adore!
 Adore and love! To every one according
 To his desire, th' exhaustless source of goodness!
 Unto us all the best, the most benign,
 The most adorable, to all most lovely! 1185
 And (this high soaring, ne'er-explored thought,
 Bear you on his distended wings aloft!)
 Th' Only begotten of th' Eternal Father,
 Eternally beloved and loving Son!

But here our most exalted faculties 1190
 Are in amazement lost, we here behold
 The boundaries, to finite minds prescrib'd. —
 Angel of God, created long ere we
 Existed, gladly are my thoughts absorb'd
 In transport's unexplored profundity; 1195
 Though dizzy long ere they attain the bounds,
 (To me they are not bounds!) prescribed to thee. —
 So spake the Seraph and th' Immortal Soul.

Successively to the sepulchral rock
 Many of the Bless'd descended from the clouds. 1200
 Close they encompassed Thee, Divine Redeemer,
 Their brother! All rejoicing, far above
 What, in the dwellings of mortality,
 Man can experience or anticipate.

With hands to heaven uplifted, Abraham 1205
 Exclaimed: Son of Jehovah! and (aloud,
 My Children round me, let your solemn harps
 Accompany my joyful strain,) my Son!

O how the Sire of all created things
 Begins, thy great exploit to recompense! 1210
 Thou didst come down from heaven, thou didst descend
 From thine eternal throne, and didst expire!

In all the spheres of all the universe,
 Since they existed, an exploit like thine
 Ne'er was achieved, nor in futurity 1215
 Will e'er be testified. We see thy deed,
 Messiah, radiant as the path of suns!
 And (with Seraphic joy, ye who adore
 With us the Son, contemplate the exploit!)
 The Chosen, Great Eloah sees it's wonders 1220
 Unfolded in the beams of heavenly light.

At last the Father of the human race
 From th' ocean vast of ecstasy emerg'd,
 And from the streams of light in which he sunk.
 Thoughts thronged by thousands on his wondering soul, 1225

Revolving with the speed of vivid lightning,
 When scaping from the clow pursuing gaze;
 And he alighted on the hill of death,
 Down from the clouds, and stands before the cross, —
 Tow'rd the Divine Messiah, Conqueror 1230
 Of death, he stretches forth his arms, and says:
 By Thee, who livest evermore, I swear!
 Death now is death not longer, on the day
 Of consummation, all that sleep, shall wake! —

The Blessed Mediator's exaltation 1235
 Commenced with his awaking from the death
 Of crucifixion; and progressive rose
 High to the Throne of heaven, to the Right hand
 Of his Eternal Father, where all praise,
 All honour and renown should recompense 1240
 His great humiliation, from the throne
 He freely to the dust of Golgatha
 Descending. E'en Eloah still in vain
 Would labour, in the psalm his harp to raise,
 And from the inmost soul the streaming psalm 1245
 In vain would strive the honours to display,
 That there await the Son, honours divine.

Yet, O Celestial Vistant of Sion,
 Instruct me to repeat, in simple strain,
 Some traits of th' exaltation that amid 1250
 The dwellings of mortality commenc'd,
 And ever higher eminence attain'd;
 Enable me to see him rise on high,
 Who soared th' effulgent path of heavenly light,
 Een to the everlasting Throne of God. 1255

With heavenly love the Son divine beheld
 The Sire of men. A Cherub now receiv'd
 Injunction; the Celestial brought a soul.
 The soul addressed her Guide: Effulgent Stranger,
 Who is yon dread, sublime and awful man, 1260
 There standing on the high projecting rock?
 A. And dost not thou descry, Immortal Soul,
 The countless hosts around him, who display
 More lustre, and effulgence more acute?
 S. O how can I my wondering eye withdraw 1265
 From him, to whom thou dost my course direct?
 He is in this assemblage of the gods, —
 Worship with me! — the Greatest, the Supreme!
 A. Thy Judge. S. Woe me! Ah, Jupiter, Thou who
 Dost rule on high Olympus, most sublime, 1270

What glorious! — O my Child, why dost thine eye
 Appeal me thus? say, is it Mine thou dost?
 Dost hear the deep her bosom gates unfold?
 And dost Clarys roar, hearst not sounds?
 Dost Jupiter now thunder, o'er the storm,
 The stern Jove? — Most cruel spirit, still
 Thou dost not answer to my daring questions?
 Ah, did the fatal sentence pass! and dost
 It hurl me down into Phœbe's grasp? —

1275

The Mediator thus answered the soul:
 Nor Jupiter nor Minos is exist;
 But, lo! the cry of the distressed soul,
 Rises, to me appeals. — And in answer
 I come was uttered. The Christian name
 Gave'st I the soul in her agonies.
 Thus rose the exultation on the sea
 A silent step, as great exultation

1280

1285

The Saviour now, to them who testify I
 The occurrence, said: Now is my Father
 I see, I stand on Your side now.
 There hitherforth is the power of our support. —
 And he was seen no more. It's oblique that
 Of Stephen and John in Your midst I.

1290

Still with the surge of many a conviction I,
 From seeing the divine Messiah just,
 Th' internal flood, near the agonizing rock,
 Yet trembled in the dust as just, rolled down.
 And for th' advance of Christ's power I,
 We came against him as usual a storm.
 And labouring now with others here to see,
 He saw the dawn and still messenger.

1295

1300

The Victor's Angel: Hence, our try depths
 Of we and heaven: they are an end.
 If by experience thou couldst be taught,
 Thou wouldst at last know, how was all thy
 Conviction is against th' Omnipotent.

1305

Try imaginations, with seductive words,
 All on thyself dwelling, — thou, though you
 Revolving, ever failed and overthrown.
 But thou in every warning word art dead.
 Precipitate thy sight then to th' abyss,
 And immerse still thyself with projects new
 Of proud revolt, against heaven's high decrees.
 But know — yet, hear me not, the darker part
 Of vengeance to punishment, that will arrive.

1310

1315

CANTO XIII. *Blowstock's Messiah.*

421

Avaunt! — The Demon fled. But soon again
He loitered in a solitude remote.

There, clinging to a towering rock, he cast
A baleful look around the dreary waste. —
O'erwhelming Terrors, winged with wrath divine, 1320
Pursue him! Gabriel exclaimed, amid
A hurricane approaching. Satan sunk
Down from the rock and, with confusion dire,
Rushed through the wide creation to th' abyas.
But many a day of blank despondency 1325
Revolved, ere the infernal gates he enter'd.

Twice now the shades of midnight deck'd the land,
Since in the hall of Caiaphas the priests
Remained assembled. And, of sleep depriv'd,
They saw again the beams of rising morn. 1330
With silent consternation every one
Awaited th' issue. Yon close-sealed stone,
The Roman Guard there stationed, the Deceas'd!
Were th' object that engaged, continually,
Their disconcerted souls. — Uncertainty! 1335
With all thy sad inquietude, with all
Thy towering surges, with thy stormy blasts,
Thou still didst toss them. And the dreaded day
Of apprehension, the third day approach'd.

At the sepulchre of the Lord of life, 1340
The Roman Guard began, from their alarm,
Now to recover, saying one to th' other:
How didst thou feel? I thought, the earth convuls'd
Beneath me shook, I sunk into the dust.
And his companion answered: So it was. 1345
An other, leaning fearful on his fellow,
Said: How was this? the earth began to shake,
And I was hurled against the trembling rock.
His fellow made reply: I deemed destruction
Inevitable, when the tempest rose, 1350
And howled, and scattered hence the solid rock.
No, still the rock is solid; yet, it rests
Not longer on the opening of the tomb.
Supported by a soldier of the guard,
The chieftain now exclaimed: If ye be living, 1355
Then let me hear the names. — The names were now
Repeated. Cneus entered the sepulchre.
He saw, there was no corse, and hence the stone
Had been removed. The wondering soldiers too,
Explored the tomb, and saw what Cneus saw. — 1360

Disperse! — He spake it, and commissioned one:
 Precede me to the palace of the priests,
 And bring me tidings, whether any now
 In council be assembled. By the way
 Await me. — Whither art thou hastening? all 1365
 Of the departing messenger inquir'd. —
 To the assembly-mansion of the priests.
 He hastened onward. They pursued his course.
 As when a sudden thought, not introduc'd
 In the succession of th' ideal chain, 1370
 At once is rushing on the gloomy soul
 Of one who, in the night of intricate
 Research, is roving in perplexing doubt
 And error on; so unexpected came,
 With breathless haste and with astonishment, 1375
 The messenger into the mute assembly.
 M. We were commanded at the grave to watch;
 But vain was our attention to the charge!
 Th' earth shook, the rock from th' opening of the tomb
 Forth bounded, and the grave contains no corse. — 1380
 Thus, he retired. All tottered from their seats,
 And stood aghast, the monuments of terror.
 Three Romans followed soon the first, enter'd
 The open hall, and all exclaimed at once:
 Now see to it, what ye do! the earth convulsive shook! 1385
 A tempest rose and howled! the grave, we saw it
 Void of the corse! we all fell down as dead,
 Yes, then we saw the grave void of the corse. —
 Impetuous, irresistible as bursts
 Of thunder was unto th' assembled priests 1390
 The testimony which the Romans gave.
 But still, conviction more o'erwhelming now
 Assailed them. In the phrensy of amaze
 And 'terror, Philo burst into a loud
 Horrific laughter. Death is silent thus. 1395
 So were the priests, so Philo now again.
 But Caiaphas at last again had rous'd
 Some mental firmness. Quickly he desir'd
 The Elders to approach. With speed they came,
 More of the soldiers also entered now. 1400
 We see, ye were apprised of what transpir'd!
 Thanks to the gods, we live! Ah, how could ye,
 Ye Priests, presumptuous slay the Thunderer's Son?
 Yes the grave a corse contain.
 from destruction did escape, — 1405

But Calaphas rose, speaking to the guards:
 Romans, descend to my domestics, there
 Be seated round the fire. Say, was your chief
 Among you? — He was with us, and himself
 Sunk down as we, and saw the open tomb. — 1410
 And the highpriest conducted hence the guard,
 And bade his servants, to refresh the men
 With viands and the grape's regaling juice.
 Himself was to th' assembly-hall again
 Attended; with unsteady step his seat 1415
 Pontific he resumed, and said: The word
 Of these, with proffered gifts, we must obtain,
 Or Judah will revolt. But wherefore, now,
 Should I be careful, life still to prolong,
 Since I begin, Saddoc, thy lore to doubt! 1420
 Yet, could not these with fearful apprehension
 Be daunted? Th' earth did shake; but is it certain,
 The opened tomb did not contain the corse? —
 While yet he spake, the Roman chieftain enter'd.
 They rose, and all respectfully stepp'd back. 1425
 C. Ye know me. Also on the cross I saw him,
 Already then convinced that I beheld
 A son of the divinities expire.
 Ye likewise know what at the grave transpir'd.
 Now Philo's Angel entered the hall, 1430
 Ephod Obaddon, Fifth destroyer near
 The awful throne of the vindictive Judge.
 Down from his eye terrific vengeance stream'd,
 His sable locks like spreading shades of night
 Hung round his ample shoulders; and his foot, 1435
 Firm as a massive rock, remained unmov'd.
 His eye was fix'd on Philo; yet the terrors
 Of his destructive voice, that overwhelm
 With instantaneous death, he still repress'd. —
 Black hour of blood, terrific hour of death, 1440
 Wing thine advances, wing thy final step!
 Benhinnon, hail! hail, Dale Benhinnon, hail! —
 While in himself Obaddon uttered this,
 Seven times redoubled terrors from him rush'd
 And all on Philo lighted. He approach'd, 1445
 With ghastly-laughing quietude of mind,
 The chieftain and, with low and tardy voice,
 Accosted him: How? opened is the tomb?
 And it no longer does contain the corse?
 C. The tomb no longer does contain the corse. 1450

PA. Dost thou confirm this, Roman, with an oath
 By Jupiter? C. I shall not, what I said,
 With oaths by Jove or Jupiter confirm;
 I should appeal unto th' invisible
 Jehovah, whom I worship, if to swear 1455
 I should resolve; and if not, Abject Wretch,
 My word alone to thee must be sufficient! —
 And Philo with impetuous voice exclaim'd:
 Hah, did ye mark him? Openend was the tomb,
 And it no longer does contain the corse! 1460
 He saw it, and refused to swear the oath!
 O Roman, thou hast done much more than sworn! —
 And from the warrior's side he graspp'd the sword,
 With desperation and with efforts main,
 Into his breast with both his hands deep plunged it, 1465
 And whirled it hence, and reeling fell to die.
 And, whektering in his reeking blood, he tore
 The wound wide open, spouted blood tow'rd heav'n:
 Nazarene, hah! — Exclaiming so, he died.
 And Cneus took the sword, approached the suicide, 1470
 And dropp'd it on him, reeking with his blood.
 Appalling terrors, everlasting night,
 And black despondency, this gored steel
 To you I consecrate. — Thus, Cneus turn'd,
 And hastened hence from the assembly-hall. 1475
 So likewise the with rage transported soul
 Moved from th' assembly hence and, through the gloom
 Of fearful night, constrained, her course pursued.
 But now th' Angel of death was in the vale
 Benhiamon; suddenly he turned, and now 1480
 The soul beheld him. Who is competent,
 The terrors of the Seraph, minister
 Of Judgment, to depict? who, to describe
 The thunder of his utterance when he exclaim'd:
 Seven times redoubled vengeance is my name, 1485
 Ephod Abaddon, of the ministers
 Destructive, one; the same that near the stream
 Of Egypt slew the first-born in the land.
 Forth from Gehenna, — gaze around, thou art
 Now in Gehenna! — I convey thee down 1490
 Into the deep of th' everlasting deep! —
 And they proceeded onward from the vale.

Klopstock's Messiah.

CANTO XIV.

Wholly in their dole absorbed and languishing
 For consolation, in the cottage near
 The temple, the afflicted company
 Still tarried. So th' expiring saint still weeps,
 Although he has already approached the veil 5
 That does conceal the blaze of glory which
 Will be unfolded shortly to his view.
 The pious women mingled spice and oil,
 For the embalming of their heavenly friend,
 And tears among the aromatics flow'd: 10
 E'en as the wise attendants of the bridegroom
 Were careful to sustain the quivering flame,
 That they might meet him when he should appear;
 So ye were with solicitude engag'd,
 Friends to the Mediator, with the dawn 15
 Of morn to be prepared to hasten to the grave.
 Nor did they tarry till the morning dawn'd.
 The shades of night had scarcely been dispell'd,
 When hence from the disciples they departed.
 Some from the cots of Magdala, the spouse 20
 Of Cleophas, Joanna, and Salome,
 The Mother of the Sons of Zebedee's;
 These led the way. — Ye see him once again,
 Beloved, the afflicted mother said,
 But I, alas, I shall not see him more. 25
 Depart in peace, the Lord be with you all.
 They hastened, answering not. And th' air was cool.
 When they approached the tomb, one questioned thus
 The other: Who shall roll away the stone?
 But this embarrassment stay'd not their speed. 30
 We, answered Mary Magdalene, will do
 Our utmost, from corruption to preserve him,
 While powers of aromatics may suffice.
 And Gabriel sate on the rock sublime,
 Which was removed from th' opening of the tomb. 35

He said to Abdiel and Eloah, who
 Were hovering near him: Scarcely can I bide
 The transport of my feelings! Do not ye
 Observe yon faithful women, hitherward
 Advancing? I will unto them appear; 40
 But, lest my heavenly splendour should alarm
 And terrify them, I assume the form
 And semblance of a youth. Do ye appear
 As men, when they are able to sustain
 More of th' immortal splendour of Celestials. 45

But the Divine Redeemer looked, unseen,
 Down on the Angels, and on the advancing
 Group of Believers; and he felt the joys
 That he had purchased with his precious blood.

The habitant of Magdala approach'd, 40
 Saw th' open tomb, and saw the stone remov'd,
 Back trembled, loud proclaimed what she beheld,
 And hastened tow'rd Jerusalem again.
 But, undismay'd, th' advancing company
 Proceeded. Suddenly they all beheld 55

On the sepulchral stone, which had been mov'd,
 A radiant youth. His form resembled lightning,
 His vesture, snow. With blissful voice he spake:
 Fear not! I know ye seek the crucify'd
 Redeemer, Jesus; but he is not here. 60

He from the dead arose, as he proclaim'd.
 Approach, and see the place where Jesus lay.
 And he conducted them into the grave. —
 Now tarry not. Return to the disciples,
 And intimate to all what ye have seen. 65
 And intimate to Cephas: From the grave
 Jesus arose. Behold, he will proceed
 To Galilee. And ye shall see him there.

Now hasten, and announce it to the twelf. —
 Still, irresolved, they tarried. With effulgence, 70
 Twain more Celestials entered the sepulchre.

Alarmed, the women stood abashed and mute,
 Their eyes fix'd to the ground. — Why do ye seek,
 These men began, the living with the dead?
 Here, Jesus is not. From the grave he rose. 75

Remember what he said, when still he dwell'd
 In Galilee among you. To the hands
 Of sinners must the son of man be giv'n,
 And crucified, but on the third of days,
 He will arise triumphant from the grave. — 80

Now the Believers hastened hence, with tremour
 And inmost joy proceeding, to intimate
 To the disciples what they saw and heard.
 And Meanwhile Peter, John and Magdalene
 Came tow'rd the grave forth from Jerusalem. 85
 While now proceeding on their way, John said
 To his companions: Yon inclining path
 Is less circuitous. They followed him.
 Where to eachother most the different paths
 Approach, they are divided by a hill. 90
 Separated by the intervening hill,
 The pious women and disciples pass'd,
 Not knowing how they were eachother near.
 Thus pilgrims to the heavenly Salem, who
 By nature for eachother were design'd, 95
 In this life oft are near; yet do not meet.
 It is in Salem, they first ascertain
 Eachother, wondering how to meet they fail'd,
 While still proceeding on their pilgrimage,
 And Cephas said to Mary Magdalene, 100
 Who after him with difficulty walk'd:
 His corse were hence removed? and by the priests?
 But these, it is reported, seal'd the stone,
 That rested on the tomb! Some wretched plunderers
 Perhaps removed him, to possess the shroud. — 105
 While thus he spake, John had attained the tomb.
 He saw the linen of th' interment; but,
 With deference and concern still irresolv'd,
 He entered not. Now Peter also came,
 With breathless haste approaching, and, at once 110
 As he approached, entered the open tomb.
 He saw the napkin, which around the head
 Of the deceased had carefully been tied,
 Lie separate from the shroud. John followed him
 Into the tomb, examined all, and saw, 115
 What Magdalene reported. But of this,
 That the Divine Messiah should arise,
 According to the prophets, from the grave,
 Of this they were not conscious. Both retir'd
 From the sepulchre. Mary stay'd alone. 120
 They walking onward, Peter said to John:
 The priests perhaps have differently resolv'd,
 Not in the seal, which on the stone they laid,
 Confiding; and, their furious revenge
 Not yet completely satiated, they hence 125

Removed him, and in the sepulchre left
 The funeral-shroud, his wounds once more to see.
 With silent thought and sadness, both withdrew.

Still Magdalene stood at the grave, and gaz'd,
 And wiped her eyes with quickness, to behold, 130
 And anxious gazed into the vaulted void.

Angels to her appeared, but these she scarcely' observ'd.
 She saw not Jesus, Jesus was not there.
 The panting hind seeks thus the brook alone;
 The rising sun it heeds not, neither feels. 135
 The waving shadow of the silent grove.

Why, Woman, dost thou weep? the Messengers
 Of transport and felicity inquir'd.

M. They hence removed him, whom my soul adores,
 And Oh, I know not, whither they conveyed him: — 140
 Thus answering, from the grave she turned her face.
 And suddenly the Blessed Saviour stood.

Before her, but she knew not whom she saw.
 J. Why, Woman, dost thou weep? whom dost thou seek? —
 But this was not the utterance of his voice 145
 Immortal, not his glorious voice divine.

And Magdalene imagined, she beheld
 The gardener and replied: If thou hast hence
 Removed him; into what obscurity
 Remote, hast thou conveyed him? let me find 150
 The dear recess, that does conceal my Lord! —

Approaching e'en as Magdalene the most
 Exalted bliss, one, much beloved of God,
 Thus mourns when his mortality's last, but
 Most powerful feeling now assails the soul. 155

With death he struggles, languishing for help!
 He weeps to Jesus and, so with the last
 Probation overwhelmed and terrify'd,

Knows not the loving Saviour, only knows
 And only sees the dread vindictive Judge! 160

But after few more tears, how great his bliss.
 Thus Magdalene from him, to whom she spake
 Of Jesus, in the sadness of her soul

Her countenance averted. But as choirs
 Of voice and harp around the Throne of God, 165

And as the gladness of the Victor-train,

When, wholly' in love dissolved, they sing the Lamb,
 The Lamb that died a sacrifice for sin;

Nay, than the choirs of voice and harp around
 The Throne of God, or joying Victor-train, 170

More ardent, more mellifluous, loving more,
 Was th' utterance of the Risen Saviour's voice
 To his afflicted follower, th' utterance: Mary! —
 She heard and knew, it was the blessed voice
 Of Jesus, and scarce conscious now of thought 175
 Or action, in the tumult of her joy,
 With tremour in the silent dust prostrating
 Low to the Risen Mediator's feet,
 She strove, the high emotion of her breast
 To utter; but she stammered, scarcely breathed, 180
 Looked up to Jesus, wept, and stammered faint,
 With soft amaze: *Rabboni!* and she held
 With trembling hand the feet of the divine,
 Th' adorable and merciful Redeemer.
 Benign, affectionate, and all compassion now, 185
 The Lord regarded Magdalene, and said:
 Do not thus hold me! I shall yet remain
 Among you. Thou shalt see me yet again.
 I yet ascended not unto my Father.
 Go to our brethren, tell them: Now the hour, 190
 That will unfold my glory, approaches fast.
 Unto my Father, and unto your Father,
 To my God and to your God now I go! —
 Jesus was seen no more. And Magdalene
 Departed quickly with the blissful tidings. 195
 With her companions, Salome approach'd
 The city-gate. The Lord who disappear'd
 From Magdalene, at once by these was seen
 Tow'rd them to be advancing, e'en amid
 The wafting dew of cool and silent morn, — 200
 Amid the ruby splendour of the sun
 That rose, and beamed the glory of God around.
 Immediately it was himself! and all
 Beholding him knew, he among the dead
 No longer dwelled. — Be greeted all! the Lord 205
 Christ Jesus, with benign complacence, said.
 They, trembling, sunk before him to the ground,
 And clasp'd his feet. — Be not dismay'd, nor fear,
 But go and to my brethren intimate
 What ye have seen, and what ye testify'd. 210
 To Galilee they shall retire, and there
 Behold me. — With these words, he disappear'd.
 The Witnesses, with silent joy, uprais'd
 Each other from the dust, and hastened hence,
 To Salem these glad tidings to convey. 215

Before them, John and Peter had arriv'd;
 And clouded all the company with dole.
 Now came the Witnesses of him, that liv'd:
 Attend to us, — ye weep, — O hear our words!
 We saw the Lord, we saw him, and he lives! 220
 And ere we saw the Lord, we likewise saw
 His Angels, — first at the sepulchre one,
 Anon twain more, all entering, and they said, —
 O Salome, what was it, they imparted?
 I was too much alarmed the words of those 225
 Celestial Messengers to understand. —
 Ye, Thomas said, advancing from the rest;
 Ye were too much alarmed to understand
 The words ye heard? likewise, perhaps, too much
 Alarmed, aright to see what ye beheld? — 230
 Ah, Thou Disciple of the Blessed Jesus,
 Why terrify us with distressing doubts?
 Us, who are nearly overwhelmed with joy.
 The Loving Lord said unto us: Fear not!
 And thou again alarm'st us with thy doubts. 235
 Th. Such, O Beloved, I did not design.
 Be not alarmed, but let me question you,
 The truth of all minutely to ascertain.
 Ye first saw one Celestial? what his form?
 W. Behold, a youth! his countenance the lightning, 240
 His vest the snow resembled. — That, exclaim'd
 The mother of the living Jesus, that
 Was Gabriel. — Thomas anon rejoind:
 And did the sun already unfold his beams?
 And know'st thou, Salome, that Pilate plac'd 245
 A Roman Chief and Guard around the tomb,
 Solicited by the infuriate priests,
 O'er the Deceased a nightly watch to keep? —
 The armour of the Roman did reflect
 Deceptive lustre when the sun arose. 250
 But ye already were deceived with fear;
 And needed no remote effulgence view,
 The semblance of an Angel's form to see.
 W. But, O Didymus, day had scarcely dawn'd,
 And twilight only deck'd the hills around; 255
 The youth whom we beheld, was not a Roman
 His countenance, and not his armour, beam'd
 Effulgence; he was not in armour clad;
 Th' Immortal was in snowy vest attir'd.
 Th. Aye, and what was it, this Immortal said? — 260

W. Fear not! I know ye seek the crucify'd
 Redeemer, Jesus; but he is not here,
 He from the dead arose as he proclaim'd.
 Approach, and see the place where Jesus lay.
 Thus he address'd us, and conducted us 265
 Into the tomb. Now hasten, he rejoin'd,
 And state to the disciples what ye saw.
 And say to Cephas: *Jésus* rose again! —
 With visible emotion Peter answer'd:
 My name he did exclusively repeat? 270
 A Seraph did repeat the sinner's name?
 Divine condolence, Messenger from God,
 Thou to the wretched sufferer hadst pronounc'd,
 Hadst thou indeed, in verity appear'd!
 But that my name alone he should repeat, 275
 Not Mary's name, and not the name of John;
 This does in gloomy doubt perplex me also. —
 Didymus stood contemplative, and now
 Again inquired: So this it was, what th' Angel
 To you imparted? *W.* He moreover said: 280
 Before you, Jesus goes to Galilee,
 There ye shall see him. Thomas added: And
 The other Angels were in form like this?
W. They were still more effulgent, more sublime;
 But Jesus also, Jesus we have seen! 285
Th. With the Celestials? — Th' Angels, they reply'd,
 Were vanished, when he near the city-gate
 Advanced against us, every wise the same,
 As alway we have seen him. Yet we thought,
 His countenance more glorious appear'd, 290
 Such as perhaps on Tabor he was seen. —
 Be greeted all! Thus he address'd us. We
 With awe and tremour sunk before him to the ground,
 And held his feet. Be not dismay'd, nor fear!
 But go, and to my brethren intimate, 295
 What ye have seen, and what ye testify'd.
 To Galilee they shall retire, and there
 Behold me. Saying so, he disappear'd. —
 Himself, himself ye saw? Didymus now
 With musing brow, and eye more stern, inquir'd. 300
 The person, the attire of the deceas'd
 To you appeared; and was the voice the same? —
 He now stood mute; but with the stream of doubt
 Still hence impell'd, he added: Now ye are
 Too much affected with your fond illusion. 305

When to support it ye are better able,
 I will impart the reasons that induce
 And force me, different thoughts to entertain.
 Sure, O Disciples, ye do not believe
 Their fabulous report? — So saying, he 310
 Resumed his seat. But now the gushing tear
 Of transport, which the Witnesses had wept,
 Was by the gentle tear of sympathy
 And soft concern succeeded. They were silent.
 With anxious joy exhausted, trembling, pale, 315
 With faltering tongue, now Mary Magdalene
 Stepp'd in among the weeping company,
 Both hands to heaven uplifting, but again
 They languid sunk; she folded them with fervour:
 The Lord is risen! risen from the dead! — 320
 Thus she exclaimed loud with a voice of dread
 And joyful admiration, which the voice
 And harp of Angels to' utter e'en would fail.
 Her eyes begin in hovering gloom to swim.
 She seems to faint. John stays her, she on him 325
 Is leaning. And Lebbæus, when again
 Sufficiently collected, said: So thou
 Hast likewise seen those Angels? — Gentler now
 Her bosom heaved. She said with heavenly smiles:
 Not Angels only, ah, himself I saw! — 330
 All silent, then, their eyes to heaven rais'd,
 Except Didymus. He approached, and said,
 With stern and gloomy coolness: Those who could
 Deceive themselves so grossly to imagine
 That Seraphim as men to them appear'd, 335
 Those likewise may suppose, they saw himself. —
 With mild composure, Magdalene reply'd:
 Didymus, how could we, and Jesus how
 Such at thine hands deserve? E'en this mine eye
 Beheld him, this mine eye wept at his feet. — 340
 With awe and with astonishment, James gaz'd
 On Magdalene and said: Did he unfold
 His heavenly glory? was his vesture bright?
 M. He every wise appeared a human being,
 But I discovered, in his countenance, 345
 Grace, dignity and meekness, such as I
 Have never seen, no, e'en not in himself! —
 And Simon Peter, from o'erwhelming doubts
 So much emerging, now approached and spake.
 He questioned Mary, and with tremour dreaded 350

CANTO XIV. Blotstock's Messiah.

433

The answer: Didst thou also hear his voice?

M. Yea, Simon, I did also hear his voice,
The voice of the divine, the risen Jesus!

P. Ah, tell me what, what said he unto thee?

M. I feel it, but am insufficient far,
To utter, how his voice with mercy teem'd.

365

As when he, bleeding on the cross, exclaim'd:
Father! forgive them, they are ignorant
Of what they do. Receive them to thy mercy.

Still more benevolent, more affectionate,
He uttered: Mary! I beheld my Lord.

360

I felt as though at once to heaven remov'd.

Rabboni! I could scarce with faltering voice pronounce;
My trembling hand could scarcely hold his feet.

All loving kindness, all compassion now,

365

He deigned on me to look, and meekly said:

Do not thus hold me! I shall still remain

Among you. Thou shalt see me yet again.

I yet ascended not unto my Father.

Go to our brethren, tell them: Now the hour,

370

That will unfold my glory, approaches fast.

Unto my Father and unto your Father,

To my God and to your God now I go! —

Till now the mother of the Son divine,
With drooping head, gazed silent to the ground.

375

She raised her brightening eye, and gently look'd

On Magdalene, with difficulty rose,

By some supported, nearer to her stepp'd,

Affectionately took her hand, again

Looked on her with cordiality, and said

380

With gentle voice: Thou didst see Jesus? thou

Didst hear his voice, the voice of Christ, my Son?

But may I, now with deep humility

She looked around inquiring; may I still

Consider him — my Son? — Your looks, Belov'd,

385

Instruct me, I may name him still my Son! —

I heard thee say, he every wise appear'd

A human being; and did he display,

O Magdalene, the wounds that he receiv'd? —

She turned away her countenance and wept,

390

Yet held the hand of her affectionate friend. —

O Mother of the Greatest Son, weep not.

He lives, he is arisen from the dead.

I know not whether wounds I did observe.

I, trembling, with the overpowering joy,

395

More than his countenance did scarcely see,
 His countenance divine; and heavenly grace,
 And insupportive mercy beaming there!
 Thus he said the only dawn appear'd. —
 And Jesus' mother from her tears refrain'd. 400
 She now took both the hands of her believ'd
 And cordial fix'd, and raised her eyes to heav'n;
 Let sink her hands, and thoughtfully stepp'd back,
 Still with profoundest admiration gaz'd
 On her and said: Thou highly-favoured, saw'st 405
 The Kine Jews, and didst hear his voice? —
 The earlier witnesses who first with her
 To the sepulchre tended, joyfully
 Round Magdalene collected, all most glad
 Recounting how they first Celestials saw, 410
 And then how Jesus deign'd his presence to reveal.
 Again Didymus with stern mien advanc'd:
 Didst thou see Angels also, Magdalene?
 M. TH' Angels I scarcely saw. Mine eye was dim
 With sadness. Suddenly I turned and saw, 415
 I thought the gardener. First I knew him not;
 I knew him not until his voice I heard,
 Not until he my name to utter deign'd.
 TH. So thou didst scarcely see, whom thou dost call
 Immortals? neither him at first thou knew'st, 420
 But didst imagine, thou the gardener saw'st?
 All thy companions say, he every wise
 Appeared the same as they were wont to see him;
 Accordingly, the gardener's vest was such
 As Jesus wore? — how many were th' Immortals 425
 Whom, Magdalene, thou saw'st? M. Twain I beheld.
 TH. All thy companions first saw one, then twain.
 So saying, hence his countenance he turn'd.
 But Magdalene her eyes to heaven rais'd:
 Of Thou, the mother of our loving Lord, 430
 Ye, his disciples, let no fearful doubt
 Misguide you! and Didymus, donot now
 My transport and felicity molest. —
 So saying, she conducted hence the mother
 Of Jesus, blissful converse more to hold. 435
 Cephas whose mind still with distressing doubts
 Was agitated, whom th' emphatic words:
 To the Disciples and to Simon show,
 What ye beheld! still sounded, and to tears
 Incessantly constrained; at last found Salem 440

CANTO XIV. *Klopstock's Messiah.*

435

Too circumscribed; the company he left,
 And hastened hence. To melancholy thought
 His musing mind now wholly to resign,
 He purposed first, through dreariest retreat
 And desert wilds to roam; anon he thought 445
 Tow'rd Galilee to tend, but chose at last
 The way to the sepulchre. He already
 Proceeded tow'rd the dreary wilderness,
 But by the way returned. Compassed around
 With stillness of the gently-awakening earth, 450
 And with the beauty of reviving day;
 He deep in thought stood near the hill of death.
 There down into the open tomb he gaz'd;
 And soon these sad reflections agitated
 His pensive soul: Too hideous perpetration! 455
 They thence removed him, here among the sculls
 And bones of the Accursed to bury him?
 Thou black revenge, revenge of deepest hell,
 Thou hadst succeeded thus? and Joseph had
 In vain sued to the Pagan? we in vain 460
 Had mingled with our tears of misery
 Some tears of sad composure? For, that he
 Rose from the grave, and e'en to some appear'd,
 How can I momentary imagine such!
 Ah, most distressing of distressful pangs, 465
 Thou hast their sad and bleeding souls o'erwhelm'd,
 Amid thy torrents hast impelled them on,
 And, in th' illusions of prevailing grief,
 These think they saw him risen from the grave.
 Christ risen! had revealed himself to these! 470
 And with the transport I were not o'erwhelm'd?
 Beneath the burthen of such bliss, of such
 Anticipation of eternal life
 Not sinking? — Ah, thou cross of the deceas'd!
 (He lifted to the cross his swimming eye,) 475
 Thy proof is too convincing! heaven and earth
 Thy dire and awful testimony heard!
 Dead, dead, yea he is dead! There is the spot,
 Where th' awful sword did pierce the mother's heart,
 And where a sword did pierce his suffering soul. — 480
 Again behold him? Ah, I once indeed
 Shall see him, — yonder, at th' Eternal's Throne!
 But here no more. — Why, O my anxious soul,
 Why from thy only consolation thus
 Back trembling? Yea, still tremble from thy peace! 485

Thy prayers were heard, the sovereign Judge in mercy,
 Thy penitence regarded; but thou may'st
 Not venture to rejoice! There still behold
 The dire and awful witness of his death,
 Th' ensanguined cross! and allaround, the hills, 490
 The mountains, rocks, and the sepulchral vaults,
 Still represent a mass of ruins huge,
 Shook by the hand of dread omnipotence!
 No, to rejoice, my soul, thou may'st not venture. —
 Such were his thoughts, and such his faltering voice, 495
 And down into the tomb again he gaz'd.
 Near the sepulchre, Magdalene he saw,
 Who on her knees, her right hand in the dust,
 Looked weeping up to heaven. Mary, Mary!
 Th' ardent disciple vehemently' exclaim'd; 500
 She heard his voice, and soon tow'rd him advanc'd.
P. Ah, happy woman, canst thou still believe,
 Thou, didst behold him, risen from the grave?
M. There, where thou saw'st me prostrate in the dust,
 My left hand held a shrub, near which he stood; 505
 My right hand rested where his sacred foot
 Did press the dust. *P.* O Mary, lift thine eye,
 And see the cross on which he did expire.
M. And he is risen, Simon, from the dead.
P. Yea, I conjure thee by the Living God: 510
 Hath this thine eye, O Mary, seen the Lord,
 This eye that sees me stand before thee now?
M. Whether I indeed have seen him with mine eyes?
 Yea, by the troth and verity of Him,
 Who is eternal; this mine eye hath seen 515
 The Mediator's glory, this mine ear
 Hath heard the utterance of the Son divine,
 And I experienced heaven's exalted bliss. —
 And she stood mute, and Peter silent stood.
 Now he resumed: Avert thy countenance, 520
 Most happy woman, let me solitary
 My silent sorrow mourn. Ah, if the glad
 And cheering vision had deluded me,
 As thou hast been deluded; how my soul
 Would rest composed and calm'd! I disbelieve thy words. 525
M. Then disbelieve thine having seen him walk
 On th' agitated sea! and disbelieve
 Thine having seen him on hoar Tabor's height,
 Encompassed with the glory of the Father.
 They separated, — Ah, if I could deem 530

Her statement true! — Such were his silent thoughts,
 While he again tow'rd the sepulchre turn'd.
 O happy, happy woman! — all her soul
 Is wholly in the fond conceit absorb'd.
 How she is full of confidence and joy! 535
 How positive assurance over her
 Composure and high dignity diffuse!
 Nor grave, nor dire corruption can appal
 Her joyful soul! she smiles against the blast
 Of the tremendous hurricane, that rushes 540
 Impetuous through nocturnal dales of death!
 Yet, why can I not deem her statement true?
 Can he not wake, who walked upon the sea,
 Who held me on the overwhelming surge? —
 O Thou, Divine Deceased, forgive, forgive 545
 My sorrow, and the sadness of my soul,
 If thou indeed didst from the dead revive!
 Thou didst uphold me, when I doubting sunk.
 Before the coming wave; uphold me now!
 Thou know'st, I am depressed with anguish, Lord, 550
 Much greater, yet thy succouring right hand,
 Thine arm divine, to me is not extended!
 By thy compassionate love, yea by thy look
 Of mercy, which thou didst on me bestow,
 When groaning under the too heavy burthen 555
 Of my denying Thee! By thy compassion
 And mercy, Lord, I supplicate: O pity
 Mine anguish and reveal thyself to me,
 If thou indeed thy presence dost reveal.
 Ah no, I sue too much. To the Disciples, 560
 And Peter, intimate what ye have seen! —
 Such were the Angel's words. And is not this,
 Unspeakable compassion? Ah, shouldst Thou
 To me appear, Lord, unto me who have
 Denied thee? and thou hast not yet reveal'd 565
 Thy presence to Lebbæus, James and John,
 Nor to the most affectionate of mothers!
 Yet Magdalene has also sinned! But when?
 When did she sin? Before she knew the Lord!
 And did I love as Magdalene hath lov'd? — 570
 Such were his thoughts, while now with heavy pace
 And slowly, he the hill of Golgatha
 Ascended, falling on his knees to pray.
 He breathed forth to God his supplication,
 His eyes fixed to the ground. Now looking up, 575

He saw the Lord Christ Jesus near the cross.
 Who can conceive th' astonishment and bliss,
 Which he experienced when he saw that near him
 The Living Jesus stood! And his right hand
 The Saviour with divine benevolence held 580
 To the disciple. Fain he would arise,
 But lacks the power; he strives and, with his left,
 To find the Risen Saviour's arm endeavours,
 Thereon himself to uphold; but soon his hand
 Sank down into the dust. And he uplifted 585
 Himself again, with both his hands entwined
 The Saviour's arm, close pressed it to his breast,
 His forehead on it resting. Earth and heav'n
 Seemed passing hence around him. But at last
 Up to the countenance divine of Jesus 590
 His eyes he raised, loud with the tremulous voice
 Of transport high exclaiming: Lord, Lord, God!
 Compassionate, and merciful, and gracious! —
 He saw the Living Saviour. Lord, Lord, God!
 Compassionate and merciful and gracious! 595
 He once again exclaimed, no longer trembled,
 And felt th' ineffable, superabounding
 Look of condolence from the Mediator.

Ithuriel and Orion, Simon's Angels,
 Hovered round Golgatha. Ithuriel now 600
 No longer could refrain: Orion, ah,
 With jubilant acclaim, with songs of bliss,
 We oft this happy hour will celebrate!
 The Risen Saviour to the rescued sinner,
 Jesus to Cephas, graciously appears! 605
 Thou, O my fellow Guardian, thou dost feel
 My transport! Unto the disciple who
 Was to our charge committed, Jesus deigns
 In mercy to appear! Come, let us taste
 In joint embrace our joint felicity! — 610
 Terrific and appalling is the thought,
 Ithuriel, to have sinned; and thus to sin
 Against the Saviour, and e'en at the time
 Of the redemption, and e'en by a pardon'd
 Disciple; is beyond the range of thought: 615
 But, thus the wept-for pardon to obtain!
 Great is the bliss, Seraph, of the redeem'd.

While thus the Angels mutually convers'd,
 The Saviour risen departed from the hill.
 With folded hands th' ardent disciple gaz'd 620

In transport and with prayer after him,
Till in the shade of the sepulchral rock
At once he disappeared. Now Peter spread
His open arms to heaven and exclaim'd:
Eternal gratitude, Thou Son of God, 636
Risen from the grave, eternal praise to Thee,
Who my distressful soul hast comforted,
Beyond what in mine anguish I could crave,
Or wish, or comprehend! Thus thou, in death,
Wilt once relieve my soul. Ah, who am I? 639
Though keen remorse my sin did supersede,
The hideous sin, Lord, of denying Thee;
Yet who am I, that, O Thou Son of God,
Thou shouldst with such compassion succour me?
Mine eye hath seen the glory of Jesus Christ! 636
Mine eye hath seen him, from the dead reviv'd.
My grateful thanks for ever shall ascend,
Yea, from my inmost soul, my fervid thanks
For evermore shall rise: The mercies all
Of heaven, and the fulness of heaven's joy, 640
The blessed fulness, Lord, of thy compassion,
I venture now to hope! Yea, thou wilt now
Reveal to me the mystery of thy death.
Th' innumerable hosts, the powers, the thrones,
Th' Archangels can receive not more from him, 645
Whose countenance they ever see, than I
May venture now to hope! I saw him, yea,
The Son of the Eternal, Christ, who died
On the ensanguined cross, he is alive!
Thought of profoundest quietude and peace, 650
Grand fulness of compassion, he will now
Thy mystery unfold! He is alive!
And I have seen him! Jesus Christ I saw!
Proclaim it round the everlasting throne,
Proclaim it through the heavens: He lives! he lives! 655
Ye Sons of light, with jubilant rejoicings
Proclaim it through the heavens: Jesus lives. —
He ceased. And still his eyes to heaven were lifted;
And suddenly he rose. — Ye also shall
Quaff at the fount of comfort, O my brethren! 660
Your bleeding wounds; they also shall be heal'd. —
Such were his thoughts. He hastened quickly hence.
The walls of Salem he already' approach'd,
Already he approached the company
Of brethren, who were agitated still 665

[illegible]

Until mine eyes again see our divine
 Instructor, Jesus risen from the dead.
 And Cephas held him cordially by the hand,
 And on him looked with faithful confidence:
 Yea, Venerable Brother, Jesus will
 In mercy have compassion on us all. 715

As when a gloomy solitary cloud
 The heaven's azure serenity obscures,
 So stern Didymus Cephas now approach'd.
 Th. E'en Simon! Were it possible, I would,
 Simon, from thee believe it! — Thus, he turn'd 720
 With inmost grief his countenance away.
 P. Didymus, turn! and join with us to praise
 The God of heaven! Jesus is alive!
 Yea, adoration, honour, praise and glory,
 Joy jubilant, and endless gratitude 725
 To Him, who wonderful on the cross expir'd,
 Who wonderful from the grave triumphant rose,
 And who in mercy unto us appear'd,
 And who will have compassion on us all. 730

With these transporting words the blessed Mother
 Of Jesus sunk from the disciple's arms.
 Now, on her knees, she spreads her hands to heav'n,
 And with the voice of ecstasy exclaims:

My soul shall ever magnify the Lord! 735
 My Spirit shall rejoice in God my Saviour!
 Thou from the cross the mother's anguish saw'st,
 Of thine afflicted handmaid all the tears
 Thou hast in mercy and compassion counted;
 Successive generations shall pronounce 740
 Me blessed! O how wonderful is he!
 How great in all his doings, he who is
 Than death more mighty! Sacred is his name,
 Sacred and holy! he for evermore
 Is merciful, his arm omnipotent! 745
 The high flagitious, and sanguinary,
 He humbles, and the mighty he from thrones
 Precipitates, and low humility
 He doth exalt. Those who for righteousness
 Are thirsting, he regales; all who are fill'd 750
 With pride and self-sufficiency, depart
 With emptiness. For everlasting he
 Is merciful, compassionate and gracious.
 And all who love him, taste his consolation.
 Such, unto Abraham and Abraham's 755

Descendants, he hath sworn. And he maintains
 The sacred oath of mercy to his children.
 Yea, adoration, honour, praise and glory,
 Joy jubilant, unceasing gratitude
 To Jesus Christ, who lives, than death more mighty. 760

Didymus to the lofty roof ascended.

The company soon followed, by the day's
 Unfolding charms invited, there to taste
 The sweetness of the gently-fanning breeze,
 And through the distant prospect full of God, 765

To glory and rejoice in him, by whom
 They were so blessed. And they came to Thomas,
 And roused him from the torpor of his dole,
 And melancholy thought. He trembled back,
 When he at once the numerous company 770

Around him saw, and quickly would descend. —
 Avoid us not, Dear Brother, flee not hence,
 Simon exclaimed; the Lord will have compassion

Also on thee. I likewise harboured doubts,
 Yet see, how gracious he hath been to me! 775

But who are these, approaching from afar?

If not mine eye deceives me, lo, they are

Matthias, yea, and Cleophas. Ah, ye

Beloved, now I would ye were with us;

With gladness inexpressible, your souls 780

Would now with us rejoice! the mighty joys

Of everlasting life await you here.

But who is this, from yon obscurity

Tow'rd them advancing? No, I know him not.

What dignity in his deportment! say, 785

O Thomas, dost thou know the noble stranger?

With reverence they salute him, they converse.

Ta. I know him not. Such dignity, O Simon,

United with so much simplicity,

As his deportment shows, I never saw. 790

And Peter answered: O that soon the path

Would hitherward conduct him. Now they turn

Together. They around the silent field

Are roaming, their dejection to dispel.

See, now the path which gradually inclines, 795

Still brings them nearer; but yon tufted group

Of palm will soon conceal them from our view.

Observe the stranger, how with dignify'd

Attention, softened by his gentle manner,

He doth regard what they to him relate? 800

Perhaps the history of the death of him,
Whom they not yet saw near the cross reviv'd.
Perhaps of the Celestials one, whom ye
Near the sepulchre saw? — How ye deceive yourselves!
Thomas exclaimed. He is a man, although 805
Superior grace and dignity displaying.

P. Thou dost not know, O Thomas, the delightful
And sweet conjectures of expanding hope.
I have experienced all that thou dost feel.
What could I less expect, than to behold 810
The Risen Jesus, when with mute distress
I lifted to the cross my languid eye,
And suddenly beheld the Lord reviv'd
Before me standing! Joy deceived me not,
O Thomas, nor transporting expectation. — 815

Thine anguish then deceived thee! stern Didymus
Fervid exclaimed, persisting still in doubt. —
The Lord will have compassion also' on thee!
The blessed witness calm and meek reply'd.
Th. The Lord Jehovah, he will have compassion 820
On my distress! But Jesus, our divine
Instructor, the Messiah; he, alas,
As all the prophets died, and is no more! —
He wept a silent tear. Simon rejoin'd:
Disciple of the Lord, refrain from tears! 825
He is not dead, he rose again, he lives. —
But vainly Simon strove his doubts to shake,
And sorrow to assuage. Silent he wept.

And Cleophas meanwhile, Matthias, and
The Stranger, had attained the group of palm. 830
When these alone from Salem's walls retir'd,
Ere yet the stranger unto them appear'd,
They slowly onward moved and thus convers'd:
C. How can I err in what I say, Matthias!
Thou know'st the rancour and the fell revenge 835
Which the infuriated priests display'd,
When they could not prevent, that Joseph took
The sacred corse from the accursed tree,
And thence removed it to his own sepulchre.
They have prevailed on Cneus, stolen the corse, 840
And purpose to inter it with the bones
Of malefactors on the hill of death.

Ah, Thou most holy, best of benefactors!
Perhaps the hill already decks thy corse.
M. But th' Angel, Cleophas, at the sepulchre? 845

Did then dejection sad illude them all?
 And melancholy, doth it operate
 On us, to see the semblance of Celestials?
 Why not some vision, gloomy as our fears?
 Terrific night! some perpetrator judg'd? 860
 The hideous Spirit of Iscariot? —
 With horror Cleophas back started, and
 Anon replied: Beloved, solve me this:
 Our Lord, why doth not he himself appear?
 How can we know of Seraphim the form? 865
 And knowing them, how can I ascertain,
 That they to us were missioned by Jehovah?
 Brother Disciple, if our gracious Lord
 Indeed revived; would not he deign to us
 In mercy to appear? himself we know! 870
M. But, Gleophas, was Gabriel believ'd
 By Mary? and did she Celestials know?
 And can the Angels of Jehovah aught
 Communicate, but solemn, awful truth?
 And are we worthy, Jesus should to us, 875
 To us appear? We worthy of such grace,
 Who with the rest of the disciples fled,
 When the tumultuous rage of the advancing host,
 Their furious clamour and their turbulence,
 With dread and terror filled Gethsemany! 870
 But from afar, we ventured to approach,
 When from the judgment-seat aloud resounded
 The awful doom, — but from afar, the cross
 Of our expiring Master we beheld! —
 And Cleophas replied: I weep with thee, 875
 And our timidity and fear I mourn!
 Yet, can we ever merit, he should deign
 To us to' appear? If he indeed reviv'd,
 And if to his disciples he appears:
 It is in mercy, and because he hath 880
 Compassion on our anguish, and because
 He numbered all the tears of our distress,
 As on our heads he numbered every hair.
M. And thou, O Cleophas, dost harbour doubt?
C. And thou, Matthias, art so confident? 885
M. Thou know'st, that all my sentiments and thoughts,
 O Cleophas, I e'er to thee imparted.
 Silent contemplating the circumstance,
 I am to credit what I hear inclin'd;
 But when solicitude of hope, when fear, 890

When expectation, and the joy again
 To see him (such would be the joy of heav'n!)
 Impetuous agitate my trembling soul,
 And overwhelm the faltering voice of truth;
 Ah, then perplexing doubts preponderate. — 896
 Beholding him more kindly, Cleophas
 Now answered: O Beloved, if indeed
 We were to see him, ah, the joy of heav'n,
 Not joy sublunary, high beatitude,
 The bliss of everlasting life, I scarce 909
 Can utterance find! if we indeed should see him,
 Oh that would still more powerfully convince,
 Than all the light of silent contemplation,
 That on the soul the beams of truth reflects. —
 Matthias answered: Yea, I wish he would 906
 To us appear, and with his presence heal
 Our bleeding souls! — And Cleophas reply'd:
 Our wish is too aspiring, O Matthias!
 The most unspeakable and most transcendent
 Of every joy, though fervidly desir'd, — 910
 Who venturesa such e'en momentary to hope?
 Joy so exalted is not for this life.

Conversing thus, they passed a pendent rock's
 Extending shade. And now the winding path
 Display'd the high projecture o'er the vale. 916
 A stranger thence, of noble manly aspect,
 With dignified deportment slowly' advanc'd,
 Apparently in thought profound absorb'd.
 C. Retard thy pace, Matthias. Let us gain
 Th' advancing stranger's company; perhaps 920
 The wisdom of his converse will dispel
 Our sadness. Wise and noble he appears.
 M. O Cleophas, how can his conversation
 And wisdom e'er our hearts exhilarate,
 Except our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, 925
 Should be the subject of his wise discourse? —
 The Stranger meanwhile nearer to them came,
 Affectionately and kindly greeting both.
 With awe and reverence they salute the Stranger.
 St. Friends, whither tends your course? C. To Emmaus. 930
 St. May I be your companion by the way?
 Through Emmaus I go. C. O come with us,
 Thou venerable Stranger, jointly we
 Entreat; be our companion by the way.
 St. What was the subject of your warm discourse? 935

I saw, your conversation wholly absorb'd
 Your fervid souls, and sadness ye display'd.
 C. What should the subject be of our discourse?
 Art thou the only individual
 Who, in Jerusalem, is not appris'd 940
 Of what in this distressful time transpir'd?
 St. And what did in Jerusalem transpire?
 C. Thou know'st not then, O Venerable Stranger,
 Jesus of Nazareth? the Seer of God?
 Mighty in wisdom and in miracles! 945
 A holy man! — Alas, our Ruling pow'rs,
 With rage inflamed, the fury of lowest hell;
 Seized and delivered him into the hands
 Of Pilate, that to death he might be doom'd.
 The direful doom the Pagan did pronounce, 950
 And, Oh must I repeat it, crucified him!
 Constrain me not, again to ope the wounds
 Of my distressful soul, to represent
 To thee the manner of his cruel death,
 How on the cross suspended; how the hill 955
 Did drink his blood; and how he, faint and pale,
 Exclaimed aloud for help, for help to God! —
 Ah, we in him confided, thought he was
 The promised Saviour, who would from the yoke
 Of bondage rescue Israel amain! 960
 This is the third day, since all this transpir'd. —
 We likewise were alarmed and terrify'd,
 Matthias said, by pious women who,
 With th' early dawn, were hastening to the tomb;
 His corse they found not, and they trembling came, 965
 Informed us, that Celestials they had seen,
 Who did assure them, Jesus was alive.
 But none of us were able to rejoice.
 To the sepulchre hastened likewise some,
 And found it open, and without the corse. 970
 Now they attained the shade of tufted palm.
 The stranger viewed them with that dignity,
 Which manifests greatness of soul, not pride,
 And with the powerful voice of truth addressed them:
 O ye unwise, ye slow and hard of heart, 975
 Those things to see, the prophets have foretold!
 Was not the Saviour to sustain all this?
 And after the completion of his sufferings,
 Not until then, to enter into glory? —
 Astonished and with trembling awe they view'd 980

The stranger, and upon eachother look'd.
They gladly during some few moments had
Forsak'n him, to converse respecting him.
Their rueful eyes at once beamed vivid light,
And met with fervid questions: Who is this? 985
Ah, who is this, our souls with silent awe
And wonder filling? Though he only now
Began to sway them with victorious truth.
As when a mighty storm progressive rises,
It's violence yet partially restrain'd, 990
Not filling yet the forest's cool retreat;
Yet stillness unmolested rests in all
The valleys, yet faint shadow spreads along
The towering rock, not wholly is the sun
Yet with the dun tempestuous clouds involv'd; 995
So, their sublime companion first began.
But soon he led them down into the depths
Of revelation. The Messiah now,
With eloquence divine, he unto them display'd.
They were not able longer to resist. 1000
Thus the augmented storm impetuous sweeps
The forest main: Th' aspiring forest-oak
Begins to tremble, rustles with the blast,
Submissive bows before the hurricane,
And sable clouds and overwhelming floods 1005
From heaven descending, with impetuous course,
From mountain unto mountain onward rush!
They stood exhausted and indulgence crav'd,
A while to rest, and cool their glowing foreheads. —
Thou man of God! although we know thee not, 1010
With veneration we behold thy face,
And are convinced, thy wisdom is divine.
O stay, and by the side of this, a cool
And gently-oozing rivulet, let us rest. —
Upon the verdant turf they formed a seat, 1015
The two disciples at eachother's side,
The noble stranger sate to face them both.
Now his discourse a milder tone assum'd,
He spake of the divine Redeemer's love
To man, and of the love of man to him. 1020
And they anon contemplated the death
Of the exalted shepherd, with serene
And placid minds, by inward peace compos'd.
As after the oppressive noon-tide beams
The gentle breeze of even refreshment pours 1025

On the exhausted; e'en so he infus'd
 Exhilarating power into their hearts.
 He questioned them: And do indeed ye love him? —
 Should not we love him? they in haste reply'd.
 St. And did ye alway cherish love to him? — 1030
 Ah, we forsook him, when he was to death
 Conducted, when conducted to the cross!
 When as a lamb he silent was led forth
 Unto the altar, we forsook him then!
 St. But since ye know, he died on your behalf; 1035
 Would ye, if such he should from you demand,
 Now on behalf of him your lives resign? —
 We hope to God, thou venerable Stranger,
 The Loving Saviour would enable us,
 For him to die! But, O be not displeas'd, 1040
 With reverent fear and awe we ask of thee:
 Did he revive? say, did he rise again?
 Thou know'st whatever appertains to him;
 May we, thou man of God, may we indulge
 The joyful expectation, Jesus Christ, 1045
 Our Lord again to see? — The stranger answer'd:
 First, Joseph's brethren recognized him not,
 But the transporting hour of joyful tears
 Was fast approaching, — Joseph could refrain
 No longer, — he began aloud to weep. — 1050
 So saying, he arose, departing hence.
 With joyful fear they followed, lost in doubt
 And wonder, knowing not what they should believe?
 This could not be himself? perhaps an Angel?
 Again they stood. — O Thou, to us unknown, 1055
 Ah, may we venture once again to ask?
 To us unknown, yet inexpressibly
 Revered, more inexpressibly belov'd!
 Who art thou? O reveal to us, who art thou?
 Embrace we may not venture? Say, who art thou? 1060
 Of th' Angels one, appearing at the grave? —
 St. Embrace me! — They embraced him long, and wept.
 At last they were approaching Emmaus.
 St. Beloved, now I hasten to my friends.
 Ye see, my way through Emmaus directs. — 1065
 Dear Stranger, tarry yet a while with us!
 Behold, it will be evening, day declines. —
 And both his hands they trembling held, entreating.
 St. Obstruct me not, my friends are hence remote;
 Solicitous they my return await. — 1070

CANTO XIV. *Klopstock's Messiah.*

449

These have Thee alway, O Thou man of God.
 Thou see'st how dear thy presence is to us:
 Stay with us; and why wouldst thou venture, thus,
 Into the dangers of th' approaching night?
 And still thou must with us converse, moreover, 1075
 Respecting Jesus! Donot hence depart.

St. I will, then, yet a while with you remain. —
 And Cleophas with joyful looks; not words,
 His cordial thanks expressed, and hastened onward,
 Repast and entertainment to prepare. 1080

Matthias then proceeded: Cleophas,
 Such is mine honest young companion's name,
 In Emmaus a humble cottage owns,
 Which tufted trees at th' avenue with shade
 And spreading branches deck. A limpid brook 1085
 Refreshing, through the airy shadow laves.

He hastened, such his zealous looks display'd,
 Some small refreshment for us, to prepare,
 That with his slender store our hearts he may regale.
 Delightful is the evening after such 1090
 Excess of anguish, days of such distress.

And thanks be unto Thee, thou man of God!
 Thou dost not scorn the hospitable roof
 Of poor simplicity. When Jesus Christ
 Yet lived among us, he, beneyolent 1095

As thou art, deigned to poor humility
 Benign and graciously to condescend,
 And with his wisdom to regale our hearts.
 But I refrain. For, infinitely more
 Exalted than I can display or show, 1100
 Was Jesus. Angels ministered to him.

And yet, the cause of his humility
 Appears far more mysterious than his
 Humility itself. But thus the Will
 Divine hath been accomplished. Yea, and to 1105

The fathers he already hath display'd
 The depths profound of wonders yet reserv'd.
 O that my future days, Thou man of God,
 Might all in thy society revolve;

That thou wouldst teach me, how I might devote 1110
 My life entirely, as my soul desires,
 Unto the service of the Mediator!

Because unceasing, ardent, full of love,
 And inmost gratitude we owe to Him,
 Who bore our sins and loved us unto death. 1115

And they the cot of Cleophas approach'd.
 They saw him scooping from the limpid rill
 Some water for their drink, and quickly now
 He placed it at his side, and washed with care
 Fresh-gathered balmy herbage. Round his hand 1120
 Flowers with th' esculent laved; and some amid
 The gentle bubbling of the rill flowed hence.
 But now he saw Matthias, and beheld
 The noble Stranger, and with haste he rose.
 Welcome, Thou man of God! Each blessing which 1125
 The Lord on thee conferred, now with thee enter
 My humble dwelling! — And Matthias follow'd,
 Bearing the vase that held the silver fount,
 And the refreshing herbage. Cleophas
 Already had th' unburthened board prepar'd, 1130
 And brought the riches of his cottage forth.
 Milk, honey, figs, enervating bread,
 And cheering wine; the couches too were plac'd.
 Commodious they reclined to the repast,
 The Stranger by himself, these facing him. 1135
 And now the Stranger with benevolent joy
 Beheld them. With composure, and with thanks,
 And with solemnity he held the bread;
 Jesus was wont the bread thus to uphold!
 Silent he looked to heaven; Jesus, thus, 1140
 Silent was wont his eyes to heaven to lift!
 They on each other gazed, and gazed on him.
 And he began to pray. It was the voice
 Of Jesus! Yea, his countenance at once
 The countenance of Jesus Christ display'd. 1145
 Thanks to our heavenly Father, who bestow'd
 This bounty, needy nature to support.
 Though unto many, this may small appear;
 Yet, that omnipotence which formed the heav'ns,
 Bounteous these divers benefits bestow'd. 1150
 Ah, these were Jesus' words! More pale with joy,
 They also pray'd. The Stranger spake again:
 Praise unto him! He did create the sun,
 To yield us light, — he did create the moon,
 The brow of cooling industry to cool. 1155
 He doth on us our daily bread bestow.
 All grateful praise unto our heavenly Father.
 He broke the bread, and gave it unto them.
 More pale with transport, they received the bread,
 Beheld him, fain would speak, but were not able. 1160

And once again with benedictive grace
 He looked upon them, and departed hence.
 They rose with haste and followed him, and sought,
 But found him not. With inmost quietude,
 These now into the silent cot return'd. 1165

M. Yea, of a truth, we see him yet again!
 I am in heaven! not on earth, in heav'n!
 My brother, ah, what mercy and what grace? —
 And Cleophas sunk silent on his breast.
 With fervour they embraced. And Cleophas 1170
 Said: Did not e'en our hearts within us burn,
 When by the way respecting God he spake?
 When of revelation he the depths profound
 To us unfolded? But, why do we tarry? —
 Their staves they took, and both departed hence. 1175

While these were on their way from Emmaus
 Proceeding, Peter and Didymus spake.
P. Conceal it then from these, O Thomas, nor
 Depress the souls of those that do believe,
 And quench not thus their gently-gleaming joy! 1180
 It might perhaps high to the heavens flame!
 And thou dost labour, it's remains to quench.

Th. And I, O Simon, shall from these our friends
 My thoughts conceal? shall hide the cause of all
 My anguish? And what can their joy avail, 1185
 Since with redoubled sadness from their fond
 Illusion they will wake? with sadness which
 Will to their present joy proportion bear?

P. My brother, I conjure thee, term it not
 Illusion! Yea, by Him who ever lives, 1190
 By Jesus, who was dead and ever lives;

My brother, I conjure thee, do not term
 Such demonstration of immortal glory,
 Effects of the Almighty's power, illusion! 1195
 For ever sacred is the place to me,

Where I beheld him. There I saw the bush
 That was on fire, and yet was not consum'd,
 The glory of Jehovah in the bush;
 There I beheld the opening gates of heav'n.
 Observe these witnesses! we are collected here 1200
 Around thee! here we are! First see these Nine,
 Then Magdalene, then me! We all have seen,
 That our divine Instructor is alive.

My soul is moved within me, I deplore
 Thy sadness, Mary Magdalene rejoin'd; 1205

Distressful and afflicting are thy doubts.
 O Thou, who didst revive, commiserate
 The dole of thy disciple! All his doubts
 Originate with anguish and distress,
 Not with an evil tendency of heart. 1210
 O do not break the bruised reed, nor quench
 The smoking flax. Rabboni, unto him
 Compassion show as thou didst unto me!
 Ah Thomas, do not think that Seraphim
 With such a voice of high beatitude, — 1215
 The choirs of heavenly psalms resound not so! —
 To speak were able, as th' omnipotent
 Reviver of the dead, and vanquisher of death,
 Utterance vouchsafed, when he my name pronounce'd,
 And looked on me who languish'd e'en as thou. 1220
 Th. The tumult of your transport would ingulph
 Me, wretched as I am, still deeper in the depths
 Of anguish and distress, in which I sink;
 Were not I most decidedly convinc'd,
 'Tis your vehemence that thus illudes you. — 1225
 With grief he spake it, which repressed his tears:
 And Simon Peter wrung his folded hands,
 Became more energetic and reply'd:
 It is the vehemence, O Thomas, of thy doubts,
 That doth illude! We saw, and we are fill'd 1230
 With transport! And who can to heaven be rais'd,
 And not experience heaven's exalted bliss?
 Thou only dost not see, dost to thyself
 Terrific shades, and images of dole
 Sepulchral night, — inflexive doubts, create; 1235
 And dost assert them with more confidence,
 Than we assert our having seen the bless'd,
 The risen Jesus, whom we saw, and heard,
 And whom we touch'd! Who deigned with all that kind
 Compassion and benevolence, which we e'er 1240
 From him experienced, to reveal himself,
 Mercies to which thou never wert estrang'd.
 Return unto the Sadducees, with them
 Believe that no Celestials do exist,
 And that there be no rising from the grave. 1245
 With these concluding words, a flood of tears
 Gushed from Didymus' eye. And Salome observ'd
 His weeping, and she strove his dole to sooth.
 While she began to speak, th' Apostle said:
 Ah, do not spurn me thus, my Brother Simon! 1250

I love, as thou dost, the divine deceas'd. —
 Now Salome proceeded: Ye, Belov'd,
 Alleviate his sorrow. Ye observe
 The anguish and the sufferings of his soul.
 Thomas, my Brother, whom thou the divine 1255
 Deceased dost nominate; ah, should not he
 From error to relieve thee, from this dole
 To exstrate thine heart, be allsufficient?
 He whose unshaken firmness on the cross
 Bore testimony equally sublime, 1260
 As every testimony of a life
 Interminable, which the Angels live,
 To which now from the grave he rose again! —
 Yea, of a truth, a life that Angels live!
 Th' Attendants all of Salome rejoin'd. 1265
 He now display'd life that will never cease.
 'T was not Angelic lustre, he beamed forth;
 Not radiance such as Gabriel display'd,
 Or th' Angels at his birth at Bethlehem;
 But different was his countenance, than we 1270
 Were wont to see, when he among us liv'd,
 Still in the life of sorrow near the grave.
 Th. To you the Lord appeared? not unto me?
 Though to myself I will not e'en advert;
 Not to the weeping mother? not to John? 1275
 Ah, not to him whom, at the cross, he gave
 Unto the holy mother, — not to her,
 Whom still he deigned, to the affectionate
 And loving son, the mother to appoint? —
 So these alternate spake. The hearers oft 1280
 With mighty assailing doubts were hence impell'd,
 Or now a blessed, powerful faith prevail'd.
 Both fired their souls and often interchang'd.
 When Simon, when the joyful Witnesses,
 When Magdalene asserted their believe; 1285
 They walked upon the agitated sea!
 But when Didymus spake, before the surge
 That overwhelmed, they sank. And the Disciple,
 Who still in doubts persisted, now forsook
 These and Jerusalem, among the tombs 1290
 Of Olivet remote, with silent thought,
 And solitary, still deeper in the gloom
 And pungency of sadness to immerge.
 Such was not his intention; he design'd,
 Th' exhausted and the deeply-wounded soul 1295

In solitary retirement to compose.
 In her right hand still solitude upholds
 The cup of gladness, in her left she holds
 A furious dagger; e'er to the serene
 And happy, she presents the cheerful cup, — 1300
 The dagger to th' afflicted and the sad.
 Into the most nocturnal and most drear
 Sepulchral vault Didymus now attain'd;
 And the oppressive burthen of his grief
 Became more insupportable, his thoughts 1305
 More doleful, and the anguish of his heart
 Required alleviation more and more.
 His soul was labouring to' extricate herself
 From the ingulphing depths in which she sunk,
 But laboured still in vain. And had not he 1310
 Now turned to God, the only true support
 To the exhausted, th' only stay to all
 That walk in darkness; had he merely lean'd
 On the unstable and deceptive stay
 Of man's consoling, he had sunk o'erwhelm'd. 1315
 Such Thomas now experienced. And he turn'd
 To Him, who only can true succour yield:
 God, Most inscrutable! To Thee alone,
 Though dark impenetrable gloom lowers round
 The depths profound of thy sublime decrees; 1320
 To Thee alone my wounded soul in all
 The dole of her calamity can turn.
 Dark are his ways; the path, in which I roam,
 Is more obscure than all the paths of death.
 O Lord, of all things sovereign arbitrator, 1325
 Of things that are, and things that are to come!
 Look down on my distress, look down on me,
 A worm, in midnight-darkness, at thy feet
 In anguish writhing. Could not I to Thee
 For succour fly, could not my languishing 1330
 And swimming eye to Thee, Thou only Rock,
 With hope still gaze; were not my weary arms
 To Thee for help still lifted; I long since
 Had fallen a hapless victim to my grief,
 Sunk overwhelmed by these distressful doubts. 1335
 Thou know'st, Jehovah, how my soul did love
 And cleave to him, on whose account she mourns;
 He was my all! yea, all that I desir'd!
 In mercy, in compassion Thou didst send him,
 And, Father, thou hast suffered him to die, — 1340

Beneath the hands of murderers to die!
 Ah, he is dead! of all most dead to me.
 Ye dreary midnight-shades, on Golgatha
 Concealing him, or in some more obscure
 Receptacle which, by the general shock 1344
 That th' earth felt, is not shattered or convul'd;
 Ah, that with him me also ye would deck,
 That now I were to slumber at his side,
 Exhausted with th' affliction of my soul!
 I am without him then? and I shall live, 1350
 And I shall breathe my last, of him depriv'd?
 Terrific night that doth involve me round,
 Woe me! of him deprived! Huge mountains rise
 On mountains, precipice joins precipice,
 And night, terrific night involves me round! 1356
 This faint perception: once he should be more
 To me, than what he was? why also this
 Torment me, and pervade my trembling soul?
 Thou soul within me, art thou truly immortal?
 Ah, ye surmounted, bale and hideous doubts, 1360
 Do not again assail me with your rage,
 Torment me not, torment me not afresh!
 O thou within me, my immortal soul,
 Too insupportable is thine affliction, —
 Wounded, depressed, thou art of him depriv'd! 1365
 So, wretched and forsaken thou hast now
 No part in him, while on the earth I dwell?
 But he perhaps, though dead, may succour yield.
 How do I know the drear and mazy paths
 Of the nocturnal labyrinth, beyond 1370
 The silent grave, the far more fearful, sad
 And dreary passes, unto which the dale
 Of death conducts; since even in the dust
 I cannot know the gloomy, mazy path
 Which I pursue? God on the heights of Ebal, 1375
 On Sinai, in thunder and in storms!
 Father, where is thy Son? where tarried, Lord,
 Thy overwhelming blasts, where thy destruction,
 Thy thunders and thy tempests, when the dire,
 The murderous cross began it's head to rear? 1380
 The earth indeed shook with th' amaze, and hurl'd
 Vast rocks from their foundations, that the heav'n's
 Resounded, and the souls of all began,
 With terror, with dismay and with alarm,
 To shrink and tremble, seeing what transpir'd; 1385

But Jesus then was dead! No rocks o'erwhelm'd
 The murderers, no abyss ingulphed their bones!
 Almighty Father! God in th' awful judgment,
 That was inflicted by thine Angel's hand,
 By which the First-born all in Egypt fell, 1390
 Save in the cots at Ramesses, that were
 Sprinkled with blood; God in the standing floods,
 That Israel passed wondrous through the deep;
 Then God round Jericho, where with the sound
 Of trumpet the aspiring towers and walls 1395
 Sunk down into the dale before thine host;
 O Lord, Lord, God! compassionate and gracious,
 That Moses died not when, with adoration,
 He from afar in the concealing cove
 Beheld thy passing glory; God with thine 1400
 Eternal Son, that on the sea he walk'd,
 High on the rising surge, and his believing
 Disciple with him; that, omnipotent,
 Th' eye of the blind he opened and on them
 Ability bestowed, the works of God 1405
 And him to see, the first time in their lives;
 Yea, from the grave he called forth Lazarus,
 Who to corruption was already a prey;
 And thee, Semida, to thy weeping mother
 He gave again. She then wept tears of joy. 1410
 God with thy Son, that he with heavenly
 Serenitude submitted to the most
 Terrific and appalling of all sufferings,
 Ignominy on ignominy, and wounds
 On wounds accumulating, death on death; 1415
 God, Judge vindictive, where, where is thy Son?
 Compassionate Jehovah, ah, wilt Thou,
 Or will thy Son awake me from this death
 Of sorrow? from the dreary gloom of these
 Afflicting doubts? Ah, whither shall I turn? 1420
 He is no more, and Thou, God, answerest not!
 I thirist, I faint, but languish still in vain
 For succour! — He were risen from the dead?
 I should uphold me on this yielding spray.
 While all thy floods, God, overwhelm my soul? — 1425
 Such still with faltering voice he softly utter'd,
 Was silent now, and wrung his folded hands.
 And he resumed; Ah, that I were to rest,
 In one of these receptacles obscure!
 Now he would not recall me from the dead, 1430

And how should I desire, into a life,
Where Jesus is not with me, to return!
Ye happy dead, slumbering around me here,
Was Jesus known to you? and if he was,
How much more blessed if ye likewise loved him! 1436
Ah, if ye loved him, ye are happy now.
But, ye no answer yield, nor do ye heed
My sadness; none my wretchedness regard.
Ye mouldering bones, that here around me turn
Again to dust, when once ye shall perceive 1440
The voice of the Omnipotent, and wake;
When th' awful day of glory shall arise,
On which Jehovah deigns to you to say:
I will revive you with the breath of life!
Ah, then I also shall with you awake. 1446
And then the bones of Jesus will revive,
Which, although not by the sanguinary rage
Of murderous vassals broken, yet in th' earth's
Corruptive shadow also did decay.
Then — Oh, but what revolving ages erst, 1450
Yea, what a long eternity perhaps
Will o'er me pass, before I shall awake,
Though not remote the end of th' earthly life.
Life swiftly passeth, 'tis a dream, a thought.
But while beneath it's burthen yet we groan, 1455
How slow it moves, how tardy it's advance!
And, Oh, a life as mine, of him depriv'd.
Thou who didst form the ear, dost Thou perceive
The dole of one, who languishes to die? —
Ye, the remainder of his friends around 1460
The murderous cross, enjoy your sweet repose!
Ye fondly do imagine him reviv'd,
Nor do ye joy the less, although a dream
Illuded you, a happy, blessed dream,
E'en such a dream as once rejoiced the soul 1465
Of Jacob; though less real, yet not less
With transport high of ecstasy replete.
No, I will weep no more! Thou who didst form the eye,
And see'st the misery that afflicts mine heart;
That I should be rejoicing e'en as these, 1470
Was not thy sovereign will. Ah, hapless me,
How great would be my joy if him I were to see;
I should beneath the burthen sink and die!
With faltering voice of transport I should hail him,
And suddenly be silent, and expire. 1475

However, death will notwithstanding soon
 Relieve me. My soul also thou didst pierce,
 Destructive sword, that pierced the mother's soul!
 The mother's wound is healing, mine still bleeds.
 Appear to me, Lord, if thou dost appear. — 1490
 Appear to me! — a strange petition! hence,
 Forsake the fond illusion, O my soul!
 Why be aspiring, deeper still to sink?
 He hath the power, e'en from the shades of death
 Again to rise, if such should be his will; 1485
 But how can on such purpose he resolve?
 To die, thus during few revolving hours
 To slumber in the grave? — had he design'd
 Life to prolong, he from the murderous cross
 With triumph had descended. And wouldst Thou, 1490
 Lord, not to me appear, if Thou wert living?
 Who more than I does for conviction languish?
 'Thou wouldst indeed, but thou didst not revive.
 When I shall see Thee, then I will believe.
 When my right hand into thy wounds I lay; — 1495
 Yet, if reviv'd, doth wounds he still display? —
 When I with trembling arm thy feet shall clasp,
 And hold them: then I shall indeed believe!
 But I shall not believe, because, Lord Jesus,
 I shall not clasp, I shall not hold thy feet. 1500
 'Thou didst expire, Lord, but didst not revive.
 Ah, but few hours elapsed, since he with us
 Paused Kidron. Then — how soon the hours revolv'd,
 'Till to the cross! then, Oh, how do I feel?
 Then he expired! how soon! and is he dead? 1505
 Yes, he is dead, is buried, and already
 Into a second grave! Forsake me not
 Thus wholly, Jesus' Father, ah, and mine!
 Forsake me not, I sink with grief o'erwhelm'd. —
 With faltering voice he spake it, doubtful mov'd, 1510
 And stay'd himself against a fractured rock,
 That burst from one of the sepulchral coves,
 When suddenly the temple's veil was rent,
 And when the trembling earth's ascending dust
 Rose o'er Jerusalem, and all her high 1515
 Aspiring walls with terrors dire involv'd.
 And the disciple mournfully still held
 His arm the rock when, from afar,
 Its gloom was by a voice pervaded,
 Ill advanced, and nearer still approach'd. 1520

Whose is the plaint, proceeding from this tomb?
Say, hast thou been by murderers assail'd?
Can I assist thee? Speak, where art thou, Stranger?
And let me bind thy wounds. — Didymus answered not.
The voice proceeded: Let me hear thee speak? 1025
I did perceive the voice of thy distress,
And came to succour thee. A murderer
I am not. Even in the dale remote
I heard thine anguish. And thy misery
I would allay, if powers of mine suffice. — 1030
It gives me satisfaction to perceive,
Said Thomas, that, whoever thou mayst be;
Thine heart is virtuous and compassionate.
Depart in peace, heaven's blessing on thee rest.
Some blooming children and a loving wife, 1035
Perhaps await thee. Unto me thou canst
No succour yield. My wounds are wounds of soul. —
Thy wounds are wounds of soul? the nearer voice
Continued. O Beloved, stretch thine hand
Forth unto me that, finding thee, I may 1040
Embrace thee. — Thomas did so. They embrac'd.
Th. Art thou an Israelite, O Stranger? one of those,
Who to the feast hence from the isles remote,
Came to Jerusalem? what is thy name?
St. E'en of the sons of Jacob I am one. 1045
I hither from a distant country came.
My name is Joseph; and, my Brother, thine?
Th. My name, Joseph, is Thomas. J. But, O Thomas,
Why do we tarry here amid the gloom
Of dole, sepulchral night? O come away. 1050
This reigning silence and preponderant gloom,
Throw still more dreary shade around thy pensive soul.
Th. This reigning silence, Joseph, and this gloom,
Which throw more dreary shade around my soul,
These, these I love; death and the grave I love. 1055
Had th' earth already into her recess
Of peace and of tranquillity receiv'd me;
I should not longer be of all the sons
Of misery the most depressed, should not
Now deepest in the depths of anguish lie. 1060
J. Thomas, my brother, O lift up thine head
From this dejection, look on high to heav'n,
And learn with fear and trembling to complain!
Yea, we with fear and trembling should rejoice,
E'en so we should complain. Who is it, that inflicts 1065

Adversity? Is 't not Jehovah, who
 Created us for everlasting life?
 Reflect, if now the voice of thy complaint
 With it's impetuous vehemence should rise
 To the Most High, then mixing with the songs 1570
 Of grateful adoration, and the bliss
 Of joyful tears and hallelujahs loud
 Profaning! hath not he the power to save?
 And hath not he the Will? the Will to save? —
 O learn with fear and trembling, I repeat 1575
 Th' injunction, learn with trembling to complain!
 It is the evermore adorable
 Jehovah, who adversity inflicts.
 Revere, my Brother, God's allsovereign Will.
 Th. Joseph, thou art a man to my own heart. 1580
 Because while thou art speaking of th' Eternal,
 A holy zeal and fervour fire thy soul:
 Be thou with transport blessed, and with dole,
 But not with dole and sorrow such as mine.
 Like me thou wouldst beneath the burthen sink. 1585
 J. Ah, speak then, let me know what burthen thus
 Depresses thee, which thou canst not sustain?
 Th. Yea, which indeed depresses me, which I
 Cannot sustain! Ah, was he known to thee?
 But how shall I begin? what shall I say? 1590
 The holy Jesus was to thee unknown!
 How long in Judah, Joseph, didst thou tarry?
 J. The days since I to Judah came, are few.
 But messengers from Judah to th' abodes
 Of bliss, in which I dwell, successively 1595
 To us arrived. And these respecting Jesus,
 The Son of the Most High, with us convers'd.
 And we at last collectively came down
 To see him die, and from the dead arise.
 Th. To see him rise again? who art thou, Joseph? 1600
 J. I also, O Didymus, had in Judah
 A cordial friend, a friend from whom I long
 Was severed; he already in the land
 Of Egypt parted. Him the Son divine
 To me restored, when he no longer walk'd 1605
 Amid the shock of elemental strife,
 The howling blast, the trembling of the earth,
 And the distending shades of awful night;
 When, O Didymus, he amid the soft
 And gentle breeze from Kidron's brook advanc'd; 1610

Then he my cordial friend to me restor'd,
 My long-since lost, now everlasting friend.
 I now must hence, my brother, must depart;
 But shall return, and see thee yet again.
 Th. O Joseph, stay! where art thou, Joseph? where? 1615
 Ah, is this name to Angels also giv'n?
 This dearest name of him, who was belov'd
 Both of his father, and of the Most High?
 One utterance more, O Joseph, — once again
 Let me hear the utterance of thy heavenly voice! 1620
 Thou dost not answer me! May I presume
 'To address thee, e'en as me thou didst address?
 My Brother, O thou dost not answer me!
 Where art thou? whither goest thou? answer me!
 He is no Angel! could an Angel thus 1625
 Be of compassion void? men only can.
 But he resides in the abodes of bliss!
 From Judah messengers with him convers'd
 Respecting Jesus! Who those messengers?
 Did the Eternal send them? Doubtless, God 1630
 From Judah unto the Celestials can
 Celestials mission. And he did descend. —
 From heaven? the death of Jesus to behold?
 So messengers from Judah knew afore,
 Things that transpired? And these should see him rise, 1635
 Rise from the dead! But such did not transpire!
 Who can the import of his words unfold? —
 Disciple he did call me! Jesus hence
 From Kidron did advance, no more amid
 Trembling of th' earth, — amid the gentle breeze, 1640
 To him a long-since lost and cordial friend
 For ever to restore! But when was this?
 Before he died? why 'mid the gentle breeze?
 A gentle breeze was wafting o'er the brook
 Then also, when he gave us life anew, 1645
 And we with converse sweet each other cheer'd.
 But th' earth was trembling only at his death.
 And so, the long-lost, now eternal friend,
 He hath restored since on the cross he died?
 And thus he did a miracle perform 1650
 Of mercy and benevolence, although dead?
 But wherefore dead? life also was announc'd!
 Ah no, his words I do not comprehend.
 If the Messiah was to rise again,
 How could the Angels know th' event, before 1655

It actually transpired? Should Angels know
 The secret purposes of the Most High?
 Such mystery th' inscrutable Jehovah
 Were not concealing from the Seraphim? —
 'The more I strive the circumstance to' explore, 1660
 The more into perplexity I sink.
 But was I in reality awake?
 Did not th' exhausted powers of nature fail,
 While on this rock myself I scarcely upheld,
 Scarcely' of existence conscious? Even so 1665
 It happened, — I in slumber 'gan to sink,
 And saw the stranger in a transient dream.
 He was benevolent, therefore would not thus
 Elude me; thus the vision of a dream
 Our eager grasp escapes, no cordial friend, 1670
 No man, and no Celestial. Now I see,
 And ascertain e'en in myself how grief
 And deep dejection can afflict the mind,
 And how the company themselves deceiv'd,
 Imagining that visions they beheld. 1675
 Blissful credulity! Their fond illusion yields
 Them real joy. The shade to substance turns.
 Yet I the way will go, which God directs.
 This torpor and this anguish once surmounted,
 Ah, with composure then I will pursue 1680
 The path which God directs. Though hovering gloom,
 Though sable night terrific round me low'r;
 God from on high directs, I will attend. —
 Thus he resolved, and listened to the sound
 Of Kidron's murmuring stream, hence to retire, 1685
 And in Gethsemany's abodes to rest.

When Thomas from the house of the disciples
 Departed, one with care secured the door.
 Returning, he unto the company
 Said: I secured the door that, if the priests 1690
 Send after us, we may have time to flee.
 For imagine not that their sanguinary rage
 Was with the blood of Jesus satiated.
 Then Cephas spake: Do not thus bar the doors!
 Yea, let their bands appear. The Lord arose! — 1695
 But did not these slay even him, the Lord
 Who now victorious from the grave arose?
 P. Then let them take my life, if such should be
 The Will of the Most High. This abject fear
 Dishonours our divine, our blessed Lord. — 1700

If we must die, O Simon, bolts and bars
Will not secure us. But that we should risk
Our lives with such temerity, is not
The Will of the Most High; escape we may,
If fastened doors their murderous rage obstruct. — 1706
Escape we may, if the Most High obstruct
Their murderous rage! Simon more fervid said,
And suffered them the doors with care to fasten.
Ere long, and all the house resounded loud
With hasty knocks. And they were terrify'd. 1710
The knocking still was heard. Now James with haste
Descended, craving who they were. Matthias
And Cleophas replied. He soon admits
The happy friends. Their feet could scarcely still
Their weight sustain, they stood a while to breathe, 1716
Now slowly onward moved, and wiped their brows.
James briefly inquired: From whom did ye escape? —
They answered with a gentle smile, roused all
Their manly powers, and hastened now with James
To ascend. And soon they entered the assembly. 1720
Behold, the Mother of the living Lord,
And Mary Magdalene, and many more
Of the believers, hastily tow'rd these
Advanced, and stepp'd around them, and exclaim'd,
Joy beaming from their eyes: The Lord indeed 1726
Is risen from the dead, and he appear'd
To Simon! — Cleophas to heaven high
Both hands uplifted, and with joy exclaim'd:
Hail us, the Lord is risen! he is risen!
We also are his blessed witnesses! 1730
To us Christ Jesus also deign'd to appear. —
And Simon Peter hastily advanc'd:
O Jesus' blessed brethren, yea, and mine!
Both answered: Simon, even such he deign'd
To name us, he in mercy called us brethren! — 1736
Simon proceeded: Also these who now
Encompass you, have testified and seen,
That he indeed is risen, all save Mary.
With hope, O Thou his mother, and with joy
In him confide; he will to thee appear! — 1740
He first appeared to Magdalene alone;
These Nine beheld him then, as ye with doubts
Perceived, when ye the company forsook:
Then he to me appeared. Ah, nameless are
The feelings that did agitate our hearts, 1746

When we beheld, that he indeed reviv'd!
 But Oh, behold these who around us mourn.
 Our brethren round us mourn, while we rejoice.
 Yea, they began our statement to believe;
 But Thomas, O how wretched he, with grief 1750
 And anguish overwhelmed! — he hath again
 Involved them with perplexity and doubt!
 Hapless disciple, he is yet without
 The living Jesus! he perplexed them thus,
 Though they already with our joy rejoic'd. 1755
 Lord, have compassion on them! pity him
 Especially, who with melancholy doubts
 So deeply is wounded; have compassion, Lord,
 On hapless Thomas. — John arose and said:
 Ah, not Didymus did with doubts perplex 1760
 Or agitate me. I still mourn, O Simon,
 Because the Lord doth not appear to me.
 P. Thou dear disciple, neither did he yet
 Appear e'en to his mother, his and thine.
 Brethren of Jesus, and of happy me, 1765
 Relate to these who are with grief depress'd,
 How ye have seen, that he indeed reviv'd,
 C. Beloved, we with heaviness of heart,
 With grief depressed as ye around us are;
 Tow'rd Emmaus proceeded, by the way 1770
 Endeavouring, through the beauteous prospect which
 Before us opened, to alleviate
 The sadness of our souls; then we were join'd
 By a stranger, whom we were constrained to love
 And honour, instantaneous when we saw 1775
 And heard him! who, but what shall I say first?
 Where shall I end? — who unto us the depths
 Of revelation opened, and display'd
 How th' awful sufferings of the great Messiah,
 His sufferings, — for it was the Lord himself! — 1780
 Display'd how in the page of prophesy
 It was unfolded, that the Father saw
 Those sufferings, and this most mysterious death,
 Before the incarnation of the Son.
 Still he appeared a stranger unto us; 1785
 His countenance concealed him, so his form.
 Now we the cot of Emmaus attain'd.
 All, what he said, I cannot now repeat.
 How can I speak as he spake? his discourse
 Became a tempest, and his words were flame! 1790

We supplicated, and at last he stay'd.
 I from the fountain scooped, and had prepar'd
 A small repast. Now — Ah, I still behold
 How he the bread upheld, and still I hear
 His prayer. When he pray'd, it was the voice 1795
 Of Jesus, and his utterance now became
 His wonted benediction, — now we saw
 His countenance! and with the transport we
 Sunk to his feet, to praise and to adore.
 He brake the bread, and gave it unto us, 1800
 And once again benignly on us look'd,
 And he departed. We pursued his steps,
 We strove to find him still, but found him not.
 Nor did we long delay. With instant haste
 We came to you, the tidings glad to bring. — 1805
 Lebbæus whom, more than the rest, Didymus
 Had agitated, who was yet absorb'd
 In gloomy doubt and sad perplexity,
 Still sate with drooping head, and gazed to th' earth.
 He who, with tender sensibility 1810
 Of soul, could so acutely and strongly feel;
 He heard the joyful circumstance with cold
 And musing silence. Now he rose and spake;
 Beloved, I believe you, I believe
 That ye to Emmaus proceeded, and 1815
 In company with some exalted Sage,
 Or even with some Angel. Yea, if these,
 These pious women, and if ye have seen
 Celestials; they were by Jehovah sent,
 To alleviate our sorrow on account 1820
 Of Jesus' death, and the additional
 Affliction, that they even took his corpse.
 God, who in mercy doth regard our dole
 And anguish, hath commissioned Seraphim,
 That their exalted converse may surmount 1825
 Our grief, and stay our minds with powerful
 Remembrance, that the soul of Jesus now
 Reposes in th' embrace of endless rest.
 Thus I donot deny to you that he,
 With whom ye walked to Emmaus, was sent 1830
 By the Eternal, to uplift our souls;
 Whether an Angel or some human sage.
 So neither do I doubt that he explor'd
 The depths of revelation more than we,
 And that the page prophetic doth reveal: 1835

It was the Will of the Vindictive Judge,
 The Will divine of the Eternal Father,
 Ah, [that the greatest and the best of men,
 The Innocent on Golgatha should die!
 See, O Beloved, I believe this all. 1840
 But that at last the stranger should become
 The Lord himself, while he was not the same
 When first ye saw him, this I never can believe.
 How could it come to pass, that ye at first
 Not recognized him, thinking ye beheld 1845
 A stranger? — Joy imposed on your believe.
 Ye, when the stranger did uphold the bread,
 Saw in his manner some similitude
 To the sublimity with which the Lord,
 Before he brake it, gratefully upheld 1850
 The bread and then benignly gave to us;
 This ye beheld, and readily believ'd,
 Ye saw himself. And now ye likewise might
 Soon credit, when ye heard the stranger pray,
 That also ye the voice of Jesus heard. — 1855
 Lebbæus' words again with gloomy doubts
 The souls of those involved that stood around,
 Which were already wounded e'er he spake.
 But Cleophas, with soft cordiality
 And with concern, beheld him. And Matthias 1860
 Embraced him, saying: Thou, the Risen Jesus'
 Disciple, ere we knew our blessed Lord,
 And ere we asked him whether Jesus liv'd?
 And if the joyful hope we might indulge,
 Yet once again to see him? he reply'd: 1865
 First Joseph's brethren recognized him not.
 Yet soon the hour of bliss and joyful tears
 Approached, when he no longer could refrain,
 But wept aloud. — With mild composure, with
 Celestial peace, Matthias uttered this. 1870
 L. Lord Jesus, if thou wert indeed alive,
 Thou couldst refrain no longer! yea, thou wouldst
 Thyself reveal! — Lebbæus, saying so,
 Involved his face. And Simon on him look'd,
 But he no sympathetic dole imbib'd. 1875
 He was not able momentary to mourn,
 But thus proceeded, questioning the twain:
 When ye departed from the pendent rock,
 (We saw you from afar) and turned, anon,
 Straight to the tufted group of waving palm; 1880

Say: did the Risen Jesus join you there? —
 They answered: The Divine, the Risen Jesus
 Already joined us when we left the rock. —
 And Simon with the voice of bliss exclaim'd:
 My Brethren, all of you from far beheld
 Our Risen Lord! O hear what these declare?
 Ye have already seen the Risen Jesus!
 Thou, Thomas, also saw'st our blessed Lord.
 O that Didymus now were here with us! —
 The Mother of the Son divine exclaim'd,
 With folded hands, with wonder and surprise:
 I saw my Son alive! alive, not longer dead!

1885

1890

E'en as a solitary survivor who
 Through death now lost his last remaining friend,
 When he beheld him in a fearful dream
 Still living, yet could not attain him near,
 And partly awake he still maintains the quest,
 The fainter semblance of his friend to find,
 And mourns, not knowing whether yet he sleeps,
 Nor whether he awoke; his throbbing heart
 Is agitated, flames dart through his nerves:
 Such were the rueful feelings yet of some,
 Who in the blessed company still wept.

1895

1900

But now the Seraphim that to them throng'd,
 And many of the fathers, who approach'd
 With the rejoicing Angels, still became
 More numerous. And Simon cordially
 And loving viewed the company of saints.
 A lucid brightness was diffused around.
 With transport he suppressed a trembling tear,
 And silent pray'd: O Thou, invisible,
 Yet ever-merciful; now, Gracious Lord,
 Now thy compassion is to these unfolded!

1905

1910

Still 'Cephas breathed grateful thanks to heav'n,
 And still he pray'd, then the Redeemer stepp'd
 Into th' assembly. One astonishment,
 All stood around, as resting rocks transfix'd.
 The Risen Saviour on them looked and spake:

1915

Peace be among you! — They beheld him all,
 Beheld him not, and stood, and on him gaz'd.
 O'erwhelmed with terrors of tumultuous thoughts,
 As in an ocean of prevailing light,
 Which would involve e'en Seraphim, all sunk,
 And strove in vain themselves to extricate,
 And fancied still that they an Angel saw.

1920

1925

And with his voice of love the Risen Saviour spake:

Why thus, Beloved, why thus terrify'd?

Why come such thoughts into your trembling hearts?

Behold my hands, Beloved, and my feet!

Because an Angel hath no flesh and bone, 1930

With which, as ye behold, I am endow'd.

They trembled nearer. Mary prostrate sunk

Before the Risen Saviour, held his feet,

And saw the wounds; now his right hand she held,

There saw the wound, then also took his left; 1935

And she was able now to look up to the Son's

Benevolent countenance. And now her mien

The lustre of an Angel's face assum'd.

J. My Mother, here I likewise have been pierc'd. —

He laid her hand into the open wound, 1940

Whence blood and water mingling flowed, when death's

Involving night environed him around.

And now again the mother's countenance

The brightness of an Angel's mien assum'd.

Most of the company already round him kneel'd, 1945

Beheld his wounds, and tow'rd him stretched their hands.

Thou, Son divine, Allgracious, didst vouchsafe

This mark of condescension to them all,

Didst hold the hands of some, didst let them sink,

To take the longing, trembling hands of others. 1950

And now unto the Risen Mediator

A grateful song, the gentle voice of tears,

With faltering accents often intermix'd,

Spontaneous rose. A tear rolled from the eye,

Of Jesus. John long held his loving Lord's 1955

Right hand, and long with joyful eye looked up

Into his gracious countenance, would ask,

But asked him not; would say, how all his heart

Was gratitude and fervid adoration,

And still he spake not. Now he ceased from silence, 1960

But suddenly his lips again were mute.

Because to him the Mediator spake:

Thou stoodst before the cross, and didst remain

E'en unto death. — Lebbaeus, where is he? —

Lebbaeus prostrate lay upon the floor, 1965

And kissed the skirts of the Redeemer's robe.

Pale as a corse with bliss, he quickly rose,

When now the Saviour's voice his name pronounc'd.

Jesus said: Here, Lebbaeus, is my hand;

And stretched his right hand forth. Silent the Youth 1970

CANTO XIV. *Stopstock's Messias.*

460

Stretched forth his hands to his allgracious Lord,
 But trembling they sunk down. Jesus inclin'd,
 And cordially took the disciple's hand,
 And long upheld it. And with joy appa'd,
 The soul of the disciple, not his lips, 1976
 Began to stammer: Gracious, merciful! —
 Simon the Canaanite, and James the Son
 Of Alphaeus, embraced, and both rejoic'd
 In Jesus, looked around, beheld the Lord,
 And looked upon eachother! Many more 1980
 Now also from the Lord looked on eachother,
 Rejoicing in his Grace and Love vouchsaf'd.
 And now unto the Risen Mediator
 A grateful song, the gentle voice of tears,
 With faltering accents often intermix'd, 1985
 Again ascended. Still around him kneel'd
 The earlier Witnesses, the ardent Simon,
 Matthias, Cleophas, the company
 Of pious Women, whose heroic souls
 Attended Jesus even to the cross. 1990
 Amid them stands the Vanquisher of death,
 With all his innate greatness lifts his eye,
 And spreads his arms to heaven. Although yet
 His glory was not utterly reveal'd,
 Still from his countenance divinity 1995
 Beamed more conspicuous than they ever saw.
 His countenance they could not longer view.
 James ventured, bowing lower to the earth,
 To crave with tremulous voice: O Lord, Lord God!
 Ascend not yet to thine Eternal Father! 2000
 Ah, do regard — — My Children, yet a while
 I shall remain among you, Jesus thus.
 Too powerful joys now overwhelmed their souls.
 They scarcely now were conscious of their thoughts.
 One with a flow of ecstasy exclaim'd: 2005
 Ah can it, can it be the Lord himself?
 Ye Angels, can it be? Another raised his voice:
 Are we in heaven? are we still on earth?
 Do we indeed behold the Lord himself?
 Art Thou indeed the same who bled on Golgatha? 2010
 Or are we lost in visions of our joy? —
 Now Jesus turned, approached the table, there
 On yielding couch reclined, and said to them:
 Have ye any meat for me? — They quickly rose,
 And came with expedition, meat to bring. 2015

Through his companions John more eager press'd,
 And brought some honey and some roasted fish,
 Before the Lord the savoury viands plac'd,
 And now with silent deference stepp'd back.
 With mild cordiality the Saviour spake: 2020
 Approach, beloved John, as wont; and ye,
 Beloved, with me round the board recline.
 Come then, my Mother, rest thee near thy son. —
 She now approached, so all. And Jesus ate.
 Now when his cordial love they testify'd, 2025
 All with him sate around the friendly board,
 And he before them ate as he was wont;
 The tumult of their transport gradually
 Subsided. Their assuaged breasts imbib'd
 A tranquil joy, and now a full believe. 2030
 When the compassionate Redeemer saw
 That now their hearts became again compos'd,
 He said to them: Lo, ye did not believe
 The Witnesses, who said I were reviv'd,
 And that their eyes had seen me: why did ye 2035
 Not credit what they said? these, who had e'er
 Your confidence, whose probity ye knew?
 Inflexible and stubborn were your souls.
 Weep not, Beloved, now ye testify'd
 My resurrection, and their transports shar'd. 2040
 But learn how frail the heart of man would be,
 If once of me deprived. Did not I oft
 Declare to you: I should be crucify'd?
 And on the third day from the grave arise?
 Did Moses, and the Prophets, and the Psalms, 2045
 Not make such known? Did not I ope to you
 The scripture-mystery-concealing veil? —
 Those Witnesses declare, what I declar'd:
 I should be slain, and from the dead revive.
 Now at Jerusalem my witnesses 2050
 Their mission shall commence, and thence disperse,
 And preach to all the nations of the earth,
 These most exalted blessings: To return
 To him, from whom existence they deriv'd,
 And from obedience unto whom they swerv'd; 2055
 And the forgiveness of their manifold
 Transgressions, th' entering into life eternal.
 Ye, O my Brethren, are those witnesses,
 Who shall through all the earth my name proclaim,
 To you the Father's promise I will send. 2060

Behold, when to the Father I am gone,
 Ye in Jerusalem shall still remain,
 Until, with power invested from on high,
 Ye severally depart and preach to all:
 Whoever doth believe and is baptiz'd, 2065
 Shall be received to everlasting life!
 But damned are, all who do not believe.
 And of the Faithful many shall be vested
 With power supernal, miracles to' effect.
 They, in my name, Demoniacs shall heal; 2070
 And speak in tongues that they have never learn'd.
 Before them, serpents flee. They drink the cup
 Of dealy poison, and receive no hurt.
 And on the sick they lay their hands, the sick
 And languishing do suddenly revive. — 2075
 With blissful mien the Mediator rose,
 And into the assembly anon advanc'd.
 And joyfully they all around him throng'd,
 Still nearer to behold him. Jesus said:
 Come nearer, my Disciples! — and the rest 2080
 Again retired, and not alone devoid
 Of envy; these e'er as perfected saints
 In heaven, who see with gladness grace divine
 On others more abundantly conferr'd;
 So these rejoiced in the distinguishing 2085
 Degree of mercy which the Son divine
 Was pleased, to his First-chosen to vouchsafe.
 There the Redeemer stood, and the sublime
 Apostles stood around him. Also these
 To bleed were destined. In the Spirit, he 2090
 Already saw their blood by murderers shed;
 With inmost love the Saviour to them spake:
 Peace be among you! — Thus his voice divine.
 And e'en as one who is with joy depress'd,
 He breathed from the soul's profundity, 2095
 And breathed on them, and benignly said:
 Already now receive the Holy Ghost!
 Ye shall receive him more abundant soon.
 The sins of all, whose sins ye shall remit,
 Shall be remitted; and the sins of all, 2100
 Whose sins ye shall retain, shall be retain'd.
 And with amaze and with humility,
 They heard the high injunction. Now they felt,
 As though the Lord to leave them did intend.
 And they around him stood, and ventured not 2105

To sue that with them still he might remain;
 And yet they trembled, and their eye entreated.
 And Simon Peter, overwhelmed with thoughts,
 Which rushed like flaming volleys on his soul,
 Himself prostrated, held and kissed the feet 2110
 Of Jesus and exclaimed: On earth, O Lord,
 I never can my gratitude express, —
 In heaven I will thank thee! I am not,
 O Thou most Merciful, I am not ignorant
 Of thy compassion; such the message was: 2115
 To the Disciples show it, and to Peter!
 And then Thou didst, and dost to me appear!
 I know, Most merciful, divine Redeemer,
 Thou hast forgiven my denying Thee:
 Yet let me, O Thou my Deliverer, Thou 2120
 Deliverer of the wretched progeny
 Of Adam, let me once again confess,
 And in thy presence deeply mourn my guilt!
 Thy voice of love and mercy let me hear,
 Let me receive my pardon from thy lips, 2125
 And the assurance that I am receiv'd
 Into thy covenant of eternal life,
 Ere unto those I go, whom thou hast sav'd,
 And in thy name proclaim forgiveness of their sins! —
 With cordial confidence and with humility 2130
 He still beheld the loving countenance
 Of Jesus, who benignly thus reply'd:
 Behold, thou know'st, that for thy soul I pray'd,
 That utterly thou shouldst not lose thy faith.
 My heavenly Father heard my intercession. 2135
 Simon, arise! Forgiven are thy sins.
 Thus with a voice divine, that penetrated
 Their inmost vitals, the Redeemer, who
 On Golgatha was crucified, reply'd.
 And he was seen no more. And Simon Peter, 2140
 Of pardon fully conscious, now exclaim'd:
 To Galilee, O Lord, we follow Thee! —
 And the Sepulchral Angel now appear'd.
 Ye see the Lord yet in Jerusalem,
 And learn from him when into Galilee 2145
 Ye shall proceed. — Thus, th' Angel disappear'd,
 His lustre dying gradually away.

Klopstock's Messiah.

CANTO XV.

Thou who with gentle melancholy oft,
 And with the awe of expectation vast,
 And pensive transport, dost pervade my soul;
 Come, Contemplation of the future world.
 The future world was temporally on earth, 5
 When this transpired what now my song unfolds.
 Some, parted long from the terrestrial life,
 To th' early christian-company appear'd,
 To heaven to convoke them, and with love
 Fraternal consecrate them for th' eternal life. 10
 Small was the blessed host; but from this root
 A tree grew up, whose shade through heaven expands,
 A tree whose spreading branches never fade:
 Those hundred forty thousand, all redeem'd;
 The host of numbers void, who throng the banks 15
 Of the crystalline ocean, all redeem'd; —
 The hundred forty thousand at the throne,
 E'en while the Heavenly One regarded them,
 Who will remain until the judgment-day;
 Resounded that new song which none can learn. 20
 They from the earth were ransom'd, never stain'd
 With love of vanity, following the Lamb
 Whitherso'er it goeth, e'en the Firstlings
 To God and to the Lamb, before the Lord
 In word and deed irreprehensible. 25
 Behold, the host that is of numbers void,
 When by the Witness of Jehovah seen;
 Exclaimed, as from all kindred, languages,
 And nations, all collected round the throne,
 Invested all with snowy robes and palms; 30
 They with loud voices jubilant exclaim'd:
 Glory unto the Ruler on the Throne!
 Glory unto our God and to the Lamb.
 Then th' Angels and the Elders on their faces
 Prostrated, th' ocean moved, the victor-palms 35

Began to wave. For they on high to heav'n,
 Out of abundant tribulation they
 On high to heaven came; they washed their robes,
 And in the blood of the atoning Lamb
 Have made them white, these blessed sufferers. 40
 But yet the infant-host, the root of yon
 Celestial tree, yet they were not invoc'd.
 They slumbered still beneath the law's extending veil.
 And first by those who from the dead reviv'd,
 They from their silent slumber should be rous'd. 45
 Then Cephas, on salvation brought by Christ
 Discoursing, should unto the congregation
 Of the Redeemed at once ten thousand add.
 But hitherto e'en those were slumbering still,
 Who were ordained the firstlings to become. 50
 Still none among them comprehended aught
 Of that new song of everlasting bliss;
 And still the victors of the countless host
 Stumbered of palms devoid, and still devoid
 Of robes, effulgent through the fount of blood, 55
 That gushes copious forth from Golgatha.
 Behold, the Risen Mediator's work
 Began to be display'd. From Tabor down
 The company of saints, now glorify'd,
 Descended, purposing to future christians 60
 To' appear. But ere to Salem they moved on,
 The Sire of risen, dead, and mortal men,
 Around him gathered all, and said to them:
 Rejoice, my Children, now the hours of bliss
 Indeed are come, since we were worthy esteem'd, 65
 To be the first who loving should invite
 Our kindred to the straight and rugged path,
 And to instill into their wandering souls
 Thirst for the fount of life. The glorious
 And blessed author of the great redemption 70
 Hath left it to your feelings and discernment,
 To choose, to whom ye shall yourselves reveal.
 Ye choose the children and the heirs of life,
 And wisely, as ye see they are prepar'd.
 Though not those only are the blessed heirs, 75
 Whom ye deem worthy of this 'special grace.
 Were ye to' extend this grace to some, whom God
 Hath not found worthy, the exalted thrones
 Would with their admonition hinder you.
 Depart then, and enjoy the blissful thought, 80

Brethren for the eternal life to choose.
I see, ye will select some who receiv'd
Already from on high in darkness light,
And who already, though with dubious steps,
Pursue the paths of rectitude and peace; 85
Ye soon will ascertain if they be sons of grace.

Deep thoughtfulness was on the soul impress'd
Of Nephthoah, one of the children whom
Before the hearers Jesus placed and bless'd.
The boy, who from the fount received his name, 90
That lav'd the foot of Ephron's boundary hills,
Was less attached now to his juvenile
Companions; solitary retreat to him
Was more delightful than the gayity
And pleasures that attend the sportive age. 95
Th' unfolding bloom of life's unfolding spring
Soon ripened into fruit; he was endow'd
With th' understanding of maturer youth,
And early showed the power of grace divine.
Seven passing years he only yet had seen, 100
The last of which with fervent prayer he clos'd,
A year of precious seed, and joys that are
To those unknown, whose minds are occupy'd
With trifles; heavenly blessings on it shower'd,
Prolific for the glorious reaping-day 105
Of everlasting life. In the succeeding year,
Young Nephthoah sowed also for this crop.
This year he with the glorious day began
Of Jesus' resurrection. Now, amid
The shades of evening, humbly on his knees, 110
He poured his fervent supplications forth,
Glad in his lone retreat. Such was his pray'r:

Lord, Thou dost surely hear my feeble voice,
Though I do not thine hearing me perceive.
I ever come anew, and pray, Thou shouldst 115
Regard my supplication, thou, the Lord
And Father of all children, both in heav'n
And on the earth! Before thy radiant throne
We all do ever humbly bend our knees:
We who on earth still weep, kneel in the dust; 120
Those who to weep have ceased, on lucid clouds;
And those who never wept, the holy Angels,
Kneel in th' effulgence of the blazing stars,
All supplicate a higher share of bliss;
But those above, sue with tranquillity. 125

Their portion is unintermitted joy.
 We sue to Thee, O God, with flowing tears,
 We supplicate deliverance from our woe,
 Ah, from the dire calamity of sin,
 And for a blessing of eternal life. 120
 Yon benediction never can remain
 Unanswered, which the most exalted prophet
 On me pronounced, when, in the happiest hour
 Of all my life, before the congregation
 He placed me. Were it answered, if Thou wouldst 135
 But temporal things bestow? only the joys
 Of th' earthly life, which is transitory,
 Which passeth like the drooping, dying flow'r?
 No, thou into eternity dost rise,
 Celestial benediction, which by him 140
 Was uttered, whom the God of heaven sent;
 Not only to restore the sick to health;
 But sinners also to restore and heal.
 Ah, still I am unconscious of the great
 Result, this benediction will devolve, 145
 Am still unconscious how it's author will
 My steps direct, what path I shall pursue.
 But henceforth I will wholly in God confide.
 Lord, thy Will evermore, not mine, be done.
 The knowledge of Jehovah beams not yet 150
 Into my soul. But I confide in Thee!
 Thy Will, O Lord, thy Will be ever done.
 Wert Thou to beam the joys, God, of thy countenance
 Upon me; I should not thus droop beneath
 The errors of this darkness. But in Thee 155
 I will confide. This frail, this fleeting life,
 A floweret that unfolds it's hues to die;
 When will it fade and disappear with me?
 What is this lack of quietude, that still
 Impels me, greater knowledge to obtain, 160
 And joy through God to seek? and what is this,
 This whispering voice, which tells me, I should still
 Increase of joy and happiness await,
 Till I too fade and droop, into the fields
 To be transplanted of repose and light? 165
 Here is no knowledge, here is no escape
 From darkness, which involves my soul around.
 Are not the various objects numberless,
 Which do transcend my knowledge? and they will
 Accumulate, when once my powers expand 170

Of spirit, rising with maturer age.
Yet rest, my soul, in peace! thy longing thirst
For knowledge will be satiated e'en
By Him who, with this thirst, created thee.
If — wouldst Thou suffer such, Thou who to this 175
Solemnity of thought didst rouse my soul,
Which only left the gentle juvenile smile?
If I to my companions should return,
With them like the unfolding rose to bloom,
On trivial subjects only to converse, — 180
Not on futurity, and not on you
Superior attainments? thus to wait
Till I should be enlightened by the Father
Of wisdom from on high? — I thus was found
By Jesus, when into the congregation 185
He called me, blessing me with grace divine.
Such was the prayer which Nephthoah express'd.
His Angel hovered near him, heard him pray,
And wrote into his book, a book of life,
With flaming characters indellible, 190
What gracious the Most High of Nephthoah's
Devout petition heard. And while the blaze
Of writing waved from the Immortal's hand,
Benoni came, and also hovered near
The suppliant boy. — Wilt thou to him appear, 195
Benoni? the immortal Seraph said
With transport, handing him the flaming book.
And while the glorified Immortal read,
The Seraph, in the transport of his joy,
Embraced the heavenly Youth, and glad exclaim'd: 200
Already the Most High is answering his
Petition! th' answer from the Throne descends. —
Benoni still more near to him advanc'd.
And Nephthoah still kneeled, and prayed again:
With inmost joy and ceaseless gratitude, 205
Eternal praises, Father, to thy name,
For all the mercies I from Thee deriv'd!
How Thou dost shower thy goodness down on me!
From Thee, Father of all eternity,
The Father of all children both in heav'n 210
And on the earth, from Thee the blessing came,
Which the great prophet hath on me pronounc'd.
Who can sufficiently extol thy name,
O Lord of endless glory, unto whom
My tearful eyes I lift? Yet Thou hast e'en 215

Prepared thy praises in the lips of babes.
 Therefore, O Most Sublime, with feeble voice
 I also will thy blessed name extol,
 Because, in mercies infinite, Thou hast
 Prepared thy praises in the lips of children. — 220
 Benoni first intended to appear
 Before him as a pilgrim-boy, who came
 Up to the festival. But when he saw
 The flowing tear of gratitude and joy,
 He could not thus himself sustain, but stood 225
 In his effulgence 'fore young Nephthoah.
 Celestial lustre deck'd with ruby clouds
 Of vernal-morning, from Benoni beam'd.
 But Nephthoah unterrified remain'd.
 So much his soul had been accustomed late 230
 Those heavenly forms to see, that came to him
 Oft in a dream, oft when he scarcely slumber'd.
 Looking the curls of the celestial youth,
 With eager voice and flowing words he spake. —
 Thou cam'st to me, sent by the holy prophet! 236
 Say, heavenly youth, say whither dost thou come?
 Jesus sent Thee to me! I know, thou art
 A messenger of peace, of joy and bliss.
 Speak, sing it to thy radiant harp, on which
 Thou art reclining, whither dost thou come? 240
 Recount, thou son of light, recount to me
 Some wonders from on high; and O, impart
 Some tidings from my kindred who expir'd;
 Thou who of their felicity art heir,
 Some tidings from my sister who, amid 245
 The orient sweets of roses, inuocent,
 Herself a-breath most adorous, closed her eyes, —
 A vernal bloom, though she no longer liv'd.
 Bring'st thou not from my Dimna Kedemoth,
 Or what her heavenly name may be, some greeting? 250
 What did she say? Perhaps: The Lord be prais'd
 That I am dead, — that Nephthoah soon dies?
 Ah, take me to my Dimna Kedemoth.
 Forgive, thou habitant of yon abodes,
 That I presume so long to thee to speak. 255
 But thou art silent, Messenger from God! —
 Benoni now began: My seeing thee,
 O Nephthoah, and testifying thus
 The transport of thy feelings, kept me mute.
 Yea, from the Lord indeed I come to thee. 260

Jesus was dead, — thou knew'st not such as yet;
 And is already risen from the grave.
 And to his glory he will soon ascend.
 Then his disciples, at Jerusalem,
 Will testify of him, — will preach his death, 205
 His resurrection, and his glorious
 Ascension. To the lore of them attend.
 They will recount the wonders from on high,
 Which thou, while mortal, art indulged to know.
 Thy sister once amid the adorous breath 270
 That from the trees of life wafts, will receive thee.
 But now I must from Nephthoah depart.
 N. O thou Celestial habitant, not yet!
 Stay yet a while, Stranger from Salem-fields!
 O do not yet from me, a mortal, turn 275
 Thy beaming eye, those cheeks, that glow like morn;
 Avert not yet thy heavenly smiles of bliss. —
 Benoni disappeared. Still Nephthoah
 Enraptured stood, and raised his open arms,
 The image of his heavenly friend to clasp, 280
 Which, though divested of its radiance now,
 (So he imagined) still before him stood.
 This also disappeared, his arms again
 Sunk vacant down. And now with fervent pray'r
 His hands he folded, raised his eyes to heav'n; 285
 And weeping smiled, not lone as he suppos'd.
 His Guardian Angel had not left him yet,
 So neither the invisible Benoni.
 They heard how from his inmost soul the boy
 Extolled the name and uttered still the praise 290
 Of th' allcompassionate Jehovah who,
 In mercy, had the heavenly vision sent,
 And gracious promise, that he should become
 Acquainted more with wonders from on high.
 Dilean late had lost his only friend, 295
 And likewise th' object of his tender love.
 But to him the Seer of God was not unknown.
 Long with solicitous inquietude,
 He roamed the fields of Salem, to' ascertain:
 If Jesus rose? or if he not reviv'd? — 300
 Thick night involved him round, and he amid
 The torrent sunk of overwhelming floods.
 He sought composure and tranquillity,
 But sought them e'en on Vernal fields in vain.
 Induced by lateness of the hour, he turn'd 305

Amid the tombs along mount Olivet.
 Deceptive gloom was his nocturnal guide.
 He roamed along the intricate obscure,
 Silently searching. — Is this Kidron's sound?
 And this the rustling in Gethsemany 310
 Of waving palm? It is the hollow sound
 Of nightly winds in solitary recess.
 Do not I hear some human voice remote? —
 So saying, he observed a gleaming light,
 Now most extinguished, now again appearing. 315
 Tow'rd this he tends, and distantly attains
 A vault sepulchral, from which some remov'd
 The mouldering bones, therein deposited.
 A rich man from a poor one bought the tomb.
 And from the vault they now removed the bones. 320
 Of all th' ancestors of the needy man.
 Dilean stood at th' opening of the cove.
 Those from the vault with heavy steps came forth,
 Re-entering more slow, reluctant more,
 Thence in their shrouds the corpses to convey. 325
 Dilean said: Happy are those, ye bear!
 Into my hands one of those torches give;
 That I may light you yonder in the tomb.
 They gave him one, he entered. There he held
 The waving flame, and leaned against the rock. 330
 Such were his thoughts: Ye happy, happy dead!
 So also ye are happy, my Belov'd,
 Who have forsaken me. Your funeral shrouds
 Becoming old as these, I also shall
 Be happy. But at present — Wretched me, 335
 You my Beloved, all my solace here,
 You I have lost! and all my cheering hope
 Of future bliss, God's Prophet, him I lost!
 Ah, may I yet anticipate some future
 Felicity, since he became subdued 340
 By tyranny and arbitrary pow'r?
 Is on behalf of men, with whom the Best
 Become the prey e'en of the very Basest;
 Is on behalf of those the Deity
 Solicitous? and can they be design'd, 345
 The heirs of immortality and bliss?
 Is mine an endless state? or must I be
 Again reduced to dust? Did he revive?
 Or is he to corruption still a prey? —
 These are the doubtings, none to me resolve, 350

Not even these who here encompass me.
 Though ye, if any finite being can,
 Ye might resolve, ye might remove my doubts.
 Not these unconscious, mouldering remains,
 No, but the Spirits might, that these surviv'd. 355
 Where do ye dwell, departed vital pow'rs,
 Companions once of these decaying bones?
 Are the abodes of light to you th' abodes
 Of gladness and felicity, if ye
 Are ever by distressing doubts assail'd? — 360
 Such were his thoughts. And the sepulchral vault
 Was vacuated both of bones and bearers.
 Dilean scarcely' observed it, till at last
 Prevailing silence roused him from his thoughts.
 So, now I am alone! Departed vital pow'rs, 365
 Companions once of these decaying bones,
 Where are ye? Once Elisha's bones awak'd
 A corse. The Spirit therefore hovered near
 The mouldering bones, for surely these with pow'r
 Were not endowed, the dead to life to call. 370
 If one of you should hover near this place:
 Thou Vital Spirit, come, that I may know
 My future fate, — approach, appear to me!
 I shall not shrink appalled from thine approach.
 Yea, by thy dissolution's heaving moans, 375
 Thy trembling hope of immortality
 Or fearful dread of dire annihilation,
 When by the pangs of grisly death assail'd;
 Soul, I conjure thee, come! to me appear! —
 Thus he exclaimed and gazed around the tomb. 380
 Thirza, the mother of the seven sons,
 All martyrs, near him with the blessed souls
 Of his departed friend, and much-loved bride,
 Already hovered; and had followed him,
 While of sepulchral cells the vale he roam'd, 385
 Attending him to where he still remain'd.
 Ah, may I, said the dear and faithful bride,
 May I to him appear? but would not he
 Be terrified, if me he should behold? —
 I, Thirza said, I will to him appear. — 390
 Bereft of hope to see what much he wish'd,
 Dilean strove with slumber to remove
 A while the burthen of his pensive thoughts,
 Which lower'd as gloomy clouds around his soul.
 But he in vain sought slumber's short relief. 395

Again oppressive sadness filled his heart. —
 Of thee my friend, he said, I am depriv'd!
 Thee also I lost, my friend in female-form!
 And solitary ye left me on the earth.

Here — who is entering this obscure recess? 400

Where art thou, who art tending hitherward? —

And he advanced, the shadowy form to meet.

But suddenly the form obscure assum'd

The heavenly splendour of th' immortal Thirza.

With awe he stood, but instantaneous rous'd 405

His powers again, advanced and silent view'd

The radiant form, then hastily he spake:

Supernal vision, dost thou comprehend

Th' expression of my thanks, or art thou mere

Nocturnal vapour, flame of sulphurous breath? 410

Or some phantastic phantom of the mind? —

Now Thirza with celestial gesture smil'd,

Her eye so full of soul, that he forgot

The vapour and the phantom of the mind.

With hasty voice impetuous he exclaim'd: 415

Sublime appearance, speak, O speak, who art thou? —

And the sepulchral arch harmonious

Resounded: Who I am, thou shalt hereafter know;

At present, highly favoured mortal, learn,

Thou mayst not deem thyself than other men 420

More perfect, since this high display of grace

To thee is manifested. Deem not him

Than others more obnoxious, who was blind

E'en from his birth, till Jesus gave him day.

That he of Jesus' glory should become 425

A testimonial, he was long involv'd

In darkness; that, like him, thou shouldst become

A testimonial; Jesus hath sent me

To thee, the Lord who from the grave arose:

Not on account of thine invoking me; 430

To render thee a living evidence

Of Jesus' resurrection, I appear:

And had appeared, though thou hadst not desir'd

My coming. Thy dependency deserves

Forgiveness, no reward, no recompense. 435

And my appearance would be high reward,

Dilean; hadst thou not been preordain'd,

A witness to become. What heaven decrees

Will ever come to pass, or whether ye

Do harbour doubts, or wholly disbelieve. 440

Although the mortal race of sinners all
Should doubt or disbelieve the future state:
They still would ascertain: what heaven decrees
Doth ever come to pass! would ascertain
That life is hovering o'er the silent grave;
Although the awful truth they should discover
With consternation and with dire dismay.

445

And suddenly the main sepulchral vault
Resounded with the voice of heavenly trump,
And with the voice of thunder, only that
Dilean, pale as death with highest joy,
Saw not, from whom the peal of heavenly trump
And thunder came; Throne-harmony. — sublime,
Dread, awful, soul-transforming harmony

450

To him reiterated: The decrees
Of heaven evermore will come to pass;
Though ye should doubt or wholly disbelieve, —
Although the mortal race of sinners all
Should doubt or disbelieve the future state:
They still would ascertain: What heaven decrees,
Doth ever come to pass! would ascertain,
That life is hovering o'er the silent grave;
Although the awful truth they should discover
With consternation and with dire dismay.

455

460

Dilean trembled, overpowered with awe.
The sound of heavenly harmony was hush'd.
He stammered: No, I will not venture more
To question! I will humbly in the dust
Before him bow, who sent you from the Throne! —
And in the dust he kneeled, and turned his face
From Thirza: there however was the wall,
From which celestial sounds no longer now
Rebounded; and he closed his eyes, and pray'd:

465

470

Forgive, O Lord of glory, who didst rise
Triumphant from the grave; forgive my doubts!
Yea, and forgive my tears! Thou wouldst, O Lord,
Know what I supplicate, though these round me,
Whom Thou hast sent, were not to hear my pray'r!
O Lord of glory, let me th' object high
Attain, which Thou to me hast pointed out,

475

480

By these supernal messengers of peace;
Then I shall soar, when here I breathe my last,
To realms of bliss, to Thee, and to my friends! —
Thus he exclaimed, and wept, and raised himself.
Before his swimming eye the heavenly vision

485

Still hovered. Then the voice immortal flow'd
Mellifluous in gentle accents forth:

Lo, thou to question me didst not presume,
But I to thee an answer will impart.
I am the mother of the seven sons, 490
All martyrs, — I am Thirza. At this rock
The happy soul of thy beloved bride,
And there the happy soul of thine esteem'd
And cordial friend, are hovering, both with sweet
Solicitude awaiting thee in bliss. 495
But more abundant happiness receive.
Ere the Messiah to the Throne ascends,
In Galilee he will himself reveal
Unto five hundred of the blessed host
Of brethren. Thou shalt also see him there. 500

With this, the heavenly Thirza disappear'd.
He thought that at a distance he perceiv'd
The utterance soft of three immortal souls.
With joyful tears he from the vaulted cave
Toward the sun advanced, that now arose. 505
At th' avenue he still with grateful heart
A while remained, uttering his fervid thanks
To Thee, Eternal Source of light eternal,
That Thou on him didst shower thy goodness down,
Sublime anticipation of celestial 510
Felicity; that Thou, when in distress
He languished, when no mortal could afford
Him succour, didst thy gracious aid vouchsafe.

A piece of beauteous tapestry with skill
Inventive to complete, 'Tabitha ply'd 515
With imitative hand the pleasing task.
Benoni's Mother, early-blighted flow'r,
Thy monument was now the pleasing subject
Of her employ. And while the needle mov'd,
With various coloured thread, she silent mus'd. 520
Pale Rachel rested on the silent turf;
Benoni, with averted countenance,
Kneeled at her side, and plunged into her heart
A dagger. E'en now down the deadly steel
The purple drops descended when, at once, 525
Tabitha rose, and with assiduous haste
Advanced, a fainting stranger to receive.
With pallid cheek, in funeral attire,
The stranger entered. Yet the pining grief
Of mourning friendship had not utterly 530

CANTO XV. *Klopstock's Messiah.*

485

Youthful Deborah's blooming charms suppress'd.
Her pensive countenance a clouded vernal morn
Resembled. She Tabitha thus address'd:

I intrude, a while from my fatigue to rest;
I am not able farther to proceed.

535

Ah, my beloved friend, the most belov'd
Among my friends, is resting now with more
Composure, than what I shall while on earth.

Be not disturbed, remain at thine employ;
Allow me but to rest, and here to weep. —

540

She took a seat. A gentle plaintive sound
Proceeded from the harp on which she lean'd.
And still Tabitha strove in vain, the grief

Of the afflicted stranger to assuage. —

Let me but weep, and let you wound still bleed;

545

Let my wound bleed alone. And now Tabitha

To her employ returned, which seem'd, anon,

Less poignant to her feelings than before

It had been. But the Stranger seized her harp,

And e'en as some remotely weeping brook

550

Wafts forth a sighing murmur, when the silence

Of death through all the distant forest reigns,

Anterior to a tempest's sudden shock;

So gentle rueful murmur wafted round

Her sinking hand. Tabitha only listen'd,

555

Forgot th' afflicted stranger's flowing tears,

And only heard the animating song,

Accompany'd by the resounding harp.

Great God of gods, in mercy do reward

Thine hence-departed, now perfected saint.

560

Yet, are the sufferings of the temporal life

Worthy' of the glory, which Thou hast reserv'd

For those that love Thee? She died in life's bloom!

But what 's the flower that fell before the storm,

If liken'd to the Cedar of the Lord,

565

That on the height of Golgatha was crush'd!

Crush'd by the tempest of th' Omnipotent

From heaven, that th' aspiring rocks around,

The mountain and sepulchres, shook with dread! —

As though by th' awful semblance terrify'd,

570

Deborah ceased. Few simple notes alone

With energetic fervour in succession

Reverberated, till the lofty soul

Of harmony re-introduced the song. —

The funeral-train of him, who on the height

575

Of Golgatha expir'd, consisted of a group
 Of some few weeping mortals, and Celestials,
 Whose lustre with astonishment was dimm'd.
 The funeral-lay, sung by th' invisible
 Attendants, loud resounded as the groans 580
 Of the expiring, which, ascended high
 To heaven, from the cottage and the throne
 Of the oppressors, on the Nile's vast banks;
 First the Destroyer's blow relentless, then
 The heaving groan, and instantaneous death. 585
 The earth heard not the solemn funeral-lay;
 The distant stars perceived it! Thou, Orion,
 And thou, the Balance of the Righteous Judge!
 Those did the solemn funeral-lay perceive.
 A massive rock them, with a sullen sound, 590
 Was rolled into the opening of the tomb;
 Then, with the sinking rock's ascending sound,
 Dust rose to heaven, then the Deceased repos'd.
 With swifter motion, Stars of God, ye mov'd.
 Short was the slumber of the great deceas'd. 595
 With glory, hallelujah, he reviv'd!
 Yea, he revived with glory, hallelujah.
 Ye were not far advanced, Orion, then;
 And thou, the Balance of the Righteous Judge,
 When he revived! O, celebrate it all, 600
 Through all the heavens, Ye heavenly Witnesses,
 That he revived! She, who is bleeding here
 Upon the silent grave, she testify'd,
 That he with glory from the dead reviv'd;
 So also he, who thrusts into her heart 605
 The deadly steel. Dost thou, conceive, O Mortal,
 That those who die, e'er in corruption slumber?
 That in the earth they slumber evermore? —
 Tabitha with astonishment beheld
 The prophetess, not able her surprise 610
 To utter. Awed, and wondering, and bewild'rd,
 She seized th' embroidery-frame, herself to uphold.
 She strove to rise, and to the prophetess
 Would kneel, but was unable. Then Deborah,
 Reclining on her harp, addressed her thus: 615
 O learn, Tabitha! much thou art concern'd,
 The resurrection of the dead to learn.
 Much consolation thou dost need against
 The hour of death, because, Tabitha, thou
 Must submit to dissolution 620

A second time. The First-born of the dead,
 He was, and once again will be of all
 That slumber in the grave, th' omnipotent
 Reviver. Only with a gentle plaint,
 That yet thou must to kindred dust return, 625
 And with a glad and sweet anticipation
 Of thy revival at the end of time;
 Thou must lie down and must again expire.
 But th' open night of the enclosing grave,
 The clodded earth thrown on the lowered corse, 630
 The silent grave's deserted solitude,
 Nor th' image of corruption can appal
 Those, unto whom such cheering prospects ope,
 And who are conscious that the infinite
 Jehovah on the resurrection-day 635
 Will into heaven receive them, e'en to life
 Eternal, and to bliss that Angels taste. —
 So spake Deborah, and a second time
 Struck her celestial harp. Beneath her hand
 Sounds rose ineffable; immortal were 640
 Her flowing voice and smiling countenance.

Ah, what were my sensations when I woke
 Into this new existence, when I rose
 Forth from the mossy grave, and when my dust
 A blessed immortality assum'd! 645
 When from among the choirs of Seraphim
 Glorification down on me descended!
 How I with tremour suddenly was seiz'd!
 (Again she trembled and became effulgent).
 How solemn dread and high felicity 650
 Pervaded then my faculties, and all
 Th' inmost recesses of immortal life!
 What radiance then encompassed me around!
 How my immortal Spirit then amid
 The blaze of glory dwelled! I turned my face, 655
 And sought the Throne of Him, who thus anew
 With power omnific had created me.
 It was not visible. A gentle breeze,
 Th' immediate presence of the Deity
 Proclaiming, breathed on me from on high. — 660
 And evanescent her celestial voice
 Died gently from the ear, her radiance from the eye.
 With pallid joy Tabitha silent stood;
 And th' answering sound of harp reverberant,
 Anon, died also gradually away. 665

Gedor, of tender sensibility
 And gentle heart, susceptible with like
 Acuteness both of joy and of dolour,
 But firm in the resolve, unto the Giver
 Of every dispensation, whether joy 670
 Or grief bestowing, ever to submit;
 Gedor lived in retirement, happy with
 His Consort, his companion not alone
 For this life, also for th' eternal life.
 Only themselves and some few cordial friends, 675
 Were conscious how with tenderness they lov'd.
 Averted from the earthly life, they oft
 Respecting th' everlasting state convers'd,
 Respecting their or near or yet, perhaps,
 Remote separation in their pilgrimage 680
 Tow'rd their eternal home; and loving wish'd,
 Though neither ventured to indulge such hope, —
 A wish so rarely granted; that they might
 In company to th' endless state depart.
 God, him Thou hadst appointed, to attend 685
 Her to the verge of the nocturnal vale,
 She lay on point of death. Such he observ'd;
 But he was conscious, Thou Lord, canst retrieve
 And rescue e'en from danger imminent,
 And slay, where danger is by man unheeded. 690
 Now hastening death approached, and now was certain.
 She from Gedor to heaven raised her eye,
 Again she looked on him, and now again
 Looked up to heaven. Thus her eye she twice
 Uplifted. He such looks had never seen, 695
 And looks as these he never heard describ'd,
 Expressive of a solemn energy,
 Of pity and of hallowed sympathy,
 And powerful assurance of eternal
 Felicity. — I die. We must be sever'd. 700
 I go into yon nameless state of rest. —
 Such was, was not, th' expression of those looks;
 Th' expression was more energetic, more
 Ineffable. Now he had sunk beneath
 His feelings, had not the Omnipotent 705
 With potent arm upheld and succoured him,
 God did his all-sufficient aid afford.
 The frail, the feeble mortal felt himself
 At once with power raised above the earth,
 Approaching th' entrance to eternal glory, 710

That to his Cidli's view already op'd.
With more than with composure, with a flow
Of heavenly joy, up to her side he stepp'd,
And on her forehead laid his hand, and thus
Began his benediction to pronounce: 715

Depart then in the blessed name of Him,
Who was the God of Abraham, of Isaac,
And Jacob; in the name of th' evermore
Adorable Deliverer! His Will,
His gracious Will divine be ever done. 720

And with the voice of confidence and joy
She answered: Yes, let Him in all things do
According to his purposes divine.

His doings all are full of grace and goodness. —
Gedor now took her hand: With resignation 725

Angelic thou hast thine affliction borne!
The Lord supported thee, and will support
Thee ever! Th' allcompassionate Jehovah
Was with thee! Praise and glory to his name!
He yet will his divine support vouchsafe. 730

Were I so hapless, not to serve the Lord;
From this day on I should pursue his paths.
Be thou, if God permits, my Guardian Angel.
Cidli reply'd: Such thou hast been to me! —
Be now, thou heiress of eternal bliss, 735

Be now, if God permits, my Guardian Angel.
And Cidli, with affectionate regard,
Reply'd: Ah, who would not be such to thee? —
With sympathy and joyful thought profound,
The Spouse of Jacob, mother of the son 740

Of sorrow, hovered round the loving pair.
She still, O Cidli, was invisible to thee:
But when thine head sunk down in death, thy looks,
That smiling broke, saw the Immortal stand
Before thee, and thy Spirit rose on high 745

With thy Companion to celestial realms.

But, ah, my hand sinks down, I am unable
The tale of woe to finish. Flow, late tear,
And mingle with the thousands that I wept,
But Thou, O Song of the divine Redeemer, 750

Remain! stream by those clefts, where many lose
Their course and, thus, into oblivion sink:
Flow, over Time triumphant, through thy Theme
Immortal! hasten on, and thy winged stream
Convey this wreath, which weeping at her grave 755

I from the cypress cull; convey it forth
 Into the region of futurity.

Beneath Moriah's shadow stood a house,
 Above the houses supereminent,
 Doomed with more dreadful ruin once to fall, 760
 On th' awful day foretold, when th' eagles should collect.
 Up to the silent roof the only son
 Of th' affluent possessor lone ascended.

He was a youth, still in the bloom of life,
 But not of thought or of reflection void, 765
 The joy of his companions, and the bliss
 And rapture of his mother. Now the moon
 Unclouded, o'er Jerusalem rose high,
 And o'er Moriah, beaming tranquil thoughts
 On all, whose powers sleep had not yet involv'd; 770
 Especially thee, O Stephen, gentle Youth,
 The scene to mood contemplative inclin'd.
 He silently still roamed the labyrinth,

That the mysterious circumstance of yon
 Exalted Seer, whom Bethlehem gave birth, 775
 Drew round his musing mind; and, as he strove
 Himself to extricate, entangled him
 Still more and more in the obscure profound.
 His auburne locks flowed on his airy vest
 And round his hand, on which he thoughtful lean'd. 780
 While thus he silent mused, a Youth unknown
 Approached him, saying: They have lav'd to me
 The oozing fount, bestowed the unctuous balm,
 (The odours of Arabia from him breathed)
 And have regaled me with a light repast. 785

No more refreshment I do now require,
 None save what the serenity affords
 Of evening, and an undisturbed repose.
 St. Heaven's blessing, youthful pilgrim, on thee light!
 And all the peace of our abode be thine. 790

P. Thou only son of dear and loving parents,
 I come athwart the sea, and suffered much.
 St. Ere, worthy Stranger, ere thou dost impart
 Detail oft thy distresses, let me crave:

Hast thou the awful history respecting 795
 Jerusalem's exalted prophet heard? —

With eager voice Jedidoth thus reply'd:
 'Th' awful history' of yon holy man,
 Died, a victim to the cause of truth,
 Solemn truth that he, not Moses, taught? 800

Who, (the report with rapid progress spreads
Through Salem,) who revived and rose again,
His doctrin still more powerfully to attest?

St. Thy words, O Stranger, fill me with amaze.
He died a martyr to the cause of truth?

805

Such are thy words, and thou camest from afar,
Athwart the ocean, from the isles remote.

Did ye, in regions distant hence, receive
Intelligence of what to us he taught?

J. Where we received intelligence of what

810

To you he taught, I will relate hereafter;

But first, O Stephen, suffer me to crave:

If thou wert now assurance to receive,

That he to truth not merely died a Witness, —

That, greater far, he died and rose again,

815

The Blessed Saviour of the human race;

Oh, wouldst thou then esteem thy blooming life

Too precious, to become a sacrifice

To this most solemn truth? Wouldst thou till death,

Till nature should with gentle hand bow down

820

Our hoary heads unto the silent grave, —

Wouldst thou, O Stephen, love thy life till then,

Or wouldst thou sacrifice it, if requir'd,

For Him, who yielded first his life for us?

St. Jehovah only knows what I should do;

825

Yet what I wish to do, what I desire

To do with fervour, this is known to me.

J. What then, thou noble youth, is thy desire?

St. Ah, do not call me noble, me, a frail

Obnoxious sinner, do not call me noble,

830

O Pilgrim! Thou dost ask of me, how I

Desire to love the Saviour of my soul?

How I resolve to enter on the life

Eternal? If this wish, that fills mine heart

With silent awe and fires my panting breast;

835

Oh, if this wish, that is with bliss replete,

Were granted; then, to testify the name

Of Jesus, this my youthful blood would flow,

Would flow from every latent source of life!

J. Not more to fire thy soul, but to reward

840

Thy fervour, Destined Martyr, hear with joy

The hystory of the Seventh Martyr'd son.

Epiphanes incited him in vain,

Held out to him in vain high promises,

The splendour and the gratness of the earth;

845

In vain he went that burning, the mother,
 On him still to prevail. Thus to the son
 The mother spake: Ah, thou Belov'd, now
 Thy only survivor, youngest of my sons,
 Whom I beneath mine heart have borne, and nourish'd, 850
 And with solicitude maternal rear'd;
 My Son, O have compassion upon me!
 Look up, behold the heavens and the earth, —
 The Lord made these, and he created man!
 Consider this, and have compassion, son,
 Compassion on thy mother, — yield thy life! — 855
 Resolv'd to die, he thus exclaimed aloud,
 While yet the mother spake: Why tarry ye,
 Sacrilegious murderers? Epiphonias,
 These hideous men, canst thou the judgment, thou 860
 The power of the Omnipotent escape?
 My brothers, who not suffered long, nor much,
 Already inherit everlasting life.
 And he expired. — While thus the stranger spake,
 His countenance a higher glow assum'd, 865
 And radiance beamed transcendent from his eye.
 The listening Stephen, greatly affected, wept.
 J. Thy tears are precious. I have numbered them.
 St. A sinner's tears? the trembling youth exclaim'd.
 J. The Saviour's efficacious sacrifice 870
 Hath sanctified the sinner and his tears,
 And to the Holy of Holies introduced him. —
 The risen Jesus now from hazy Tabor
 Down on them looked, and saw the mortal youth
 Amid the mild effulgence of the moon, 875
 And in thy native lustre, Thee, Immortal.
 When Stephen, by the vision overpow'r'd,
 Began to sink, Jedidoth still exclaim'd:
 I was the youngest of the seven sons,
 Celestial brother, who display'd compassion 880
 Tow'rd his heroic mother, and expir'd.
 Yonder, (already he began to soar,)
 Yonder I learned, what Jesus taught to you.
 He soared to heaven, and disappeared in clouds.
 Of Levi lineage, native on the shores 885
 — of Cyprus, Joscs Barnabas
 led down tow'rd Jordan, there to view
 old, and observe, how far the Spring
 — the spike; and how the swelling seed
 of a plentiful crop. 890

He roamed alone. Not long, and he was join'd
By fair Saphira and by Ananias.
These likewise tended to the verdant fields
Near Jordan, the advancing crop to view.
Now being to the brook of cedars come, 885
Saphira oft attempted, with her staff,
The doubtful pebbles, ere she crossed the brook.
Now on it's bank, she rested on a stone.
So Ananias at Saphira's side,
And Joses stood before them. They were seated 900
Close to their future graves. Ah, ye did not
Imagine, that e'en where ye rested now,
The bearers of your corpses, terrify'd
Young men, should shortly rest, and hence depart,
Not wishing you a joyful resurrection. 905
But he was conscious of the awful truth,
Elisha, who approached you now with John
The Baptist. And unseen they near you stood.
Oh, that Elisha's voice had on the breeze
Of Kidron wafted, warning them against 910
The thundering words of the sublime apostle:
Not unto men, to God they would pronounce
The falsehood! then this place perhaps had not
Been destined to become their early grave.
But providence divine is still involv'd, 915
The judgment only will uplift the veil
That still conceals the awful ways of God.
Saphira with composure from her grave
Culled th' early vernal flower, and smiling gave
It to Ananias, but his musing mind 920
Was with the thoughts of harvest wholly engross'd.
The fields of their possession they attain'd.
And the discourse of Ananias dwell'd
Solely on the fulness of the swelling ear,
And on the value of the plenteous crop. 925
With sweet anticipation Joses dwell'd
On the delights that wait the Reaper-train,
When evening on them smiles at last benign,
And in it's coolness they themselves regale;
When they adorned with chaplets blue, that grow 930
Among the waving spikes, beneath the boughs
Of th' Olive, in the animated rounds
Rejoice, that they have borne the heat of day.
John thus began: Let us to them appear!
Elisha answered: Unto whom, O John, 935

Wouldst thou appear? unto the opulent
 Possessor of yon distant spreading fields?
 Or to the owner of the smaller tract,
 That is with pebbles deck'd? J. Yea, to them both. —
 And I, replied Elisha, will appear 940
 To Joscs only, whom among the hills
 Oppressive pebbles crush the rising grain.
 J. But, O Elisha, doth not Ananias
 Become a christian? E. Yea, he doth become
 A christian. J. Then let us to him appear. 945
 If earthly things do more engross his mind,
 He, more than Joscs, our direction needs.
 E. I saw him in the balance, and he rose
 Appalling. We his judgment should augment,
 And lay on him more heavily the wrath 950
 Of the Vindictive Judge, on th' awful day
 Of the hand-writing, if to him we' appear'd. —
 Might not we rescue him? John softly answer'd.
 We will then, said Elisha, to the christian
 Ourselves reveal, yet not as glorify'd 955
 Immortals. — Silent they tow'rd Salem tend.
 Now Ananias, Joscs, and their fair
 Companion, tow'rd Jerusalem return'd.
 Two mendicants they near the temple saw,
 One blind, the other lame, and both absorb'd 960
 In silent dôle. The wretched objects now
 Addressed them, and, although with suppliant plaint,
 They were not clamorous, both entreated mild,
 With modesty and worth in their address.
 The Levian freely gave, nor knew his Left, 965
 The bounty which the Right hand had bestow'd;
 And Ananias gave them more, yet less.
 The lesser bounty he moreover render'd
 More worthless, casting it down to the feet
 Of the afflicted with disdainful scorn. 970
 And they had passed them. Now thou seest, the Blind one
 Said to the Lame, his being utterly
 Unworthy, that we should appear to him.
 The Greatest of the sons of woman born,
 The greatest, for he was the most humane; 975
 Hearing Elisha's words, he answered not.
 The sentence of his awful silence now
 Was finished, and he to Elisha spake:
 Thou saw'st him in the balance, and what was
 The subject of the vision? E. I beheld 980

CANTO XV. *Itlopstach's Messiah.*

485

A company of christians; Cephas stood
Among them. Each one of the heaven-near
Assembly, sold his heritage, and brought
The product of it for the use of all.
And Joses of the company was one; 985
He sold the akers that we saw, and laid
The money for them to th' apostle's feet.
And Ananias came, but he reserv'd
A portion of the money for himself.
Then Cephas unto the deceiver spake: 990

Why, Ananias, why did Satan fill
Thine heart, against the Holy Ghost to lie,
And for thyself a portion of the silver
Deceptive to withhold? Th' akers were thine,
And thou might'st have retained them; and when sold, 995
The silver still was every way thine own.
Why did thine heart presume on such a deed?
Behold, not man, but God thou hast belied.

When Ananias heard the thundering words
Of the sublime apostle, he fell down 1000
And suddenly expired; and terror fell
On all that saw it. Some young men receiv'd
The corse and took it to th' interment hence.
Ere many hours elapsed, Saphira came,
The spouse of Ananias, who was not 1005
Acquainted with what recently transpir'd.
Her Peter questioned: Did ye sell the field
For such a price? — Yea, e'en for such a price
We sold it, she replied. Then Peter spake:
Saphira, why did ye combine to tempt 1010
The Spirit of the Lord? Lo, the young men,
Who buried Ananias, even now
Are at the door, thee also to inter.

Expiring she fell down to Peter's feet.
The young men came, saw she was also dead, 1015
And took her hence, to' inter her at the side
Of Ananias. • And astonishment
Fell on the congregation, and on all
To whom the awful circumstance was told.

Joses from his companions now departed. 1020
He hastened to his house. The Baptist came,
And joined him. Ja. Whence, O Joses, comest thou?
Ja. Forth from the fields of Jordan. I have there
A piece of land. I viewed the rising seed. —
They still advanced, and stepp'd into the house. 1025

And round the coming Father's neck and arms
 The children clung. — O, bless my little ones!
 The father to the stranger said, and brought
 To him the joyful boys. The stranger turn'd
 Unto the boys and, with a dignity 1030
 That filled the father's wondering heart with awe,
 He blessing said: Children of Joses, bear
 Ye also testimony to the Lord!
 But less prolific, henceforth, are thy fields. —
 Will then the Lord forsake me? will the Lord 1035
 Forsake these Orphans, and not give them bread?
 Jn. Far is, O Joses, far is such from God;
 Who doth more than the mortal life support.
 He gives, and takes away from temporal things;
 Not thine eternal portion he will take. — 1040
 The Baptist spake it, and his countenance
 Became still more sublime. A mien as this,
 Joses had never seen, and never heard
 A voice that spake with such solemnity
 Of the Most High. With silent awe he listen'd. 1045
 John thus resumed: He, not to thee unknown,
 Hé, at whose feet the prostrate Mary, sister
 To Lazarus, did choose the better part,
 Th' eternal heritage; who raised the daughter
 Of Jairus; who to life the youth recall'd 1050
 At Nain-gate! who then raised Lazarus;
 He from the silent grave triumphant rose.
 I am his witness. Also thou shalt soon,
 O Barnabas, to him bear testimony. —
 With dignity he spake it, which began 1055
 Perceptive to become immortal glory.
 His witness I already was, when down
 Into the stream he walked, when down on him
 The Holy Ghost descended; when of him
 Th' Eternal Father spake on high in clouds. — 1060
 These words he uttered with such heavenly sound,
 It seemed to be of immortality
 The voice, and of perfection glorify'd.
 With haste he turned, and seemed to walk away,
 And from his garment radiance beamed around, 1065
 Becoming now more pale, and now more dim,
 Remotely dying gradually away.
 And now the heavenly vision disappear'd.
 Father, it lightened! there we saw it, near
 The rising steps, th' astonished boys exclaim'd; 1070

CANTO XV. *Wlopstock's Messiah.*

497

But where is he, who hither with thee came?

The fifth morn after thee, thou glorious morn
Of Jesus' resurrection, o'er the hills

Of Judah now in ruby splendour rose,

A beauteous day announcing; with it's dawn

1075

Fair Portia woke, but more from tears than sleep.

She to the early fragrance of her flow'rs

Descended, but their sweets to her were lost.

An other morn revives, a day to th' earth!

But dreary gloom yet lowers around my soul,

1080

Night still involves me, there no cheering day

It's beams, Thou Giver of my life, unfolds!

I dream still on in darkness, still I pine,

In vain I long, Lord, Thee aright to know,

And Him, whom in the grave we do not find.

1085

Ah, when my last sun shall his beams unfold,

Shall I still dwell in dreary darkness then?

Will not my soul experience light of day,

Before the sun into the main descends?

Shall I yet sink into a deeper gloom?

1090

The Chosen people nominate the path

Unto the grave, which also they with dread

Contemplate; name it — a lone, silent path,

That guides them through a drear, nocturnal vale.

All; then, do bear their burthens, — those to whom

1095

The Deity especial light vouchsafes,

And whom entirely to themselves be left?

But do not wholly leave me to myself,

Oh, deign on me thy light divine to beam!

The terrors all of death appal me not,

1100

If Thou dost only beam on me thy light.

Be still my stay, thou rock amid the sea

Of agitating doubts, th' upholding thought:

The Will of the Supreme be ever done!

Be still my refuge as thou still hast been,

1105

When fear perplex'd and overwhelm'd my soul,

Refrain then, O my soul, from anxious fears!

And rouse me, wafting odours, vernal hues,

Display'd around me, my dolour dispel.

But near the grave of him, who now perhaps

1110

Not longer slumbers with the silent dead,

These vernal charms do likewise smile around.

Why do I tarry thither to retire,

Where some inquiring pilgrim, weeping there

On his account, may from afar, perhaps,

1115

Point out to me some way of gleaming light. —
 Such were, her thoughts. She beckoned her attendant,
 And from the towering city tow'rd the tomb
 Already hastened. Distant they beheld
 Th' approaching Rachel, and with her Jemina, 1120
 The daughter of th' approved and blessed Job.
 The glorified Immortals thus convers'd:
 J. She comes, O Rachel, whom we waited for,
 Up labouring, from her involving night,
 The steep ascent to heaven. Let us conduct her. — 1125
 Thy Angel, Portia, saw them now assume
 The form of mortals, pilgrims to the feast;
 Two Grecian damsels they appeared to be,
 From th' Islands, e'en from th' Archipelago.
 And they advanced, each with a slender staff, 1130
 And purple bound their resting hair around.
 They passed the Roman Matron, deep in thought.
 But Portia turned and to the pilgrims spake:
 Stay, if ye may! In thought profound ye roam
 Near the sepulchre. Was not the Deccas'd 1135
 To you unknown, whom late it did contain?
 R. Who art thou, Lady, questioning us thus?
 Thou dost not seem an Israelite to be,
 If thou art from the lofty Capitol,
 The most appalling of yon seven hills; — 1140
 If regal splendour do to thee belong:
 Deride not us, O Roman! Let us pass.
 P. May the Supreme on high, may he deride
 Those who deride such virtuous innocence.
 O learn to know me better. I indeed 1145
 Am Pontius' Consort, yet should deem myself
 Most base and abject, were I capable
 You to deride. Did not from isles remote
 Ye hither come, to worship the Most High,
 And I your pious zeal with mockery should meet? 1150
 Converse with me, that ye may know me more.
 This tomb of the deceased, is dear to me
 And sacred, far beyond what ye suppose.
 Ah tell me, did ye also hear in your
 Remoteness, the assertion; From the dead 1155
 He were revived, whom late this tomb contain'd? —
 Jemina answered: Thou dost entertain
 More apt ideas of th' exalted Jesus,
 Than we have found with any who believe
 Th' existence of the deities of Rome. 1160

And thou art worthy that we speak to thee
 Ingenuous, and that with cordiality
 We do await and honour thy reply.

More than the mere assertion came to us;
 And my companion of the saints saw one,
 To whom the Risen Jesus did appear.

1105

P. Speak, O thou happy woman, speak, who is
 The still more blessed, unto whom in mercy
 Himself he did reveal? Say, doth she dwell
 Still in the life of misery and woe,
 Or is she to the better life remov'd?

1170

R. Still Mary Magdalene, such is the name
 Of her to whom in mercy he appear'd,
 She still lives here. In vain she sought the Lord
 In th' open tomb, she grieved and weeping remain'd
 The silent place and saw, as she suppos'd,
 The gardener; for the dawn of rising morn
 Still hovered round the branches of the trees.

1175

But how describe the joy and the amaze
 With which the pious woman was overwhelm'd,
 When Jesus turned and, with his heavenly voice,
 Pronounced her name, when with his heavenly voice
 He uttered: Mary! — She sunk down to th' earth, —

1180

Rabboni! with a trembling voice she cry'd,
 And weeping clasp'd, and held, and kissed his feet;
 And how to her the Lord divine injunction
 Imparted. P. O desist, these joys at once
 Will be too many, I shall exhausted sink!

1185

J. Thou seest, O Rachel, she is agitated,
 Therefore desist! P. Is such thy name, Belov'd?
 Rachel thy name? O Rachel, how thy words
 Have mitigated th' anguish that I felt!

1190

He unto her appear'd! pronounced her name,
 Uttered with heavenly voice the mortal's name,
 How highly favoured! how divinely bless'd!

1195

Who can conceive the transport of her feelings!
 O let me see her, bring her me to meet,
 That from the depths of anguish I may lift
 My weary head and, weeping, look on her:
 With tears of sadness I on her shall gaze,
 For from the blessed fount of consolation
 No cheering drop into my soul can flow.

1200

A Pagan Roman, I can have no claim
 To such exalted blessings; I do not
 To Abraham's descendant's appertain;

1205

Much less to those especially belov'd,
 Among the daughters of Jerusalem,
 To whom the potent Victor does appear;
 The Vanquisher of death and of the grave!
 Why is not he with triumph high rewarded? 1210
 Why does not all Jerusalem resound
 With acclamation? Sion and the Temple
 Should tremble with the jubilant acclaims!
 Why do not they through all Judea bear
 The semblances of his progenitors 1215
 On golden staves before him? Abraham,
 Daniel, and Job, and Moses, ah, and thine
 Thou, of the sons of Israel the most
 Undaunted, throwing lifeless to the ground
 The Giant, and thy people from the yoke 1220
 Of the oppressor suddenly relieving?
 Why donot those weep after him with joy,
 The blind whose eyes he opened? and the deaf
 Who hear? and those, whom from the dead he rais'd?
 None ever yet such triumph high attain'd! 1225
 None that were, ever hailed around the hills
 Of Royal Rome, and laid their laurel down
 Amid the thunder in the Capitol
 Of Jupiter! But whither do I stray?
 Not of the present, as I heard myself, 1230
 Not of the present world is his domain.
 Sunk from the swelling wish for triumph, such
 As doth sanguinary conquerors reward,
 She to a more exalted height aspir'd,
 With silent thought she dwelled on future things, 1235
 And viewed contemplative the world to come.
 Jemina, seeing how with solemn — yet
 With joyful countenance she stood absorb'd
 In contemplation of the future world;
 She in the transport of her feelings most 1240
 Forgot that at a mortal's side she stood,
 Herself appearing in a mortal form.
 For suddenly the ruby, evening's glow
 Beamed from her cheek and in her smiling looks.
 But now, as Portia turned and partly saw 1245
 Th' Immortal, the effulgence died away, —
 Again she seem'd a pilgrim, and inclin'd
 With weariness on her supporting staff.
 But still the transport whence at once she sunk
 Into the pilgrim's posture, left sublime 1250

Astonishment in Portia's meeting and, as yet she had not
 That to interrogate she lack'd the pow'r, — a gentle consternation, a tremulous
 A gentle consternation, a tremulous emotion, palpitation of the heart,
 Emotion, palpitation of the heart, and still she silent stood;
 And thought profound; and still she silent stood;
 J. How I rejoiced thy silent contemplation
 To testify, that view'd futurity, the kingdom of the world, that is to come,
 The kingdom of the world, that is to come, and that considered all the pageant pomp
 Offearthly triumph, for the Lord of glory, too worthless, and too insignificant,
 Thou shouldst not longer be the sport of doubt, Of error, and of perplexity;
 Thou shouldst rejoice, since we to thee have stated: The Great Deceased did from death revive;
 Yea, and to thee some of the Witnesses: Perhaps the tidings glad with intimate,
 That they the Conqueror of death have teach'd: — Jemima spake it and, with heavenly smiles,
 Astonish'd Portia's countenance beheld. P. To me? — she stammered with a tremulous breath,
 J. Perplexing doubts, hence, vanish from her mind: The Sovereign Ruler of eternity
 Who e'er from the beginning did endow The heavenly region with beatitude;
 He be thy God! who gave thee life and being, He be thy refuge and thy consolation!
 My heart th' impulse no longer can repress: Of sympathy: Jehovah be thy God!
 Thy refuge, consolation, and thy joy! Tears from the eye of Portia copious gush'd,
 And utterance failed her when th' Immortal laid Her hand upon her forehead, and pronounc'd
 The blessing. When her voice returned, she spake: Conduct me, whosoever thou may'st be,
 Or whether of the blessed mortals one, Or whether some celestial visitant,
 Who doth benignly thus to man appear: Conduct me, teach me, what I am to do,
 Oh do instruct me, lead me on to God! With tranquil voice the heavenly Rachel spake,
 Hast thou not heard, O Portia, that with Jesus Many of the dead rose from the yielding grave?
 With hasty voice the pagan: What say'st thou? Many of the dead with Jesus did revive.

R. Such is the rumour that through Salem spreads,
Many of the dead with him forsook the grave,
And to the pious some of these appear'd, —
To those that love the blessed Son divine.

P. O give me scope, from my astonishment
Myself to extricate, and to reflect
O'erpowering is th' effect of what I feel.

Jesus revived? and many of the dead?
Himself he doth reveal, these do appear? —
Day of my life, on which I ascertain

Such wonders, the result of love divine!

R. We will conduct thee, Portia, go, and thou
In quest of those, to whom the Lord appear'd;
To find them, thy anxious mouth be, whisp'ring

Whom he is pleased to send; Rest, to thee,
Him of himself to testify he sends.

In Galilee he will appear: to most, a holy
Not only to the first of the disciples

In Salem he appears, to those who
These consecrated firstlings will traverse

The spacious globe, and will promulgate all
What Jesus suffered, what he did and taught;

And joyfully these with their flowing blood
Their testimony to the Lord will seal,

And their fidelity will then receive
The high reward before th' eternal throne.

To Galilee without delay retire:
And if thou dost not see him, he to thee

Some of the blessed company will send.
And now we must (with cordial love they smiled)

Now we must hence, Portia, from thence depart:
P. I do confuse you by the living God,

Who also unto me his mercy shew'd;
Stay yet a while, do not forsake me yet,

And tell me who ye are? A sense profound
As I have never yet experienc'd,

Indeed, most powerfully does animate
And lift my soul, and does environ me

With sweet anticipation, that ye are
Immortals! Yet, O tell me ye yourselves!

Assure me that ye are such, lest a cloud
Should hover yet around me, and obscure

The day that is unfolding in my soul:
God will reward you with celestial joy. —

And they behold each other, and remain'd,

We will instruct thee, how to God to pray!

So saying, Rachel and Jemina kneel'd

With Portia at the Risen Saviour's grave:

Our Father, who in heaven dost reside,

E'er hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come,

1345

Thy Will be done in heaven and on earth.

Our daily sustenance on us bestow.

As we forgive th' offenders, so forgive,

Lord, our offences; lead us not into

Temptation, but deliver us from evil,

1350

For thine is the domain, and thine the pow'r,

And thine the glory evermore, amen.

When they concluded sad, with lifted arms,

To heaven strain'd: Thine is the power, and thine

The glory! they at once with radiance were

1355

Enveloped, and from the sepulchre issu'd,

Hence passing through the shade of spreading trees.

With heavenly smiles they yet looked often back

On Portia, both with highest transport fill'd,

To testify the pagan's speechless joy.

1360

She still was kneeling in the dust, and stretch'd

Her lifted arms tow'rd the Celestial birth,

Unable from the dust herself to raise.

Jemina now and Rachel too, at last,

Were seen no more. Joy stream'd from Portia's eye,

1365

And down her glowing cheek. And now she rose,

Light as a leaf, that by the breeze is mov'd.

Thine, Father, is the kingdom, thine the pow'r,

And thine the glory evermore, amen. —

Thus, she with haste to Salem's gate return'd.

1370

Beor, a man of melancholy mind,

Of too acute a sensibility,

Forgetting soon the good he had receiv'd,

Augmenting — oft creating even all

His wretchedness, on which he ever dwell'd.

1375

With gloomy fervour and solemn intonation,

He from society secluded liv'd,

In solitude immured. As th' artisan

Forsakes his pillow glad at dawn of day,

So he repressed at midnight-hour his sleep.

1380

Aloof, at th' entrance to his dreary cell,

He nursed a gleaming light, a dim sepulchral lamp.

And having eaten now a morsel of bread,

And having drunk some water, so far dole

And melancholy thought a while refresh'd;

1385

He thus the sad propensity indulg'd:
 Again into th' o'erwhelming gloom sink down,
 Distracted soul, where often thou didst sink.
 Ah, is not all adversity decree'd?
 And must not some beneath affliction groan? 1390
 Dole must exist, because it does exist.
 And must not it become the lot of heav'n,
 Alone beneath the heavy doom to groan,
 If man were from adversity exempt?
 In heaven, sure, adversity prevails, 1395
 Or why prevail at all? Yet, why in heav'n?
 These are the questions that perplex me e'er,
 To which none a resolving answer yield,
 None from on high, none from the earth around;
 And thus my consolation is dispell'd, 1400
 That misery of necessity must be.
 Yet, though no consolation I derive,
 My drooping heart this question may indulge:
 Why doth affliction only light on some,
 Relentless lifting them with iron arm, 1405
 High from the general course with iron arm
 Destructive? with destructive arm why me?
 Was not I blind e'en from my mother's womb?
 Thick dreary darkness hovering round my life?
 He gave, indeed, day to these closed eyes, 1410
 And on my soul a gleaming light respecting.
 Himself he did bestow; but night involges
 My soul again, because he is no more.
 Ah, most terrific night! Jesus is dead!
 What does the fleeting day avail the eye, 1415
 While sable darkness lowers around my soul,
 Darkness more awful than the dale of death?
 Thou blindness of the eye, turn thou again!
 A view of the creation doth no more
 Delight my soul; the beam that vivifies 1420
 The flower in Saron, and the lofty cedar,
 The evening's ruby hues into my soul
 No longer do grateful sensations pour,
 Sensations soothing, gentle, full of peace.
 Ah, to such a state of wretchedness, 1425
 Though from the doleful grave of blindness rais'd;
 To such a wretched state I am reduc'd.
 Night hovers round my soul, — my soul more blind
 Than e'er mine eye was; for, ye holy Angels,
 (Ye wretchedness and woe our race is doom'd!) 1430

Because, ye Angels, Jesus is no more. —
 A hoary stranger, seemingly fatigued,
 Entered the cell, while Beor thus complain'd.
 St. Give, Beor, give, O give to me thy cup.
 I am than thou more aged, and was more 1436
 Afflicted. B. Thou than I afflicted more?
 Thou only art more aged. Take my cup,
 I am more able to the fount to stoop.
 St. And canst thou likewise with some food regale
 My fainting age? B. Here, take this bread and eat. 1440
 St. Thou art, O Beor, — this delights my soul, —
 Thou art toward the stranger not unkind;
 Alone against thyself thou art severe,
 And dost refuse to comfort thine own heart.
 Thine understanding labours, and explores 1445
 Mysterious mazes, and thine heart still strives,
 No consolation to thyself to yield.
 I know thee, Beor, I was present when
 Thou sawest first the splendid works of God.
 B. Thou knowst them, truly, of the sons of men 1450
 The man that is most hapless. And I am
 The more afflicted, having not the pow'r
 The source of all my sorrow to repress.
 But donot even momentary suppose,
 That for complaint I have not ample cause. 1455
 Sorrow like mine would strike the mynthal down,
 Was not I blind, blind from my mother's womb,
 Blind all the choicest season of my life?
 And does not more impenetrable gloom
 Lower round my pensive soul, respecting knowledge 1460
 Of yon divine, yon most exalted man,
 Who came from God, miracles to effect?
 And will his death, to the obscurity
 Of my discernment, some new light impart?
 Now, dost thou know affliction, such as mine? 1465
 And those who were afflicted from their birth,
 Must not they dread to be for ever wretched?
 Is not relentless grief the harbinger
 Of everlasting wretchedness and woe?
 And does the Righteous Judge not more severely 1470
 My sins chastise, than sins of other men?
 I donot curse the day of my unhappy birth,
 But almost wish, existence I had none. —
 Thus Beor ended, and the Stranger spake;
 Did not at once he open to thy view, 1475

When least thou didst expect or hope such grace;
 The portals of his sanctuary divine,
 The splendour of the world? it's fulsome *Ill*
 Of bounteous blessings, by the sun *illum'd*?
 Joy then didst thou experience, joy which none 1400
 Could ever feel, who always had their sight.
 And did not he unto thy wondering soul
 A distant view of future things unfold,
 When he did nominate himself the Son
 Of the Eternal? Was this wretchedness, 1405
 O Beor? was this chastisement for aught?
 He doth not pass denunciations more severe
 On sins with thee, than on the sins of all.
 The Glory of God, thou blessed by misery,
 The Holy Jesus would with thee display! 1410
 The Glory of the Lord to testify,
 Thou wert ordained anterior to thy birth.
 Thus the Eternal hath remembered thee. —
 With fervour Beor interrupted him,
 Exclaiming:—Don't plunge me deeper still 1415
 Into the depths of mine inquietude!
 Desist, too deep already is th' abyss
 In which with every effort still I sink.
 Yea, if thou wert an Angel from on high,
 And wert advancing what thou dost advance; 1420
 I should inquire of thee: How thou couldst know
 The secret purposes of the Most High?
 Devise a subject, more beyond the range
 Of thought or of inquiry, which compasses
 The Sovereign Arbitrator more than thine. 1425
 Such wretchedness and misery to ordain,
 Thence glory to derive! and how dost thou,
 O Mortal, know, it were the purposes
 Of the Eternal, thus abstruse to act? —
 Were some Celestial such to me to state, 1430
 I should believe him: but were he to say,
 That he could fathom such profundity;
 This e'en an Angel would in vain aver. —
 Thus Beor. And the hoary Sage reply'd;
 Does then no everlasting recompense 1435
 Exist, thou Doubter? and don't the high
 Degrees of this eternal recompense
 Rise to the heaven of heavens, higher e'er?
 Whom in his purposes divine th' Eternal
 Afflicted, can not he requite him all? 1440

Th' Exhaustless Giver of all bliss, can he
 Not recompense the sorrows of this life?
 Thou standest at the ocean; and, behold,
 Thou dust, a single drop can overwhelm thee.
 B. Thy words, O hoary venerable man, 1525
 Infuse delight into my pensive heart.
 Yet, though th' eternal purposes be such,
 How may I venture to imagine, I
 Were so supremely favoured, one to be
 Of those whom God afflicts, himself to glorify, 1530
 And them with endless recompense to bless.
 St. Thou art, O Beor, thou art one of these!
 Of this I am assured: And thou wilt soon
 Receive convincing proofs to that effect,
 Because day soon will beam into thy sight; 1535
 Rejoice, the ruby splendour of the morn
 Already from afar the day proclaims.
 Let us, before it comes, in prayer kneel;
 That, when it comes, thou mayst be praying found.
 And thus into the dust both humbly knell'd, 1540
 Job at the side of Beor more advanc'd;
 And Beor weeping, thus began to pray:
 O Lord, Lord God! compassionate and gracious!
 Am I ordained to be afflicted thus,
 That thou thy mercy mayst to me reveal? 1545
 Still more abundant; then with grateful praise,
 To heaven with grateful praise I lift mine head,
 Rejoicing, that mine eye thou didst involve
 With darkness, and my pensive soul with night;
 For evermore my thanks to thee shall rise, 1550
 And jubilant thy name I will proclaim,
 Because thou hadst compassion, God, on me.
 Ah, thou preserver of the human race,
 Wilt thou this hovering night; that shrouds my soul,
 Wilt thou dispel it soon? O cheering hope, 1555
 New, heaven-inhaling, aspiring hope,
 Thou art descended from the Lord on high!
 Adored, O Father, be thy glorious name;
 Thy mercy and compassion unto man,
 Thy fostering care to evermore display'd 1560
 Were e'en the mother to forsake her child;
 God still would show compassion unto man.
 O Lord, Lord God! compassionate and gracious,
 Adored be evermore thy glorious name,
 For having deck'd mine eye, e'en show my birth, 1565

With blindness, and for having given, to me
 Affliction in abundance, flowing tears:
 Admonishing me thus, my heart to wean
 From earthly things, and on eternal things
 My soul's affection principally to fix:
 Ah, thou hast suffered me, with gloomy doubts,
 With sad dejection and perplexity
 Still to contend, that in my inmost soul
 I should discover, how I am so frail,
 Dependant utterly on thy support!
 But shall not I express my thanks, to Thee,
 Jesus, whom God did send, to be the helper,
 In Judah? But, alas, (his voice became more faint,)
 Jesus is dead! — He, lives! with constance
 Averted and effulgent, Job exclaim'd,
 He lives! and quickly from the dust he rose,
 At once effulgent with immortal glory
 Behold, he is not longer dead, he lives!
 And of the Witnesses, who testify'd
 His from the dead reviving, I am one,
 E'en one of those whom from the grave he rais'd.
 My name is Job. I was afflicted more,
 Thou dost not longer doubt it? — more than thou;
 But how he shew'd compassion unto me! —
 And Beor strove, his folded hands to lift,
 But was unable. E'en as they uphold
 The hands of Moses on the day of battle;
 For, death they brought when sinking, life when rais'd:
 So Job at present Beor's hands uphold.
 Now from th' astonish'd mortal he with bliss
 Departed, who still view'd him pale and speechless.
 J. Behold, the Great Deceased who ever lives,
 Who now will soon rise to the Height of heights,
 (Th' Immortal pointed high with radiant arm
 And with sublime solemnity to heav'n!)
 He, e'en himself, hath over thee pronounc'd:
 Not on account of sins he was born blind,
 Not on account of sins that were his own,
 Nor any sins of her who gave him birth,
 Nor sins of him by whom he was begotten:
 He is a Witness to the glory of God.
 No saying, Job departed; Beor scarce
 Was able the departing to sustain.
 The Father of the Faithful, Abraham,
 And Moses, in the temple's lofty arches

With eye intent are hovering, viewing thence
 The congregation, gathered to the feast;
 With scrutinous attention they survey
 The whole assembly, searching long to find
 One worthy, that to him they might appear, 1615
 But still they search in vain. At last among
 The pillars, that are high with palm entwin'd,
 They distantly observe a fervent youth,
 There standing, with profound devotion deeply impress'd.
 Fire streamed from all his locks, when now the blast 1620
 Resounded of the trumpet, which to Him
 Was consecrated, when it loud proclaim'd,
 Companion of the festal hallelujah,
 As of the battle and the victory.
 A gentleness his gesture now assum'd, 1625
 And tears anon stood trembling in his eye,
 When suddenly the thundering chorus ceas'd,
 And soothing sounds proclaimed Jehovah's praise,
 Accompanied by the melodious harp;
 The human voice, mellifluous above 1630
 The sound of every instrument of art,
 Maintaining o'er the heart most potent sway.
 Such sounds arose in the aspiring temple:
 High on the sacred hills the awful place
 Is founded! More than in the tents of Jacob, 1635
 The Lord delights in Sion gates to dwell.
 In thee, thou city of th' Omnipotent,
 Most glorious things are loud in thee proclaim'd!
 Loud are in thee proclaimed most glorious things.
 With unaverted fervour of devotion, 1640
 His thoughts uplifted to the Bounteous Giver
 Of every good, who ever lives and reigns;
 Saul humbly kneeled. And him amid the vast
 And thronging congregation, Abraham
 And Moses chose, to him they would appear. 1645
 The service of the temple being clos'd,
 And all the congregation gradually
 Dispersing, these aloof pursued his way,
 Him to attend. From Tabor's lofty height,
 With radiant speed, while these attended Saul, 1650
 Th' exalted Gabriel tow'rd them advanc'd.
 G. Refrain, ye Fathers, donot ye to him
 Yourselves reveal; to him the Lord appears.
 M. Say, O thou Messenger from the Most High,
 Who is th' exalted mortal, unto whom 1655

Ourselves we may not venture to reveal,
 To whom the Risen Jesus will appear?
 G. There ye behold Damascus: Thither he
 Will hasten, and will be, O Church of God,
 Thy furious and sanguinary persecutor. 1060
 Large bands he will collect. And those, like him
 Murderous dispos'd, will persecute the church.
 But suddenly a blazing light from heav'n
 Will compass him; down to the dust he sinks,
 And from the hovering clouds he hears a voice: 1065
 Saul, Saul! why art thou persecuting me?
 Then he exclaims to heav'n: Lord, who art thou?
 And the terrific voice will answer him:
 Lo, I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest?
 In vain thou dost the power of heaven oppose. --- 1070
 Dismay'd and trembling he will then exclaim:
 What is thy mandate, Lord? what must I do? ---
 The all-reviving Jesus; the disposer
 Of all the thrones, for ever seated high
 At the Right hand of the Eternal Father; 1075
 He deigns the heavenly mandate to impart.
 Saul follows the injunction from on high.
 And, smit with instant blindness, he is hence
 By his companions, who are terrify'd
 Not less than he, back to Damascus led. 1080
 There to the prophet he is introduc'd:
 A chosen instrument he is of God.
 The name divine of Jesus to the Gentiles
 He shall proclaim, yea, to their mighty Rulers,
 And to the sons of Israel remote. 1085
 The Lord of life will intimate to him,
 How much on his account he is to suffer.
 The Holy Ghost on him will be bestow'd,
 His blindness will forsake him. He will be
 Baptized, and he will preach the name divine. 1090
 Yea, he will preach, that Jesus is the Son
 Of the Eternal, the deceased Messiah,
 The risen, glorified, to heaven rais'd,
 Eternally adorable Messiah. ---
 And Gabriel was silent. Abraham 1095
 With folded hands exclaimed: That, Lord, Thou art
 The Author and Completer of salvation!
 That to thy name the knees of all shall bow,
 The knees of all in heaven, on the earth;
 And under th' earth! and every tongue confess. 1100

Thee at th' eternal throne to be the First,
 And at the grave th' accomplisher of all:
 E'en to the glory of the Father, Lord!
 God's coeternal Son, th' only begotten
 To everlasting glory, hallelujah.

1705

Their inward transport now suppressed their speech.

Moses at last proceeded, th' ardent youth
 Thus consecrating to th' apostleship:
 The love of Jesus Christ and of the brethren
 Constrain thee! Be thou armed to overthrow 1710
 Each height that rises to oppose the Lord!
 Preach Jesus with the eloquence of men,
 Preach Jesus with the eloquence of Angels;
 But cherish likewise love, the love of Christ,
 Which doth prefer the knowledge of the Lord 1715
 To every learning, deep, abstruse, and rare;
 And love fraternal also in thee dwell,
 Love that is patient, gentle, meek, and kind,
 And not invidious; that doth not deride,
 Of supercilious haughtiness devoid, 1720
 Not subject to distorting ire and passion.
 Not seeking first it's own: Embittered ne'er,
 It never strives, a brother to annoy;
 Rejoices in veracity, and loathes
 Injustice; it believes, is full of hope, 1725
 It is long-suffering, does endure all things,
 And is interminable in it's nature.
 This Love be thine, thou youngest-born of grace,
 Among the holy messengers of peace,
 To whom the Lord himself deigns to appear. 1730
 For those whom thou dost cherish in thy love,
 Are members of th' exalted congregation;
 Bride of the Bridegroom, sprinkled with his blood,
 Blood that is louder than the blood of Abel;
 That doth not cry for vengeance, but for mercy! 1735
 Blood that speaks louder than the terror all
 Of Sinai, and thunder of the trump
 Seraphic, ah, which doth denounce no curse.
 Close after Stephen, Saul departed hence,
 Accompanied by this high consecration. 1740
 And the Immortals taw'rd hear Taber mov'd.
 Elcanan, Simeon's brother, and with him
 His youthful guide, had entered Samma's house,
 When on the doleful evening they forsook
 The silent grave, already deck'd with moss. 1745

Samma, with cordial friendship and with kind
 Entreaty had detained them, a serene
 And liberal host, although his soul was much
 With grief depressed, and with th' additional
 Affliction now: The Lord of life expir'd, 1760
 And none his resurrection yet confirm'd. —
 Kicanan also mourned on this account,
 And Boa mourned, O Joel, such with thee.
 They had successive messengers dispatch'd,
 But none of the disciples they could find. 1765
 And they retired to Joel's fragrant bow'r,
 Which in the garden Samma to him gave.
 The tranquil moon alone, as they suppos'd,
 Was witness to their phant; but on a silver cloud,
 Which with it's fleecy texture gently veil'd 1770
 The mild effulgence, more perceptive hearers
 Collected, — more perceptive witnesses,
 When their dolour their speech a while repress'd:
 'Simeon, Benoni, and, Perfected Saint,
 Sister of Lazarus, O Mary, thou. 1775
 B. No longer I am able to refrain!
 I to my father and my brother must
 Myself reveal. O Simeon, have not they
 Sufficiently the tears of sorrow wept?
 Have not they drank enough the cup of woe? 1780
 Have not the goal of trial they attain'd?
 And shall not we the crown to them afford?
 S. We will, Benoni. Follow us unseen,
 O Mary, and participate the bliss,
 Their joy to testify. And thou, Benoni, 1785
 Reveal thyself with lessened radiance
 Remotely, lest o'erpower'd they should sink. —
 And these descended. Joel thus resum'd:
 I tarried near the grave of my Benoni,
 Near Simeon's thou; ah, had we tarried near 1790
 The Lord's sepulchre, we perhaps might there
 Have seen him, when with glory he arose.
 Had we — — O heavens, what effulgent form
 Is through yon distant foliage reveal'd? —
 Down on his knees the trembling Samma sunk, 1795
 Exclaiming: Lord, Lord God! compassionate
 And gracious! Lo, a messenger from heav'n!
 E. What saw'st thou, Child? O Samma, say, what is 't?
 Conduct me, that the vision I may meet,
 That to it I may speak! J. We are dismay'd, 1800

Elcanan, we cannot conduct thee hence.

E. Conduct me hence! What, Boa, dost thou see?

Conduct me, Boy, conduct me to the place!

(Boa with silent fear clung to the bow'r.)

Then answer me, and tell me, what ye see? 1795

J. We see the radiant semblance of a youth,

Along the harbour of Benoni gliding;

It looks on us, and with benevolent smiles.

Mysterious Appearance, cried Elcanan,

O say, who art thou? — And harmonious, 1800

A voice resounded through the foliage:

B. A messenger of transport, more sublime

Than ye imagine or anticipate.

J. O heavens, what voice is this, that I perceive?

Whose countenance, that hitherward advances? 1805

It is Benoni! — Joel trembling sunk.

Benoni stood already at his side,

And reared with succouring arm him from the ground. —

B. My Brother! — With beatitude he spake it.

J. My heavenly Brother! — Joel faintly stammer'd. 1810

B. Samma, my Father! — And into his arms

Th' Immortal sunk, and held the vital spark

In th' aged breast of Samma, lest he should

Amid the tumult of ineffable

Perception slumber hence, — lest in the night 1815

Of death his eye should close in tearless transport.

And he conducted to a mossy seat

The hoary man, who still of speech was void.

Conduct Elcanan hither, the Immortal

To Boa said, that he may nearer hear. 1820

E. Now I with peace shall to the grave descend.

For though I have not seen thee, O Immortal,

I hear thy heavenly voice! Speak then to us,

Instruct us, O thou messenger from God!

B. One, greater than myself, will speak to you, 1825

And will instruct you, when ye shall be able,

His coming and his presence to sustain. —

While the Celestial spake, his brother Joel

With silent assiduity approach'd,

And scattered flowerets in Benoni's steps. 1830

B. Say, are ye able, (he with grateful looks

Regarded Joel,) can ye now sustain

Simeon's appearance? — Oh, is Simeon's soul,

Exclaimed Elcanan, hovering near me here?

O thou celestial messenger of bliss, 1835

Let him appear! Be not appalled, O Sanna;
 Boa and Joel, donot hinder him.
 Mine ear already listens for thy voice,
 Come, Simeon, come! my brother, Simeon, come!
 Mine eye, dear brother, cannot see thee now, 1840
 But I ere long shall see thee, when the dale
 Of doleful darkness wakes me to the light. —
 Amid the gentle radiance of the moon,
 Simeon with heavenly splendour onward mov'd.
 Less terrified than when the unannounc'd 1845
 Effulgence of Benoni's form they saw,
 But more amazed; they viewed the radiant form.
 Utterance from the Celestial's lips thus flow'd:
 Jesus is risen! many of the saints,
 By his omnipotence, forsook their graves! 1850
 He does appear, we also do appear.
 But him exclusively those witnesses behold,
 Whom he unto the ministry 'ordain'd,
 Whom he gave power miracles to effect,
 Who with their blood their testimony seal. 1855
 And them the first celestial crowns and palms
 In their eternal heritage await.
 And thrones await them on the judgment-day.
 But ere to God the Son divine ascends,
 Ere he with shouts and with Angelic trump 1860
 To heaven soars, Five-hundred of the Faithful
 At once will see him. Jesus bless you all,
 Among the blessed number naming you.
 Yea, bless them, Lord! and shower on them this grace.
 E. Thou, Simeon, prior to the day of days, 1865
 Art risen from the grave? Ah, how mine heart
 Is thirsting, thee to see! Yet I should not,
 The blessed Jesus I should not behold!
 No, never as at present has my blindness
 Distressed me. But be silent, every pang. 1870
 Plaint shall not cloud the happy hour, in which
 Simeon sees me, in which his voice I hear,
 While he with me communes, respecting Jesus,
 And his eternal glory. Ah, at once
 Five-hundred of the Faithful see the Lord! 1875
 Were I among them, I should also share
 Their transports, though unable him to see;
 Their voices would their ecstasy proclaim.
 Mayst thou, O Simeon, speak to me respecting
 Celestial things? mayst thou heaven's mysteries 1880

CANTO XV.. Stapstock's Messias.

515

To us reveal? S. Not, while in dust ye dwell:
Such is decreed by him who, by degrees,
According to probation doth exalt,
And recompense: who covered worlds from worlds,
Yet indissolubly united all:

1885

Who in the infinite incomprehensive plan
Of the consummate happiness of all,
The bonds of all felicity united.

But when to thee compared, sublime display
Of bliss, which the Celestials ever taste;
The visible creation is mere shade.

1890

On wretchedness he founds exalted joy,
Joy known to none of those that never mourn'd.

Learn also this: Eternity does nought

Exhibit, that is more astonishing,

1895

More inconceivable' and mysterious,
Than that one of the heights of the divine
Redeemer's exaltation is on his

Humility established. Th' awful thought
Involves your minds with wonder and amaze.

1900

However, dwell not with intentness thus
On truths, that even fill a heavenly breast
With wonder. Know your whole felicity,
That heaven yielded to you even here.

Not we alone, the amiable soul

1905

Of Mary also hovers near you now,

The sister of thine solemn Lazarus

Is hovering near this happy and blessed bow'r.

Behold, she doth participate your joy. —

They all exclaimed: And is our Mary dead?

1910

The sister of our Lazarus is dead? —

And doth participate our joy! exclaim'd

The happy Samma. Yea and, Mary, we

Rejoice with thee, and taste thine heavenly bliss.

Almighty Father of our destiny,

1915

How thou dost dry mine every tear of dole!

Thou sendest my Benoni to my arms!

And to Elcanan dost his brother send.

And in a transport the affectionate

Youth added: And to Joel his dear brother. —

1920

With rapturous emotion, Samma thus

Proceeded: God, how thou hast ended mine

Affliction! how could I presume to hope

Such high deliverance, when a gloomy sadness

Began around my troubled soul to low'r;

1925

When in futurity I sought desory'd
 Save direful horrors, and appalling forms!
 My reason then forsook me! Thee, my Son,
 Against the rock, stained with thy blood, I dash'd.
 Through my remaining life to weep and mourn, 1930
 Until the present moment, I suppos'd.
 And all this terminates in heavenly bliss!
 We meet again, yea, and our meeting is
 More blissful than a meeting ever known.
 My Son Benoni, my Celestial Son, 1935
 Bruised by th' ensanguined rock, how great have been
 To thee the mercies of our heavenly Father,
 Who e'en through thee beams mercy down on me.
 I know thou wilt again from me depart;
 But thy departure I can never deem 1940
 A parting: I shall bear thee evermore
 Before mine eye, such as, a heir of heav'n,
 Thou stoodst before me here, with glory vested.
 It scarcely can be said, that we shall meet,
 When I shall see thee in the realms of bliss, 1945
 In everlasting glory. One request
 I have to make, ere thou dost from me turn:
 Bestow on me, my Son, thy benediction.
 B. My benediction? can a son pronounce
 A benediction on his hoary sire? 1950
 Can I pronounce it, I, thy youngest son?
 S. Mine eldest now! yea, elder than myself!
 Thine are the days of everlasting life,
 Life real! this life is a transient state,
 A state of slumber, whence in death we wake. — 1955
 Benoni now his folded hands uplifted,
 Became more radiant while he spake, and said:
 Soon mayst thou from this slumber then awake,
 And gentle be thy death, as Simeon's death,
 Dear Father. — Thus Benoni blessed him. 1960
 Now Joel spake. Ah, I should also crave
 A benediction; but I fear, Benoni,
 I dread that thou wilt bless me with long life.
 B. Thou dost then dread, O youth, a higher recompense!
 For know, the deeper that a virtuous life 1965
 Is rooted here, the higher doth it's crown
 Of glory rise in the eternal state,
 The farther do it's fuller branches spread.
 My brother, my dear Joel, shall I now
 Pronounce a benediction upon thee? 1970

And Joel now before Benoni kneel'd.
 Benoni on his glowing forehead laid
 His hand and said: Receive the blessing then
 Of blessings, and receive eternal life:
 That God who did raise Jesus from the grave, 1975
 That God conduct thee on to Jesus Christ. —
 They disappeared from all their suppliant eyes.
 Boa exclaimed: We donot see them more,

Elcanan! Joel from the dust arose,
 And with the gentle voice of transport said: 1980
 If thou dost here, O amiable Soul
 Of Mary, if thou still dost hover here;
 Ah, then to them our fervid thanks convey,
 Our fervid, joyful, inmost gratitude
 For this especial grace, of their to us 1985
 Appearing, their discourse respecting God,
 And benedictions which they have pronounc'd.
 Thus, Joel sunk into his Father's arms.

Christ's mother now sate on the lofty roof.
 The sun was seen no longer; th' evening-star 1990
 Beamed it's effulgence from the heavens forth.

At Mary's side her temple-harp repos'd.
 She saw, as she imagined, o'er the brook
 A female-pilgrim, who tow'rd her advanc'd,
 Not walking, but as gliding o'er the ground, 1995
 And heavenly semblance suddenly assum'd.

A splendid thought thus into action pass'd.
 Th' effulgent form before her, on the roof,
 Already stood. But Jesus' mother was
 Astonished now no longer, She beheld 2000

Some heavenly Angel, or some Risen Saint.
 She had already seen her Risen Son.

And the Immortal thus to her began:
 From thee, O Mother of the Lord of life,
 I will not, neither need, my splendour hide. 2005
 Thou soon with me wilt shine before the throne.

O Mary, know, I also am a mother.
 M. Perhaps the mother of the dutiful
 And pious Sacrificer? or of him,

Who did not see the grave, the heavenly Enoch? 2010
 E. Of Abraham, yea, and of Enoch too!

I am, O Thou who didst bring forth the great
 Restorer of primeval innocence;
 I am the mother of the human race.

M. Thee, thee I do behold! Felicity 2015

Of heaven, Abel's mother I behold!

E. And Cain's Elvior. Now I higher came,

With thee the Son, & Immortal to praise.

Come then, O Mary, let our harps resound.

M. Should I with thee in heavenly concert join, 2020

With thee who art immortal? I with thee,

Who art the mother of the human race,

While I am mortal yet? But we resound

The Blessed Mediator! Eve, begin,

And teach me how to sing the Son divine. 2025

E. A second time he gave to me my life!

He called me into being twice, whom thou,

O Mary, hast brought forth! He hath assum'd

Our nature and was of a woman born,

Whose power gave existence unto thee, 2030

His mother, and to me. He formed the heav'ns!

M. He, who did form the sun, the moon, and stars,

Who called us into being; he, O Eve,

Was born! Hast thou the lofty song perceiv'd

Of Angels, when he in a cot came forth? 2035

E. When the triumphal train with songs of praise

Returned to Sion, with it's thunder high

The trees of life e'en to their summits trembled.

And the Celestials bowed, where they approach'd.

M. At Bethlehem he in a manger wept. 2040

But Angels, ere he wept, proclaimed his name,

The name of the restorer of our state:

Jesus, the cedar heard; Jesus the palm;

Jesus, hear Tabor; Jesus, Golgatha.

E. The throne, whence he descended, did perceive 2045

The name of the Anointed. And the host

Of heaven the name of the Anointed heard.

M. And hast thou seen him, when his head he bow'd?

E. I saw him, when he on the cross expir'd.

M. And hast thou seen the ignominious crown, 2050

The gored crown which did his temples pierce?

E. I saw the crown which did his head entwine,

And saw how the effulgence died away

Of the Celestials, and how sorrow marr'd

The countenance of all whom he redeem'd. 2055

M. And, Abel's Mother, didst thou hear his voice,

When in the pangs of dissolution Christ

Exclaimed: It is accomplished! when he cry'd:

O Father, to thine hands my Spirit I commend!

E. I heard the words of everlasting life, 2060

Resounding as the psalms of heavenly harp,
 As choirs when at the throne sublime they sing,
 When Christ his head uplifted, and exclaim'd:
 It is accomplished! when his eye to heav'n
 With looks divine he raised, and cried: O Father, 2005
 Into thine hands my Spirit I commend.

M. And yet I was afflicted, still a mortal,
 Much more than Abel's mother ever was.
 But praises to the Son divine, the Giver
 Of my affliction! for the fearful hour 2070

Nocturnal, th' hour of anguish, when a sword
 Did pierce my soul; doth now exalt my joy!
E. I never felt the anguish, thou hast felt,
 Though Abel in his blood lay on the ground,
 The first who fell death's victim, and my son. 2075

Heaven and earth around me disappear'd,
 So the deceased the mother's soul appall'd.
M. Arm of th' Omnipotent, thou only didst
 Uphold me, Arm of God! when he exclaim'd, —
 When from the judgment-altar, and amid 2080
 Terrific night, the Son divine exclaim'd:

My God, why hast thou thus forsaken me! —
E. Mother of Christ, I heard the sacrific'd
 Redeemer, when to God he thus exclaim'd.
 And thee, O Mary, I no longer saw. 2085

M. Hail thee, thou mother of the human race,
 Thou near the cross wert hovering, when the Son
 To God uttered this mystery profound,
 Hail me, the Mediator I have born!

Hail thee, of ransomed man the parent thou. 2090
E. Yea, I am blessed! me of Adam's bone,
 In paradise, the great Creator form'd.

And the Omnipotent Reviver of the dead,
 When paradise was long despoiled; of dust
 Corruptible has fashioned me anew. 2095

Of the redeemed I am the blessed mother;
 I am the mother of the blessed Mary.

M. Thou, twice in Eden born! the daughter first
 Of the creation, (her life passed away!)
 And then the daughter of the resurrection 2100

To everlasting life: Ah, Eve, from thee
 He also doth descend, who ever was,
 Whom in a cot the mortal Mary bore.

O Thou, the mother's parent, heavenly joy
 Streams on me: yet amid the flood of high 2105

Bentitude, in which my powers immerse,
 The mortal Mary still her state perceives.
 Thy benediction to eternal life,
 O Eve, on me bestow! I am receiv'd
 Into the covenant of redeeming grace; 2110
 Bless then an heiress of the heavenly kingdom,
 Yea, bless me, Eve, to everlasting life.
 E. Though thou art mortal yet, and I am now
 Immortal; yet, O Mary, I am not
 Sufficient to pronounce on thee a blessing. 2115
 The Author of the Covenant divine,
 Behold, the Sacrifice on Golgatha's
 Eusanguined altar, the accomplisher;
 He on his mother long ere now pronounc'd
 The benediction to eternal life. 2120
 M. Ere at the everlasting throne my song
 Of praises shall stream forth to the most loving,
 Benevolent Author of this benediction,
 I once again shall in the fields of death
 Behold him! Gabriel effulgent stood, 2125
 And with a dread solemnity announc'd,
 That we the Lord should once again behold.
 O sing to me, Mother of Abraham,
 My mother also; sing to me respecting
 The resurrection of the Son divine, 2130
 When on the lofty cross amid dun night
 His head not longer sunk, and when his eye
 Not longer closed in darkness, when the crown
 Of thorn not longer gored his sacred temples.
 When God to the decision dire advanc'd. 2135
 E. It thus resounded: Let the light come forth!
 And suddenly the living blaze appear'd.
 Thus he arose. Down sunk our harps and palms;
 We shouted forth the jubilant acclaim,
 Not at the throne the choirs do so resound; 2140
 As th' ocean roars, such was the bursting peal
 Of hallelujahs that rose to the Son,
 But suddenly with general amaze
 Profoundest silence all-around prevail'd.
 The heavens, th' earth, and we were silent all, 2145
 Until at last the Martyr-train began
 The air with high triumphal songs to fill;
 Till down to the Redeemer Adam came,
 And, standing at his side, aloud exclaim'd:
 I swear by Thee, who ever livest and reign'st, 2150

Death is not longer death, and on the day
Of thy completion, all that sleep shall wake.

M. Ah, th' acclamation of this ecstasy,
Pervading th' inmost feelings of the heart
Of his Coinheritress of endless bliss! —

2155

Strew on my grave the flowers of autumn. Seed,
Sown by the Lord, I see thy rising crop.
I hear in heaven the reapers' joyful shouts.
Soon lay thyself, O Mary, down to sleep,
That I may in the valleys of repose
Receive the mother of the Son divine.

2160

M. That in the valleys of repose we may
Sing to his name when, at the throne, he wipes
The tears of christians, and commands the plaint
Of the afflicted, mute for e'er to be.

2165

Behold, he bore the sins of all the world,
And he is Love! Who freely on himself
Took Adam's woe and burthen, he is Love!
Yea, he is love, who not beloved, not known,
Who, — then the heavens of heavens with amaze
Were silent, — who ordained and gave himself,
The direful death of sacrifice to die.

2170

E. A sacrifice, a sacrifice for sin!

When e'en Archangels with astonishment
Were silent, and when hell aloud complain'd,
When th' awful judgment with uplifted arm
And iron pace vindictive onward mov'd. —
Thus Eve concluded, now departing hence.

2175

And Mary long with wondering eye pursued
Her radiant course, while she tow'rd Tabor soar'd.

2180

Now to the mountain of transfiguration
The holy bands respectively return'd,
There with eachother to rejoice in joys
They had imparted to those chosen mortals,
To whom in various manner they appear'd.
Effulgent onward from Jerusalem

2185

They slowly moved, rejoicing in the bliss,
Into the pensive hearts of some infus'd,
Or dwelling with anticipation sweet
On future transports, in fraternal hearts
Still emanating, labouring to come forth,
To' expand, and o'er the fainting traveller's head
Benevolent a kindly shade to spread,
While passing through affliction's fervid paths.
As when a star, and now one more, and now

2190

2195

Another, in th' awful profundity
 Of boundless space, successively appear,
 When twilight wanes from the approach of night:
 E'en so the glorified Immortals now
 Collected on hoar Tabor; only few, 2200
 The sacred mountain had not yet receiv'd.

Fair Cidli, Jairus' daughter, solitary
 Before the arbour on the lofty roof,
 Sate thoughtful, viewing thence the ruby morn.
 She had not seen her dear, affectionate 2205
 Semida, since he to his grave retr'd. —

O Guiltless Love! — for such indeed mine is, —
 When wilt thou cease to agitate my breast?
 When hence remove this grief, that doth transform
 Every surrounding object into sad 2210
 Afflictive semblance, and distressful tears?

If I no longer the affinity
 Bear to the earth, her mortal sons to bring;
 If I was to the earthly life recall'd,
 Myself to God thus wholly to devote; 2215

Why doth this tender feeling, — love, — to me
 A pining grief, yet full of innocence, —
 Why doth it still my heaving, throbbing breast
 With unremitted fervour thus possess? —

If it's duration silent import were, 2220
 That I was not into this life recall'd,
 Thus to the Lord myself to consecrate? —
 Yet, who will extricate me from the depths
 Of this dolour? from these distressful doubts?

I from the grave was raised, but still am mortal; 2225
 I live, and I like others feel dolour;
 I am afflicted e'en than others more,

Whose love perhaps is not from blame so free.
 Indeed I wish, I also were more mortal, —
 Ah no, this plaint too vehement became. 2230

More mortal to become, I ne'er will crave. —
 She rose, and dried in haste her glowing cheek.
 Soon of the female pilgrims one the roof
 Ascended; Cidli's mother with her came.

P. I traversed long the spacious fields around, 2235
 Ere Jairus' daughter I could ascertain;

I found thee now. O Cidli, thou hast heard
 The triumph of the Lord, who raised thee from the grave?

C. I heard the glorious triumph of the Lord,
 Of him who called me into life again! 2240

But the exalted witnesses of his
Triumphant glory I have not yet seen.
Mary, the sister of our Lazarus, —
Thou knowst her doubtless, since thou hast explor'd
The spacious fields in quest of Jairus' daughter? 2246
She is not longer with us! ah, whether
The mother of the Lord be still alive,
I know not. P. Mary lives, and she has seen
The Son divine, since from the grave he rose.
C. Ah, wert thou by some heavenly Angel sent, 2250
That thou, O Pilgrim, shouldst to me impart,
How my Reviver hath been glorify'd,
And how his mother hath with joy been crown'd?
P. I traversed and explored dales and fields,
Some one to find of those that testify'd 2255
The blessed Jesus' glory, while he dwell'd
Still on the earth in his humility.
Hast thou not aught of those new witnesses,
O Cidli, learned, who testified his glory,
Since now he reigns more potent over death, 2260
Than when he Mary's brother, and the Youth
At Nain, Cidli, and thee, to life restor'd?
Did not the spreading rumour thee attain:
That, when the Lord bowed from the cross his head,
Many of the Righteous did forsake their graves, 2265
And these to some appeared, who love and honour
The blessed Jesus? C. Oh, I honour him,
I love and honour him, O Pilgrim, speak!
O tell me, has the rumour been confirm'd?
P. Ere long, thyself this truth wilt ascertain. 2270
Some say, the glorified and risen Saints
On hoary Tabor are collecting now,
The sacred mountain of transfiguration.
To go to Tabor therefore I resolve.
In company of one who was herself 2275
Raised from the grave, I rather than alone
Those newly-risen Saints to meet would go.
C. O Pilgrim, though I from the grave was rais'd,
I am a mortal still, e'en as thyself.
Saints newly risen, must, if they appear, 2280
Be glorified. Yet I will go and thee
Accompany, if thou wilt lead the way,
And wilt support me, should we visions see. —
And for the sacred mountain they depart,
The Mother and the Pilgrim at the side 2285

Of Cidli. — Now Semida, th' ardent Youth
 From Nain, ascertained at last so much,
 Divine Redeemer, of thy resurrection,
 That th' anguish of the heart he could appease, —
 That he believed Thee risen from the grave. 2290
 With deeply-wounding tenderness the pangs
 Of love now in his breast revived afresh.
 For him fair Cidli was created still.
 Ah, such too irresistably he felt.
 Deeply in his breast the potent victor sway'd, 2295
 Unvanquished love. Thick night involves me round, —
 Who can conduct me on the dubious way?
 Who lead me to the goal of certainty,
 That I am loved again by her, whom I
 Have chosen for the everlasting state? 2300
 Or who convince me, that she loves me not?
 Who will conduct me to the heights of joy?
 Or down into the depths of bitterest woe?
 I from the grave am raised, yet I am not
 Immortal. If we were, ah, long ere now 2305
 We should have passed o'er to the dales of peace,
 Where lovers ne'er are severed. Cidli there
 Would love me. Tender maid, O Cidli, whom
 I love with fervour which but few can feel, —
 But let my pangs be silent; my dolour 2310
 Still renders me more mortal than I am.
 How wondrous, how mysterious my fate!
 A youth I was, most cheerful and most gay;
 I then expired; but soon I turned again
 From valleys of obscure and faint perception, 2315
 But these were most delightful to my soul.
 I then became, — ah, what did I become?
 I thought that, when I into life return'd,
 I were immortal; but I soon perceiv'd
 That I again was mortal, and that, more 2320
 Than what I was anterior to my death,
 That I was wretched. And especially
 I was most hapless through the consciousness,
 That e'en the most exalted bliss of life,
 The knowledge of the blessed Lord, who died 2325
 And lives for evermore, that I did not
 Sufficiently, not as I ought to do,
 Make this the seed for dread futurity,
 To reap it, when the earthly life is past.
 A Stranger entered now Semida's cot. 2330

St. Thou canst, O Youth, assist me if thou wilt.
Behold, at Tabor's basis lies a man,
Most grievously by murderous bands assail'd.
And on the way to him, a hoary man
Who has no sight, is languishing with thirst. 2336
Near him there was no fount, I knew of none.
He thirsts and craves assistance, no one yields.
And on the way to him, an aged man
Exhausted sunk, left lone among the rocks.
I could not lead him thence, nor could I yield 2340
Him succour. I, alas, am poor myself. —
Semida with assiduous haste exclaim'd:
Take, and refresh thyself; take this for them, and this.
The residue I will convey myself. —
They hastened hence, and saw the aged man. 1345
S. Advance with this to him, who has no sight.
Eat, hoary man, and drink the cheering vine's
Regaling juice. — So saying, the Youth pass'd
The Pilgrim, and soon to the blind man came.
Thou, whom the sun doth only warmth afford, 2350
Take this regaling cup, I shall return;
Then I will to Jerusalem conduct thee.
And he advanced still further. When they left
The gates of Salem, th' early sun just rose
Above the hills. With haste they onward pass'd, 2355
Light as the odorous breath of cooling morn.
When Tabor they approached, Semida saw,
Between the mother and the pilgrim, Cidli.
Surprise and joy at once assailed his breast;
Yet he attended the conducting stranger. 3360
And soon they came up to the wounded man,
Who pale and gored to be expiring seem'd.
With cautiousness and care they bound his wounds,
And gently on them laid some cooling moss.
At last Semida turned and, from afar, 2365
Beheld fair Cidli in the winding path.
She now approached, and saw, and stood alarm'd.
But when she ascertained and saw, that these
Afforded succour to the wounded man,
She ventured further. Long the Youth delay'd not, 2370
But ran with trembling haste Cidli to meet;
But when they nearer to each other came,
They both with joy and sadness silent stood.
The female-pilgrim bade her, not to stay,
Lest the meridian sun, ere they attain'd, 2375

The mountain's eminence, should on them beam.
 S. Ah, must I then again from you be parted,
 My Cidli? Do we part, to meet no more? —
 She wept, and followed her conductor hence.
 With his companion and the wounded man, 2380
 Semida stay'd, administering to him.
 Now while they were consulting, whither him
 They should convey, two men tow'rd them advanc'd.
 These were the brothers of the wounded man.
 And now with grateful thanks and peace they parted. 2385
 If thou o'er Tabor dost thy course direct,
 And me accompany, the stranger said,
 There is a nearer path, than those did choose;
 And we shall meet them, when the heights they gain,
 Because the large and lesser paths unite. 2390
 S. I will be thy companion. But thou must
 With me return. P. Not thence with thee return.
 S. What distant home, O Pilgrim, doth await
 Thy coming? P. In a blessed nativity,
 Celestial friends my coming do await. 2395
 S. Thou art not then distressed, if thou indeed
 Hast friends that are sincere, and who thy life
 Do cherish. Do relate to me their names.
 P. Their names? Their number will astonish thee.
 S. Their number great! this does astonish me; 2400
 Yet let me hear their names. — With inmost joy
 The Stranger viewed Semida, and he thus
 Proceeded: David, Noah, Abraham,
 Melchisedeck, Deborah, Joshua,
 Job, Rachel, Joseph; yea, a countless host. 2405
 Semida viewed the stranger with amaze.
 But soon he was astonished more and more.
 Because the pilgrim's countenance assum'd.
 A ruby splendour; this however was
 A splendour, only partially reveal'd. 2410
 And Jonathan appeared to glide along.
 The more that his effulgence he display'd,
 The more Semida's countenance with joy,
 With fear, and with astonishment grew pale.
 But Jonathan upheld, and led him on. 2415
 Meanwhile in th' other path in which advanc'd
 The female company, the cheerful Guide
 Abruptly to the mother turning stopp'd:
 Donot attend us farther. She alone
 May see the heavenly vision, whom the Lord 2420

To th' earthly life recalled. (With heavenly lustre
 The pilgrim seemed transforming.); Now take leave. —
 She spake it, and upheld the sinking mother.
 M. Must I take leave from Cidli? part from her,
 From whom I never parted? Oh, my Cidli, 2425
 Do soon return, and intimate to me
 What thou hast seen, thus to dispel my grief.
 Jehovah bless thee, and may he prepare thee
 For this display of grace, on thee conferr'd. —
 Return, Megiddo to the mother said, 2430
 Return to Salem; some time will elapse,
 Ere thou again thy happy Cidli seest.
 C. My Mother! God accompany thee hence!
 Celestial Friend, O let me soon again
 Embrace my mother! — From th' afflicted parent, 2435
 Who, after them with tearful eye still gaz'd,
 Megiddo and the lovely Cidli part.
 When these the mountain's eminence attain'd,
 And Cidli with amaze could scarcely inquire;
 She saw remotely 'mid a cedar-shade 2440
 Semida coming, and with him the pilgrim,
 Who now in all his heavenly lustre shone.
 And they were likewise by Semida seen.
 The mortal Youth and Damsel stood, advanc'd,
 Trembled, and stood again. At either side 2445
 Effulgent forms collected, on them smiling.
 Ah, how effulgent now, though still unknown,
 Appeared the hoary man, erst by Semida seen,
 The blind man, and the wounded traveller,
 And his advancing brethren! And the bright 2450
 Assemblage of Celestials still increas'd.
 Who can the transports all enumerate,
 That seized Semida's and fair Cidli's breast;
 When with astonishment and folded hands
 Both round them gazed, and looked again to th' earth; 2455
 When they would ask, yet suddenly again
 The trembling question on their lips was hush'd.
 Environed with the beams of their now soon
 Immortal state, and with the radiance
 And gentle benediction of Celestials; 2460
 They, glad and fearful, tow'rd eachother tended.
 Their thoughts, both now imagined, passed away.
 The happy pair at once were glorify'd.
 Hovering, they rushed into eachother's arms;
 Ah, now the first time yonder, they embrac'd, 2465

Now in a state where they should part no more.
Thou, Meeting of two lovers, when the dust
Of one shall near the dust of th' other rest;
The thought of thee is only a fleeting dream,
If with the joy compared, that Cidli felt,
(Now they wept other tears!) and that Semida felt.

2470

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

Klopstock's Messiah.

CANTO XVI.

Those disavow God's co-eternal Son,
The Glory of the Father, who do not
Confess, that the Omnic Word through him,
And for him, from chaotic void called forth
The vast creation, and those blessed hosts, 5
Whom he alone is able to recount, —
That are with reasoning faculties endow'd,
And Will, susceptible of felicity,
The actuating impulse of their mind;
Till from the mazes of the countless worlds 10
The ways of the Eternal all to one
Main object pass, — the happiness of all.
Had not the Coeternal Son of God,
The Glory of the Father, on the cross, —
Had not the Mediator in his death 15
Exclaimed: It is accomplished! then the host
Of beings, void of number, who deriv'd
Existence; were not able once to' exclaim
In heaven, blessed all: It is accomplish'd.
But when he on th' Omnic Word resolv'd, 20
He likewise purpos'd, on the cross to die.
Now Jesus Christ, the Son divine — and man,
Again the heights ascended of the mount,
Which, until he should rise to the Right hand
Of his Eternal Father, was design'd 25
His throne to be, — behold, a throne on earth;
And yet the throne of him who rules all worlds.
The mount beneath it shook, and from the heights
At every side vivific lightnings burst.
The Risen Saints around him stood, and more 30

Aloof the Cherubim of the Most High.
 These awful circles tow'rd the sanctuary
 Of heaven opened. In the midst of these
 Stood Jesus Christ, against a mossy rock
 Reclining, that lay resting at his side, — 35
 Jesus, not now th' afflicted, suffering one,
 But in his glorious presence the effulgence
 Of the assembled patriarchs and high
 Seraphic hosts, became a gleaming dawn;
 Eloah's light-unfolding ruby morn, 40
 Became a moon-reflecting summer-night.
 But oft as Jesus deigned, on them to beam
 His looks divine, all of their finity
 A glad perception instantaneous had,
 And every one with inmost satisfaction 45
 Stood, in his own degree of heavenly bliss,
 That in the chain of beings He for all
 Appointed, — happy each and all through Him.
 Behold, the Cherub understood of Christ
 The gesture, and with speed departed hence. 50
 With hosts of human souls he soon return'd,
 Conducting them, some of the many dead,
 That died since the divine Messiah rose,
 For whom lamenting friends now formed a grave,
 Or with the cypress did the urn entwine, 55
 In which their bones and ashes were preserv'd.
 The floweret blooms, with which the grave of some
 By mourning lovers shortly will be strew'd;
 And yet the awful judgment did not spare
 Those who with odorous garlands were interr'd. 60
 Chris't Messenger tow'rd Tabor led them on.
 They came, as when amid a tempést, rain
 From heaven descends, here by the sun illum'd,
 But yonder gloomy, where dun clouds collect;
 Or else as when in some more generous 65
 And ardent soul, between tumultuous passions
 And dictates of the reasoning faculties
 A contest vehement begins to rise,
 When torrents of ideas onward rush,
 Some genuine, some of falacious kind, 70
 Which bear however truth's exterior
 Appearance, thus by passion's magic wand
 Deceptive and mysteriously transform'd.
 The souls the awful judgment now approach'd.
 They hovered in the presence of the Son, 75

And, suddenly, all their astonishment
With glad or fearful acclamations vented,
When they the dreadful majesty beheld
Of Him, who was encompassed by the gods.
The Sovereign Ruler of the Universe 80
Addressed them; Souls, who are you? — Sullen sound
Of divers voices, answered who they were;
Some answered modest, some with high pretension;
But in the beaming countenance of Him,
Who most effulgent in th' assembly stood, 85
All soon observed, that they from him in vain
Themselves concealed. Some of th' immortal gods
Now from among the souls collected some,
And brought them to the most exalted god. —
Christ judged them, and with hand and voice he gave 90
Injunction to the Seraphim around.
The Seraphim with swift submission came
And testified, unfolding flaming writ;
And soon again the awful books were clos'd,
Nor scattered of terrific lustre much. 95
The souls that were conversing, hovered mute.
Brief was the awful sentence of the Judge!
It smote like lightning, overwhelmed with bliss,
As the unfolding light of day o'erwhelms
The man with transport, who was ever blind, 100
And suddenly received miraculous
His sight; sometimes his hand to Seraphim
Merely the path directed, which they were
To soar or, with the soul, which to descend.
The paths are many to th' infernal gulph, 105
And many are the ways that lead to heav'n;
Ages revolve while some of these are pass'd,
Others are traversed in few fleeting hours.
Here the inhabitants of blissful spheres
Instruct the souls, why thus to heaven they rise; 110
But yonder to themselves they are consign'd,
And must explore, why to th' abyss they sink.
Many of the souls, prostrating in the dust,
Exclaimed with fervour: Jupiter, thou God
Of thunder, O have mercy upon us! 115
O Brama! Tien! Father of us all,
We are transgressors, we have sinned, we stray'd!
Zeus! Cronius! Thou Ruler of the gods,
Oh, do display thy mercy unto us! —
But to th' attendant Seraphim around 120

Th' Exalted Mediator gave commands:

Him, from Euphrates rising, ye conduct
From th' outmost star of lofty Lebanon,
Unto the seventh cedar of the grove.
Great were his failings, but he was expos'd 125
To powerful temptations, and his mind
With ardour was endow'd. When he attains
Phœnix's beams, the sphere's inhabitant
Is to' intimate to him the Saviour's name.

Yon soul, that from the banks of Ganges comes, 130
Was ever pensive, not of stable thought;
On certainty he never could resolve.
By Hermon he ascends, — is not to hear
The Judge named, and than to the former soul
Ye sooner him the Saviour's name repeat, 135
When he Engeddi's distant beams perceives.

Why dost thou bow before me to the dust? —
Irrational and supercilious pride
Inflated him. Conduct him down to hell,
Before I to the mount of olives go. — 140
Hear, Jupiter! O from thy wrath refrain! —
Confounded and dismay'd, he quickly sink.

Hadst thou not been a traitor to thy friend,
Thou hadst not been conducted downward now. —
And furthermore a motion with the hand, 145
Instruction to the leading Cherub gave.

Soon on this worthy man the palm bestow,
E'en when the fount of Bethlehem he sees.
Thou didst believe, the Lord of all would yield
A recompense for sufferings: know, that God 150
Rewards more amply than thou didst suppose.

Did not he evermore to battles rise?
And did not he upon the couch recline,
Of battles and of carnage still to dream? —
Swift was the look of the enjoining Judge, 155
And swift the Guide of the sanguinary wretch.

A latent, vile blasphemer. Hurt him down,
That all infernal serpent-tongued blasphemers
May round him hiss, in lowest hell ingulph'd.

A Cherub from the Resting-place of God, 160
The milky way, with sudden speed came down;
And as with his descent his locks were waving,
His ruddy cheek less glowing; at the feet
Of Jesus Christ, the Ruler of the world,
He with profoundest reverence prostrate sunk. 165

The sphere, Lord, Mediator! that I guard,
 The goal approaches of it's termination.
 The habitants have high presentiment
 Of their now rising tow'rd the source of light:
 But scarce they longer can their thirst sustain,
 From it's o'erflowing streams again to quaff.
 They feel themselves the Blessed of the Lord;
 And yet if would be 'special grace, if Thou
 Their exaltation sooner wouldst complete.

170

If I sublime Gethsemany may touch,
 And then it's palms; the poles will tremble more,
 And sooner their substantial stay withhold;
 The pillars of it's depths will sooner yield,
 Yea, and the paradises of my sphere,
 Will sooner in the general tumult sink.

175

180

Touch then Gethsemany, and, Cherub, touch it's palms.
 Swift the Celestial hastened hence, to touch
 The constellation, thus to' accelerate
 It's rising to superior heights of bliss.

Unto Kermathius his Angel came,
 Who cordially benevolent on him smil'd,
 And said: Too noble was thy disposition,
 Kermathius, for those, with whom to live
 It was thy lot. This is the reason, why
 They hated thee, and e'er discountenanc'd

185

190

Thy virtues. Dry those tears, which their contempt
 And scorn constrained thee, secretly to shed.
 And now the great reward receive, ensur'd
 By rectitude and gentleness of heart,
 And patience under sufferings. Look on high!
 (He pointed to the sphere,) There on the first
 Degree of thy salvation thou shalt stand!

195

But by degrees, through main eternity,
 Thou in felicity dost ever rise,
 From the unfolding of ethereal day

200

Unto the high meridian blaze of light,
 From joy to transport, to beatitude! —
 They soared aloft unto the first degree
 Of happiness, for rectitude reserv'd.

One of the Indian monarchs from this life
 Departed. And the soul, while scarcely rous'd
 From dissolution's slumber, onward mov'd,
 Oft tardily proceeding, as she thought,
 Along interminable nightly paths.
 Now roused from slumber, yet not from the vain

205

210

Conceit of greatness, still inflated high;
 The soul began thus her surprise to vent:
 Where are th' attendant souls of slaves, whose bones
 Were from the ashes of most fragrant shrubs
 Collected by the living, who wept much, 215
 That not their own were gathered with the rest?
 Where are they all, that to the dead satraps
 They may announce the coming of their Ruler? —
 And solitary, from gloomy vaulted paths,
 The soul into the light of day advanc'd, 220
 And suddenly observed the radiant form
 Of an Immortal who, with waving hand,
 Delay enjoined. And the celestial youth
 With transient smiles looked on th' astonished soul.
 Remotely follow, the Celestial stern 225
 Said to the Ruler, radiance which thou seest
 Expanding after me. And he, constrain'd,
 Aloof attended, standing soon amid
 The thronging souls, where th' awful doom he heard.
 Ah, here I shall, I here shall succour find! 230
 Because I see th' assemblage here of gods;
 And the immortal gods are ever just.
 Not so the race of mortals. They despise
 The cause of justice, blindly persecute
 The innocent, and e'er discountenance, 235
 All that are better than themselves, and more
 To equity and rectitude inclin'd. —
 Such was the exclamation of a soul
 Just hence departed, and she had reward,
 Gelimmar lay, and on his death-bed groan'd, 240
 A fervid youth, right in the bloom of life.
 His friend stood at his side, administering
 The fountain's coolness to his burning thirst.
 Gelimmar spake: For ever! Dost thou dream
 A different fate? for evermore we part! 245
 To pass away, will be the lot of you
 Aspiring tree, of you unfolding flow'r,
 And of thy dying friend, and of thyself, —
 Yea, such will be the fate of every thing
 And being, that mortality inhales. 250
 All is no more, is gone, when once we droop,
 Decay and die! then all is passed away,
 And vanished as though it had ne'er existed.
 My friend, why dost thou weep? why on me look
 With such concern, and with such tenderness? 255

Wouldst thou to me vain consolation yield?
I need no consolation, I expire.
Thyself to comfort, henceforth be thy care,
That thine existence still thou mayst prolong.
I often dreaded the approaching hour, 260
But did not oft the saddening thought indulge,
While all the joys of blooming youth were mine;
Now is arrived the moment, now I go,
Ah, down into the silent grave perhaps?
Not so, no, not to any place I go, 265
Because I am annihilated then,
Dissolved to nought, a mere nonentity.
Thou wilt not on the mouldering corpse bestow
The cordial appellation of a friend,
Who loved thee? Till now I spared thy grief; 270
But now to every sparing principle
I am estranged, I'll spare not e'en thy tears.
With iron arm terrific, death assails!
With iron arm it grasps th' expiring soul!
Appalling is the black, th' o'erwhelming thought, 275
That I must die! must fall, and must decay!
Hark, understand, preserve my parting words,
E'en as a warrior doth preserve his child:
That I expire, and that I must decay,
I donot deem injustice in the gods! 280
We wretched beings are, beloved friend,
For endless life too insignificant.
Now hasten, bring the overflowing stream,
That I may once again myself regale,
Or, should it instantaneous death convey; 285
That I may gasping yield my breath and die.
The friend enjoins, — they scoop the laying rill,
And bring the overflowing cup of death.
And he becomes more pale, — a dizziness
Assails him, and he trembles, gasps, expires. 290
A transient slumber still, of nature's last
Convulsive effort, hovered on the soul,
Now from the body severed. Ah, she soar'd
Spontaneously aloft! her fulminant
Astonishment already streamed around! 295
Already flowed her silver accents forth
Of sweet surprise, and joyful exclamation.
Ye gods, immortal gods! ah, can it be?
Gods of the sun, and of the nightly moon,
Can this be possible? do I yet live? 300

He who expired, doth he indeed survive?
 Ye gods of heaven, of th' earth, and every star,
 I do indeed survive! It is no dream
 Of nature's dissolution, I surviv'd!
 Nor does this aerial body, which I now 305
 Inhabit, as th' unfolding flower decay.
 Ye holy, holy gods! gods of the sun,
 And of the moon, and of the radiant stars,
 Which still to me more glorious appear;
 Benevolent gods! where are ye? where shall I 310
 Discover you? where shall I prostrate fall,
 And with my tears my gratitude express,
 That nature's dissolution I surviv'd!
 That I exist, great and immortal gods,
 That I exist, for evermore to live! 315
 Where doth my friend lament? ah, too remote
 From th' earth I hover now! where is his much
 Afflicted heart bewailing, that to dire
 Annihilation he should once be doom'd,
 Like his departed, cordially loved friend? 320
 Why did not he expire when I expir'd? —
 Dost thou suppose to be annihilated?
 Ah, the sublime, benevolent, holy gods,
 The sovereign arbitrators of our lives
 And dissolution, the eternal gods 325
 Have differently respecting us decree'd.
 May I descend, and search for him amid
 The tufted grove, where now my grave he forms?
 Ah, may I with the cooling draught to death
 Refresh him? and conduct him hence with me, 330
 From th' earth to immortality on high? —
 Now suddenly some beings he observ'd,
 Who bore a great resemblance to himself;
 And these tow'rd Tabor silent onward mov'd:
 And others he observed, unlike himself; 335
 And these to him appeared to be divine.
 He hastens on tow'rd these, and prostrate sinks
 Before them, and exclaims: I do exist!
 To you, my worship and my grateful praise,
 Immortal gods, that I indeed exist! — 340
 One of the Angels answered: We deriv'd
 Existence also from the source divine.
 And did ye die like me? the soul resum'd;
 E'en as myself, live after ye expir'd?
 And the celestial answered: God is one. 345

CANTO XVI. *Ellopstock's Messiah.*

339

From him we all existence have deriv'd,
But are immortal. Now proceed with us.
And soon to thee the knowledge of himself
He will impart, who formed the blazing suns,
The Cherubim, and every human soul. —
And he to the divine Redeemer came,
To him his first acclaims of transport utter'd,
And followed his conductors on the way,
That was for him ordained on it to soar.

350

Oft did the morn unfold and day decline,
While Jesus Christ on Tabor thus in judgment
Presided. And as fleeing vernal show'rs,
The souls advanced, now from the teeming cloud
With copious gush descending, and again
Some solitary and intermissive drops;
Now disappearing on the arid lawn,
Or as in silver streamlets from the hills
Descending. Heavenly sadness or supreme
Felicity attended every soul,
According as they soared to realms of bliss,
Or with the fate-descending balance sunk.

355

360

365

Flow now, a gentle rill, into the stream
Of my divine and heaven-aspiring song,
Which wholly to complete has long since been
The most exalted feeling of my life.

370

A hundred moons revolved around the earth;
Since I the judgment, unto which the Son
Submitted in Gethsemany, have sung:
Hope, hope to my Redeemer also then
Efulgent beamed around my ardent soul:
My song I should complete! But the celestial beam
Was once encompassed with a lowering gloom.
Ah, then it was the luminant resolve:
In all, to the divine Will to submit.

375

They came, nor did they spare me; loud they spake
Of death and failing life; and some stood mute;
And thus still louder spake to me of death;
But th' influence of their dejecting speech
I strenuously rebuked, and still I strove
Against them, I repressed the saddening pow'r,
I lived, I renovated; and my song
Proceeded. Rise, repeated thanks to God;
My great Preserver! inmost, ardent thanks!
Reviving is the influence of joy;
She doth repress the potent hand of death.

380

385

390

Till, when her power not longer can prevail,
 We shall to our eternal home depart.
 Profound enjoyment, when I once shall stand,
 A most unbiassed and contemplative
 Observer yonder, of the various 385
 Preponderances of thought, of disposition,
 And action, and the ultimate result
 Of destiny with mortals; when I see,
 How, with each moment, of revolving time,
 Hosts of immortal souls of the deceas'd, 400
 To us are coming, — sceptic, deist, christian!
 Ah, and the friend who recently still shed
 The sacred tear for the departed friend, —
 The widowed bride, long silent with dolour, —
 When I shall see them coming on the clouds, 405
 A wafting throng! — when I shall see the fate
 Of all developed, and irradiated,
 Nought longer in obscurity involv'd!
 Each atom balanced! every mountain huge
 Of fond illusion utterly dispell'd! — 410
 Who did experience ever the delight,
 That doth attend the pondering search for truth,
 And the increase of knowledge; and not thirst
 While here, to th' upper world to be remov'd? —
 The destiny of human things alone, 415
 Thus to' ascertain, and ever in each new
 Perplexing maze the extricating clew
 Anon to find, is fulness of a high
 Felicity, replete with great reward.
 Now hasten, gentle rill, and flow along, 420
 Forth in the stream of the new-covenant-song.
 A royal palace sunk, and buried all
 It's habitants beneath the ponderous ruins.
 And soon the souls of the deceased advanc'd.
 Voluptuaries or tyrants they had been. 425
 A single individual among
 The multitude, possessed a feeling heart.
 The swarm around him thronged, concealing him;
 He suffered them; not long, and he alone
 Before th' assemblage of Celestials stood. 430
 E'en as a righteous man whom calumny
 Envelopes, holds his peace; because the cloud
 Of slander will anon itself dispel.
 His blood is reeking still, his eye still rolls,
 Not fixing yet, convulsed his limbs still move. 435

Now for the grave his body he extends,
And slumbers hence. He, in the rage of dire
Despondency, against his panting heart
The doubtful poniard levelled, dashed it down,
But grasped it soon again, viewed it's destructive point 440
With hideous laughter; had a boding sense
Of sable blood, of his own flowing blood,
With coldness on his beating heart he plac'd
The dagger, drew it slowly retrograde,
And felled with high-uplifted aiming arm 445
The direful blow, that loud his brazen breast
Resounded, — th' earth resounded with his fall.
The soul before the awful Judge appear'd,
Now scarcely recollecting what yon clouds,
Illumined by the moon, and what yon stars, 450
The lucid clouds their radiance reflecting!
Now scarcely recollecting what they were.
Ah, and th' assemblage of the gods! This roused him.
All the Celestials trembled with concern,
And awful apprehension. But the Judge 455
Smiled, mercy upon him. Omnipotence
Was in the smile divine, — it soon transform'd
To heavenly bliss his wretchedness and woe.
At last Elisama had laid his hoary head
Into the grave, a poor decrepid man, 460
Who with the staff of feeble indigence
From th' opulent his daily bread implor'd,
And scooped his water from the flowing brook,
Though most acute his sensibility,
He exercised a patient heart through life. 465
A hero as but few are realiz'd,
He had not only borne calamity
With resignation, but he, evermore,
Gave praise to the Creator of all things,
The Giver both of joy and of affliction. 470
He would have honoured kings with his discourse,
Yet by the meanest subject was despis'd.
A long while he already lay a corse
Upon his bed of straw, and no one yet
Advanced to bury him; and now once more 475
His faithful dog his cold hand lapp'd, and died.
Elisama appeared before the Judge.
A Cherub then, with joy effulgent, came
And from the Judge a crown on him bestow'd.
And through the spacious circle of celestials, 480

Of Seraphim and of the Risen Saints,
 Gladness went round when, to th' enduring soul,
 The Cherub now the crown of glory brought.

Zadech some statutes easily fulfill'd,
 Because no inclination in his soul
 Against them tended; and most proud of his
 Delusion was Zadech, of this his poor
 Worthless possession, his self-righteousness,
 Established on his eating mouldy bread,
 His sipping from the pool the wooden goblet,
 His dwelling in a wretched sinking hut,
 And on his craving only a copper mite.
 Woe, woe to those, by whom such are despis'd!
 But woe too on the man of misery,
 Who prides himself on having thus fulfill'd
 Some easy statutes of the moral law.
 Guilt upon him more heavily will rest
 Than on the rich, if he supinely lapse
 Into a state of expectation proud,
 And futile dreams of recompense and crowns
 At th' end of his career, — void of humility.
 Zadech by his companions was interr'd;
 The soul stood in the presence of the Judge.
 Descend with him. — The Cherub now began
 To lead him hence, but he resisted, strove,
 Turned, would attempt to flee, but lack'd the pow'r,
 And he exclaimed, was silent, spake again:
 Me? who have every moral law fulfill'd!
 Who ample recompense expected! me?
 Who art thou, vested with those streaming rays,
 The hue of blood, who dost constrain me down
 This direful path? Say, didst thou understand
 Th' injunction, intimated unto thee?
 Ah, rage not thus! I feel, severely feel
 The turning of thy flaming sword, I feel
 The terrors of thy death-menacing eye!
 It is unjust that I must follow thee.
 Come, sable night, conceal him from my view!
 Expanding flames, his direful rays involve!
 Ah say, who art thou? do from me depart! —
 Thus he exclaimed, and tow'rd the Cherub forc'd
 A sable cloud; but soon a fleecy-mist,
 And now a fleeting vapour, the dun cloud
 Before the Cherub's radiance disappear'd.
 And the conductor silent onward mov'd.

CANTO XVI. Klopstock's Messiah.

543

The soul perceived th' immortal Cherub's pow'r;
But still resisted, strove, and fain would flee.
And she succeeded, down into a cleft
Three mountain-depths precipitant to fall.
Th' immortal Cherub now not longer spar'd.
His voice became the bursting thunder's peal.
The soul with terror from the cleft advanc'd,
And followed the conductor with constraint.

530

Contending hosts engaged. The Chieftains, both
Ambitious warriors, in the contest fell.

535

The wounded and the slain, now in the blood
Extended, deck'd the spacious field around:
And as o'erwhelming torrents, now the souls
Of all the dead successively advanc'd,
And with them their conducting Spirits came.
The Judge of all the world, uplifted high his arm;
Tremendous thunders then against the twain
Great perpetrators burst! the direful crash,
With hideous clangour, long resounded after
Th' Archtraitors to humanity, and far
The dismal terror spread, e'en to the clefts
And caverns of Gehenna. Now the yell
Rose from th' abyss, accusing destiny.
And loud the lashes of the scourge were heard.
The martial-slave, so newly at the shrine
Of proud ambition murdered, now swung high

540

545

The iron scourge, exclaiming: Also here
We wage the war! and more enfuriate,
He lifted higher the descending arm.
And, with the lash, the fetters that now bound
Th' ambitious chieftains, harsh and sullen clasp'd;
More direful still resounded hell's derision.

550

555

A flow of melody, the sweetest joy's
Companion, with the gentle sound of harp
Angelic rose. For many infant-souls,
From th' earthly body disencumbered now,
Along the cedar-grove tow'rd Tabor mov'd,
Who from the banks of Ganges, from the Rhine,
And from the Nile, and Nigris diverse came.
As when from large and many flocks apart,
Along a lengthening slope, sustained by bounteous spring,
A flock of lambs are feeding, so the souls
Along the cedar-grove tow'rd Tabor mov'd.
But th' awful Judge from judgment now refrain'd.
They were conducted forth by diverse ways,

560

565

570

From star to star, till, now celestial youths,
 They entered on sublimer paths of bliss.
 Much by the way they saw, and much they learn'd,
 Attended by the joyful dancing hours. —

I fancy that the multifarious strings 575

Which animate my harp, resounded once

As follows, intimating thus to me:

Somewhere above, in valleys of repose,

A suckling's infant-soul was onward led.

There in a flowery field she met the Spirit 580

Of th' only friend, Elisama had left,

Who lapp'd the hand of the deceased, and died.

The Spirit of the faithful dog resorts

Unto the suckling's juvenile soul, attends,

And will not part. Nor is he turned away; 585

Yet part they shortly must, when now the soul

To higher stars and more exalted bliss

Progressive soars: but then the Spirit glad

Resorts again to some arriving soul.

With 'acclaims of joy the soul of Geltor rose, 590

And soared aloft with her celestial guide.

When they the rushing of the passing moons

Not longer heard, the comet's sweeping train

And thundering flight no longer could perceive,

Attaining now the still serene of heav'n, 595

And nearer to the non-attended suns

Advancing: Forms effulgent round the soul

Of Geltor rose, ah, not the gliding forms

Of musing minds, not phantoms of a dream;

He saw and heard, the good and pious deeds, 600

Which during th' earthly life he had perform'd.

He lived his life again! but saw not longer

His failings, and he felt divine reward.

With high-uplifted folded hands of praise

He looks around, and sees the indigent 605

Whom he had succoured, and the orphans whom

To virtuous and to pious men he rear'd, —

The virgin-train, their lovers, and their friends,

And all the free community, for whom,

Them to deliver, he in battle bled; 610

And he amid the splendid host advanc'd,

From every side with joyful rapture greeted,

And with their smiling countenances bless'd.

Of did the morn unfold and day decline,

While Jesus Christ on Tabor thus in judgment 615

CANTO XVI. *Klopstock's Messiah.*

545

Presided. And as fleeing vernal show'rs,
The souls advanced, now from the teeming cloud
With copious gush descending and, anon,
Some solitary and intermissive drops;
Now disappearing on the arid lawn,
Or, as in silver streamlets, from the hills
Descending. Heavenly sadness or supreme
Felicity attended every soul,
According as they soared to realms of bliss,
Or with the fate-descending balance sunk.

620

625

Hagid and Syrmion drew the deadly sword
Against each other's breast, and soon they both
Rolled in their blood, — with rancour both expir'd.
Chains adamantine from amid the gloom
Of hideous night against them sullen clank'd:
Constrained, they tow'rd the distant sound advanc'd.
A Fiend from hell, thus by a heavenly Cherub
Commanded, now infuriate on them rush'd,
And fettered them together. The abyss
Resounded with their fall and yelling groans.

630

635

Toa, a youthful habitant of th' earth,
Revolving in the Resting place divine,
Where death and sin are not; gazed with amaze
On the Celestial who, dejected, left him.
But terror his astonishment became.

640

Toa had vented murmuring complaint,
Against th' Omnipotent and his Messiah.
With murmuring he began, and with revolt
He ended, loudly exclaiming: Why should these
Be subject still to sufferings and to death,
Who from the grave to endless bliss arise!

645

And he appalled looked round and, in the dale,
Observed the festal choirs who, crowned with vernal bloom,
And in the mighty stream of harmony
Celestial still impelled, in lovely rounds
Of transport, sung the path divine amid
The labyrinth of happiness to all.

650

And he descends to intimate the cause
Of his dejection. But at once he stood.
Another heavenly Angel beckoned him;
And he constrained attended, much surpris'd,
And found that now he hovered on the air.
Not long, and he beheld his native land
Remote behind him; he beheld it now,
As other stars in nature's vast expanse

655

660

Ah, how he was astonished when he saw
It's disappearing near a distant sun!

T. Thou Angel of the Lord, say, whither dost thou
Conduct me? But the Seraph answered not.

T. Thou Angel of the Lord, say, what have I
Lamented? But the Seraph answered not.

And on the cheek of the immortal Youth
Th' etherial fire extinguished. He exclaim'd:

O help me, Seraph! A. I have not the pow'r.
And they advanced as on a hurricane's

Expanded wings; long, both continued mute.

T. Who did enjoin my being hence conducted?

A. The Judge supreme. — They now beheld the earth,
And, though yet distant, they observed fresh graves.

T. Those are the dreary hillocks of the dead!

A. Those are the sacred places of the seed

For everlasting life. T. And what is yon

Far higher hillock, with ensanguined trees?

A. The hillock near yon cots is Golgotha.

T. Is Golgotha? O Seraph, there I see
Remains of mortals: where is he, who gave

A glorious immortality to man?

A. Thou seest yon radiance, seest Celestials there?

T. Ah, in the midst of Seraphim, I see

The Son of God, in heaven high enthron'd!

A. Yea, e'en the Judge of th' earth, and every sphere.

T. And my Judge! Woe on me! dost thou to him

Conduct me? A. Hasten! — They attained the earth,
Descended, and to Tabor onward mov'd.

Amid a thronging host of human souls,

Toa alighted on the sacred mountain

Of judgment, where the great Messiah now

A second time revealed himself in glory.

Thus when by rushing winds the spreading boughs

Are agitated, 'mid the falling bloom

Withered and fresh, one of th' already form'd

Edible fruit before the gust descends.

Discovering now himself among the souls,

With them to th' awful and appalling mountain

Advancing, he had gladly thence escap'd;

But secret power constrained him: He appear'd

Before the Judge. Now Seraphim advanc'd.

Thus the with night enveloped heavens are hush'd,

Before the tempest; so was the assembly:

A crashing and tremendous peal at once

CANTO XVI. *Klopstock's Messiah.*

547

Bursts from on high and hurls destruction down;
 E'en so the Seraphim against him prov'd.
 The Seraphim the charges had prefer'd:
 The radiance of Eloah, when he saw
 The countenance of the vindictive Judge, 710
 To fading lustre suddenly diminish'd;
 The risen saints all trembled. And at once
 The Youth display'd the lure and mien of death,
 And with the vent of his astonishment
 He fell, and died. Th' arm of omnipotence 715
 Reduced corruption suddenly to dust,
 And soon consigned to the dispersing winds
 The parted dust; and, ah, upon the soul
 Of the deceased no body was bestow'd,
 Created of heaven's high serenity. 720
 She was alone, forsaken utterly
 By every being! spurned from the creation!
 Not on her earth, nor on the earth of mortals,
 She none Immortal's countenance beheld,
 And in her bitter anguish, never could 725
 Some heavenly voice perceive. Her mental pow'rs
 Remained the same, what they were wont to be;
 Nor was her motion e'er to place confin'd,
 Yet still she in sad solitude remain'd.
 Woe, from before her every prospect now 730
 Was vanished, every prospect of a more
 Profound discernment of divine display
 Of wisdom, of benevolence and love;
 The past alone she could contemplate now,
 And with herself she could alone commune: 735
 She had no cordial friend, and never heard
 An answering sound to her inquiry sad:
 When th' awful judgment Christ would terminate? —
 The only solace of her woe were thoughts,
 That rose sometimes spontaneous from the past, 740
 And which, yet this was not to her reveal'd,
 Thoughts which did not in her originate.
 One of the proudest of the human race
 Was to the host of the deceased constrain'd.
 The haughty and inflated perpetrator 745
 Had robbed his people of the sacred rights
 Of liberty, — with serpent-subtilty
 And with the paw of the ferocious lion
 He had deprived them of the sacred treasure.
 When scarce had ceased to flow the reeking blood 750

Of usurpation, — when imperious
 Oppression and tyrannic insolence
 High o'er the subjugated reared it's head;
 He wallowed in voluptuousness, and hiss'd
 Contemptuous odium on the silenced people; 755
 He scarcely deem'd them men: himself a god!
 But soon the worm prey'd on his loathsome corse.
 Already near the mountain, when the guide,
 A heavenly youth, once more enjoined the soul
 To follow, she, now from the torpor rous'd 760
 Of dissolution, made a sudden stop.
 The Seraph saw it, and a gleaming fire
 Rushed from his cheek, the fervid rays resembling
 Of Sirius, when he to us appears.
 The soul still tarried. Now the heavenly youth 765
 Began to turn, and with a gentle motion
 Of prowess, which th' Omnipotent bestow'd
 On Seraphim when being they deriv'd;
 The heavenly youth in turning touched the soul.
 Now he advanced as though amid the blast 770
 Of tempests hence impelled, as th' ocean's-spray
 Before the whirling roaring hurricane.
 He laboured to commence a laugh of scorn;
 But it became the yell of dire dismay.
 So him the Seraph hurled into the dust, 775
 Precipitant, to the Messiah's feet.
 Who art thou, Soul, said the Vindictive Judge.
 The soul arose and answered: If thou art
 One of the gods of heaven; then learn that I
 Am one of th' earthly gods, and that the majesty 780
 Of one god pays no homage to another.
 Now the divine Redeemer looked around,
 And fixed his eye on Samed, whom he chose.
 So spake the Saviour: Samed, judge thou him.
 And in the countenance of Samed, joy 785
 Rose as a vernal morn. The juvenile soul
 Already knew, how he with confidence
 Might supplicate, whom Jesus thus appointed.
 He knelt and pray'd, and answered was his pray'r.
 And now he turned to the deceased, and spake: 790
 E'en on the basest of th' infernal crew
 Thou shalt in abject vassalship attend,
 Revolter! him who, at the lowest step
 Of thine imperious pageant eminence
 Most servilly prostrated, slinking thence, 795

CANTO XVI. Illopstock's Messiah.

549

With rage upon the neck of the oppress'd,
On suffering innocence, his foot to place:
Him thou shalt serve in the abyss of hell;
His doubtful look already shall give wing
To thy submissive haste. He shall accuse thee 800
Of negligence and sloth, when thou canst not
Accomplish what imperious he demands. —
And suddenly the outcast, thus condemn'd,
Beneath oppressive weight began to sink,
And still descended; sinking to the depths 805
Where him the slave's commanding looks awaited.

Zoar and Sebah in the cordial bonds
Of friendship long had' lived. Now they attain'd,
What friends but very rarely do attain.
They died together: Sebah, confident 810
Of yon eternal state of happiness;
Zoar, more worthy of the glorious crown,
With keen remorse, with fear, and with humility.
The balance of th' omniscient Judge ascends
And descends, different from the expectation 815
Of mortals, While one of the host of heav'n
To th' awful judgment was conducting them,
They thus conversed: S. O, most propitious lot,
The lot of everlasting life and bliss!

How happily the lot of heavenly bliss 820
And endless life, Zoar, to us is fallen!
Z. Friendship, O Sebah, also here unites us,
And now eternal is her sacred bond! —
The Seraph heard their converse, and was silent.
On Tabor they before the judgment stood. 825
Th' Immortal was instructed by the Judge.
He led them hence. Not long, and from a far
Obscurity, an Angel of death advanc'd,
Slow was his progress, but tow'rd them direct.

The direful stranger's gesture, and his port, 830
Display'd, that none his prowess could elude.
The distance still between th' Angel of death
And these, was the expanse of many seas.
But when Zoar observed th' impelling speed
Of the Celestial who conducted them 835
Hence from the solemn and august assembly,
And from the presence of the Dread Supreme,
Who seemed exalted far above them all:
Zoar, when he observed th' appalling looks
With which th' Angel of death regarded them; 840

With overwhelming terror was assail'd.
 He slackened his advance, and stay'd behind.
 Th' Angel of death before them stood, and high,
 To heaven raised the flaming sword aloft:
 Thou art accepted! and, rejected thou! — 845
 He turned with the denouncing word of thunder
 To Sebah. When from the astonishment
 Now Sebah renovated, and to hear
 Again was able, the Destroyer's word
 A second time aloud resounded: Part! — 850
 S. O heaven and earth, and all that sacred is,
 Men, Angels, ye immortal Beings all!
 Rejected! part! rejected! Hast thou — hast,
 Appalling Power, pronounced the doom to part;
 Say, Power of powers, who art thou? Z. Sebah, Sebah! 855
 Ah, my beloved, chosen, dearest friend!
 S. Zoar! Oh, my Zoar! — Ah, didst thou say:
 For ever! Thou terrific Minister
 Of judgment, that exceeds my comprehension? —
 Whether for ever, dost thou question me? 860
 Th' Angel of death replied; ask not of me!
 (Now the conductor's radiance died away,)
 To the Celestial who conducted you,
 Address thyself; he from the presence comes
 E'en of the Judge of heaven and of earth. 865
 S. He th' awful Judge, above he Seraphim
 Effulgent, and transcendently sublime?
 Did he reject me, and enjoin this parting?
 O Thou Immortal, who didst guide us hence,
 Who didst conduct us, my Zoar and me; 870
 Angel of God: Must we for ever part? —
 And the Celestial who conducted them,
 Enveloping in deeper gloom, reply'd;
 He hath commanded all. Obey and part.
 S. He did command it, who not even deign'd 875
 On me to look?, who did indeed decide
 The destiny of others, but on me
 Not deigned with momentary regard to look? —
 Z. He looked upon thee, Sebah; and I thought,
 He looked on thee with serious regard, 880
 S. Thou, my Beloved, dost against me prove?
 Woe, woe on me! In this terrific hour
 Of anguish? on the verge of this abyss?
 Z. Ah, Sebah, I donot against thee prove!
 You know'st, I ne'er could hide from thee the truth. 885

Embrace me! I donot against thee prove. —
 Th' Angel of death turned from them, and inverted
 The waving flame, it's vehemence abating,
 With fervour, then, Zoar Sebah embrac'd;
 Ah, then he wept, and Sebah tears of blood, 890
 But th' hour of separation was arriv'd,
 The direful, bitter, silent hour was come;
 And the destroyer was constrained, again
 The flame to raise and arm it with it's terrors.
 Ah, it's destructive lightnings darted forth, 895
 He looked down on them, and exclaimed, — dismay,
 Was in the iron accent: Part! — They parted.

Cerda, a youth in the pursuit of wisdom
 E'er eager and distinguished, on his death-bed
 Now lay extended, and was doubly bless'd, 900
 With all the presence of his mental pow'rs,
 And with the certain knowledge of his death.
 Fired with the expectation of what now
 Would soon devolve, he exercised such joy
 And inward satisfaction, that he all 905
 With cordial love received, who near him came,
 Or enemy or friend. When he was dead,
 His Angel, ere he led him to the judgment
 Of the divine Redeemer, was indulg'd,
 Through nature's height and vast profundity, 910
 And through the vast empyrean expanse
 To lead him. O the bliss and bounteous gift
 Of dissolution! Now he soared aloft,
 And now in ample circuits wheeled around,
 With silent awe now trembling, when he saw 915
 The wide dimension — space immeasurable
 And boundless, when he saw the stars of God,
 And when he near him and remotely heard,
 The sounds harmonious and mellifluous
 Of their advancing circumvolvent motions; 920
 The stars of God along the milky way,
 And all their habitants, whom names cannot
 Set forth, and who are not to be recounted;
 Innumerable hosts encompassed him,
 That all were jubilant rejoicings now 925
 Commencing, through all nature solemniz'd.
 He could no longer now sustain his transport,
 But on a ruby cloud, along the fall
 Of crystal waters, gently he sunk down.
 He lay as though to slumber he inclin'd, 930

His high celestial radiance paler grow,
And he imagined, once again to' expire.

Hosts of immortal souls were onward led
Tow'rd Taber; voices from the throng arose:
God of the rolling thunder, that doth shake 935
E'en from on high, from sable clouds, the brow
Of hoar Olympus; at thy sacred shrine
We sacrific'd the young and frisking bull,
Adorn'd with odorous flowerets from the dale!
We brought the ram, with foliage adorn'd! 940
Have we, a feeble race of mortals frail,
Have we, Great God, incensed thee unto wrath?
Vent not thine anger on us, Sire of gods!
Ye gods around him, spurn us not away,
Vent not your anger on us! Hide thine urn, 945
O Minos, hide the dire appalling urn;
Thou hast concealed it in yon lowering night,
O suffer not the raging lots to fall;
For evermore, O Minos, hide thine urn!
Brama, we have — O Minos, suffer not 950
The raging lots to fall! Brama, we have
Chastized ourselves with fetters and with wounds;
We lay exposed to the meridian sun,
Were scorched, and perished, Brama, in thy presence!
Thou God of groves, thou, Wodan, dost not vent 955
Thine anger upon us? Father of all,
Thou dost not vent thine anger upon us?
To Thee the blood of youthful warriors flow'd
In battle. We with fetters and with wounds
Chastized ourselves; we lay, Brama, expos'd 960
To the meridian sun, and in thy presence
We perished! Not as dastards did we die!
We died in battle — hide, Minos, thine urn!
O dash it into pieces, dash it down,
Let by dispersing winds the raging lots 965
Be scattered, sinking into chaos down!
With gored and burning wounds we died in battle!
We died — the young and frisking bull we brought,
Adorn'd with adorous flowerets from the dale,
The ram we brought, with foliage adorn'd! 970
Donot uplift thine arm, donot collect,
O Zeus, the thundering clouds! O Cronius,
We did transgress, have mercy upon us!
Rouse not thy thunders! free men we expir'd,
We died for friends, and for the bride we bled! — 975

Such exclamations from the throngs arose
Of numberless immortal souls, tow'rd Tabor
Advancing, and they were with mercy judg'd.

Now Jesus turned and spake: Come, Angel of the earth.
Eloah followed. The creation vast 989

To the divine approach already op'd;
Loud the immensity of boundless space
Resounded. Radiant light beamed from the stars,
Forth from their oceans and their mountains huge.
The poles of heaven with gentle tremour mov'd. 985

With gentle touch alone, in rapid course
Th' Almighty by them passed. When Abdiel heard,
And saw the coming of the Mediator,

He joyfully rushed through yon solitary
And dreary void, down to the gate of hell, 990
Unto the other Seraph stationed there

Announced it, and with rocking tumult soon
Wide open flew the adamantine port,

That down into th' eternal grave the bolts
And rocking bars with sullen harshness rung. 995

Th' accursed crew the heavenly Seraph saw,
As though with volleys of destructive lightning
Enveloped, and they heard the stunning sound,
As though on thousand rolling, whirling wheels
A car of thunder to th' abyss down rush'd. 1000

Jesus approached the open gate of hell.
The Twain who there with regal sway maintain
Their station, had on their sublime degrees

Prostrated; now they rose and reverend gaz'd
With adoration after Jesus Christ, 1005

Judge of the world, and saw how he descended
Into the depth of depths, and how the fiends
Infernal stood aghast with blank dismay,

And motionless as rocks. On storming wing,
With sweeping radiance, and his flaming sword 1010
Behind him waving in his rapid course;

The First Angel of death, down after Jesus
Descended. He was by the Father sent.

The awful judgment which he should behold,
He was unto the heavens to recount, 1015

And the Messiah to th' aspiring throne
Of the abyss advanced, which from it's height
Threw dreary shade down on the pageant fane,

Erected by the adversary of God,
And of the Archapostate. In the mien 1020

Of the advancing Victor was display'd
 Omnipotence, with peace divine illum'd.
 Beneath his foot was Eden; after him,
 The smiling Eden reassumed the frown
 Infernal. And the dread Messiah stood 1025
 High o'er the vast shores of the sea of death,
 And he was silent. Flee th' Infernals would,
 But to remove hence was to them deny'd.
 Ah, die they would, but death relieved them not.
 Eliah stood at the Redeemer's side, 1030
 And looked around with far-describing eye
 Of fervid expectation. Angel's thoughts
 Are not more instantaneous, than at once
 Th' aspiring throne of the abyss sunk down,
 A smoking ruin! Flames ascended high 1035
 From the dispersing fragments, — darted forth.
 And spread around, and through Gehenna far
 A thousand thousand times the hideous bursts
 Of dire destruction echoed. And at once
 The pageant fane sunk, nor was 'a vestage left, 1040
 That testified of things that had existed.
 Eliah, thou sawst in the countenance
 Of the Redeemer, the expressive look
 With which he viewed the fabric, that e'en thou
 Didst, wholly conscious of thy finite state, 1045
 Sink at his side. Terrific were the groans,
 And hideous the exclaiming voices roar'd,
 That with the sable ocean's towering surge
 The sullen tumult wafted tow'rd the shores:
 Ah, what befell me? say, what thee befell? 1050
 And yet we live! Woe me, I am alive!
 Art thou yet living? ah, why did 'his thunder
 Still tarry, to exterminate us all?
 It will not tarry long! it will not tarry!
 It soon will burst against us, that all hell 1055
 May pass away, and we not longer be!
 Ah, long these burthens we cannot sustain. —
 Now Satan's voice arose: Ah, roar it forth,
 And let me hear what beings ye became?
 I lie extended here, — he groaned and shook; 1060
 Amid the general desolation here,
 With dire amaze and horror overwhelm'd! —
 Where of the golden tablet late the fane
 Had rared it's bulk, on that now levelled plain,
 There lay Adramelech: his roaring voice 1065

O'erpower'd the dismal tumult of th' abyss:

Ah, here I lie, thou woe of every woe,
O'erwhelming judgment, which doth even hush
God's thunder! here I lie, despoiled, crush'd,
A skeleton, a spectacle of corruption! —

1070

When th' Angel of the earth perceived th' illusion
Of the infernal crew, he trembled back,

The souls that were rejected, — with them was

The soul of Philo, and Iscariot's soul; —

Like distant clouds that sail before the wind,

1075

These came, and hovered o'er the sea of death.

The awful Judge they now not longer saw:

They saw o'er all the fields of dire dismay

Dispersed around, corruptive skeletons,

Remains of Angels! and with such enclos'd,

1080

Himself appearing in his wonted form,

The hapless Abbadona they discern'd;

Yet he did also see the skeletons:

Illusion in th' abyss was universal;

Although himself had from the curse of this

1085

Most hideous transformation been exempted,

Appearing unto all in his own form.

The sulphurous blazing mass, that lightens hell,

Stood o'er the sea of death, now in the scorching height

Of it's meridian, first appearing more

1090

Deformed than usually, displaying dire

Pretuberances of drear nocturnal hues;

But suddenly these opened, spouted forth

A pale but lighter blaze, each hideous vent

A burning deluge. Whiter were the fields

1095

Of horror, till remotely, where no eye

Could longer the sepulchral forms distinguish.

But also where the souls distinctly saw

Each ghastly apparition, they could not

Know any, only by the voice's yell;

1100

Because, as with the roaring of the sea,

Till there they rose tumultuous: as from rocks

With hideous peal they burst; such still they were,

Though sullen more with torture, with dismay

And furious rancour incoherent more.

1105

And Satan rose, stood high among the dead,

The only one that yet his bulk had rear'd,

And furiously his ghastly scull he struck,

That from amid the ruins of his throne

It direfully resounded, and his voice

1110

Burst forth in exclamations, as the sound
 Of jutting cliff which threatens from on high
 Amid the clouds, the fleeing traveller's dread;
 And as the bank which in the forest, whence
 The crash rebounds, the torrent long restrain'd, 1115
 Before th' impetuous element now bursting,
 The falling cliff and bursting bank at once
 Resounding: so his raging pain he vents.

I know, why these corruptive semblances
 Oppress you! yea, because among the skulls, 1120
 High on the cross ye slew, ye murdered him!
 Because into the grave ye brought him down!
 This is it, hideous, devillish reprobates!
 Ye skeletons, abominations, — this,
 This is it, why corruption, weary now 1125
 Of preying only on the loathsome grave,
 Does prey on us! Ah, damned, monstrous brood,
 May the invincible Jehovah's thunder
 Destroy you, and the rocking of th' abyss
 Again unite you! may the howling blast 1130
 Far scatter you, and the convulsive sea
 Against the sweeping tempest drive you back.

Thus he exclaimed, and raved, and tottered, — sunk,
 And streamed the flame of hell into his face.

And in the misery of his desert wild, 1135
 And dreary solitude, Beliebel
 Thus vented his despondency and grief:
 Saw ye the flowerets that before him grew, —
 Ah, thou celestial Eden, thee I saw! —
 That grew before him, and behind him soon 1140
 Decay'd and passed away? We evermore
 Decay and die, but never pass away!
 We donot pass away! — Thus he exclaim'd,
 And wished that far beneath him new abyss
 Might open, and ingulph him in it's grave. 1145

Adramelech now likewise reared his bulk,
 Astonishment huge unto every proud
 Revolter. For anon his power to stand
 Forsook him, and he fell, that loud his bones
 Resounded, and that dun condensing clouds 1150
 Of ashes rose convolving where he fell.
 And long a hideous skeleton he lay,
 When hell from the delusion was reliev'd.

Now Meloch also strove himself to raise.
 He sate, still leaning on his withered arm, 1155

And spake to Magog: The convolving blast
Shakes all my shattered bones, the hurricane
Howls through my scull; but I, — arise I will,
Although Adramelech extended lie.
He ventured, and he stood! With all his might 1160
He now grasp'd Magog, raised him on his feet,
And now they stood, — they walked! Magog exclaim'd:
This hideous body, if indeed it may
Be termed a body, — this we will destroy!
Destroy thou mine, and I will thine destroy! 1165
We both will crush them, and what then remains,
The thundering hurricanes will soon disperse. —
They grasp'd each other, would themselves destroy;
But as the rocks of high Orion, so
Their bones were broke. One with the other now 1170
Themselves from mountains they precipitate;
But, as though hardened in Pleiades' clefts,
Their bones remained entire. And where they fell,
In the abyss, there both were doomed to lie,
Prone, motionless, of every utterance void. 1175
And inexpressive horror, like a deluge,
When bursting clouds sink down the mountain-side,
The foaming torrent sweeping all away;
Thus inexpressive horror overwhelm'd
Gog, on the field where he extended lay, 1180
Impelling him still down into the deep'st
Devouring depths of his infernal mind.
Behold, he laboured, and he strove in vain,
Still to deny th' existence of Jehovah!
He roared, he howled, annihilation crav'd, — 1185
He wailed, and raved, and with the direful grasp
Of dissolution, fain would grasp the phantom
Annihilation, but he still surviv'd. —
Thus lowest hell perceived, and saw, and felt,
Who He was, who on Golgatha expir'd. 1190
New judgment thus with awful warning warned them:
Not on revolt still new revolt to heap,
Against the judgment of the Son divine.

Klopstock's Messiah.

CANTO XVII.

Didymus, from his brethren long apart,
 At last returned, and came into the house
 Hard by the temple. But he tarried still,
 And entered not, but roamed beneath the palms.
 He walked alternate, or against a palm 5
 Stood leaning. And anon he heard them sing.
 Now he advanced, and stood before the gate.
 The resurrection was the glorious theme
 Of their new song, one of the songs inspir'd,
 That martyrs sing before the Throne of God. 10
 Christ from the grave arose! and he will raise
 His children! they shall not for ever be
 The prey of sad corruption's spoiling hand.
 The voice of benediction will be heard,
 And every curse be silenced with the sound! 15
 Archangels will rejoice, and with the sweet
 Transporting sense beam higher lustre forth,
 When they behold the dead, who are alive!
 Ah, when the grave not longer then exists,
 When sad corruption doth not longer sway, 20
 And the companion of th' immortal soul
 Not longer with the dust is far dispers'd.
 Blow, O ye winds, blow on from morning-point,
 And bring the scattered dust! Ye blowing winds
 From evening-point, convey the scattered dust! 25
 Roar, midnight-tempest, on thy wings convey
 The scattered ruins of mortality:
 Christ from the grave arose! and he will raise
 His children! they shall not for ever be
 The prey of sad corruption's spoiling hand. 30
 We then shall feel, as waking from a dream,
 When to the life of Angels we return.
 Blow, O ye winds, blow on from morning-point,
 That we may soon return into the life
 Of Angels! O thou southern breeze, convey 35

The dead who sleep in God, convey them soon
Into the new-created paradise.

Lo, at the gate of the eternal Eden,

No Cherub doth appal with awful silence, —

The sword's high-waving flame doth not dismay!

40

For with the Son we the repast partake,

Beneath the umbrage of the trees of life,

The high repast amid the rustling breeze

That speaks the presence of the Deity!

For he is risen, who loved us unto death,

45

E'en to the death of the accursed tree.

Such was the song of praise, that Thomas heard,

And which o'erpower'd him so, that he sunk down,

And hid his face. His fervid tears flowed forth,

As blood is flowing from the wounds of him

50

Who, of his life despairing, on the field

Of combat lies extended, and perceives,

Th' attendant of the fight, the victor-shouts

Of those, who for their liberty contend.

He was unable still, himself to raise.

55

Into his weary bones the streaming damps

Of midnight pressed, but he perceived it not.

He wept, he wept aloud, for gusts of grief

Succeeded, gusts of grief, till all his soul dissolv'd.

At once he rose, and entered the assembly.

60

Ah, they again see Thomas, they again

Behold their brother, and around him all

Collected, they saluted him with joy,

They hailed him with the cheering words of life.

He listened long, and silent stood a while.

65

But soon the dreadful coldness of affliction

Again possessed his soul, with iron arm

Again depressing him; and he exclaim'd:

If I donot behold his open hands,

And in his hands, pierced by the nails, those marks;

70

If not my fingers on those marks I lay,

If not into his side I lay mine hand;

I never can believe what ye aver! —

They heard him, glow or paleness deck'd their cheeks.

Already rustled wings of Cherubim

75

Among the palms that stood around the house,

Already th' eyes of all with transport beam'd,

Divine compassion was already shown,

Before th' Apostles the Messiah stood.

Thus christians who were subject to the fear

80

Of dissolution, quaff the stream of light,
 When they have passed the gloomy vale of death;
 And thus Didymus at the Saviour's feet
 Prostrated. The divine Redeemer spake
 With cordial kindness to the witnesses: 85
 Peace be among you! — Unto Thomas then:
 Behold my hands; and lay thy fingers here.
 And lay thy hand into my side, and be
 Not longer unbelieving, but believe. —
 The Risen Jesus' trembling Witness now 90
 Aloud exclaimed: My Saviour and my God!
 Then the eternal Mediator spake:-
 Thou sawst and dost believe. Blessed is he,
 Who doth believe without such testimony.
 And now the congregation's Lord and God, 95
 By his first witnesses was seen no more.
 Didymus after him with folded hands still pray'd.
 Now he arose and craved from all forgiveness.
 With loving kindness and with sympathy,
 They long since had forgiven what now he rued. 100
 Ah, now he was most happy, and he spake
 Respecting martyr-death, and the reward
 Which at the goal will be for them reserv'd.
 And all respecting martyr-blood convers'd,
 The blood of testimony, and the crown 105
 That doth await the Victor at the goal.
 But soon their high and heavenly discourse,
 Spontaneously became a flowing song.
 In the remoteness of futurity,
 Be greeted, congregations of the Son! 110
 Our brethren, be ye with the blessings bless'd
 Of Jesus' death and of his resurrection,
 Who see him not in this life, who behold
 Him not until beyond the grave ye pass;
 And still believe! Pursue the happy course 115
 Of heaven, and be evermore prepar'd,
 A congregation, to believe and die;
 A congregation, be ye evermore
 Prepared to die, and after death to see.
 Ah, some of you will see distressful times, 120
 And will be persecuted until death!
 But persevere, maintain the conflict high,
 He will uphold you, and will give you strength.
 Us, brethren, they derided; us they slew!
 You they deride alone, and yet he will 125

CANTO XVII. Hlopstock's Messiah.

561

Your time diminish, as he shortened our's,
E'en he who gave himself a sacrifice
For us and for you all, from the beginning,
And who will ever with his children be,
And succour them till time shall be no more.

130

Since Jesus' birth, many of the Seraphim
Descended to the place of drear restraint,
Unto the souls of those, who disbeliev'd
At th' awful time, when th' overwhelming judgment
Of waters th' earth approached; the Seraphim
Had intimated much to them respecting
The great salvation brought by Jesus Christ;
And Gabriel had prophesied to them:
Hear, O ye souls, who did inhabit once
The younger earth; the Son divine, the great
Messiah, ere to heaven he returns,
Will in his glory down to you descend.

135

140

Among the hosts of souls, thus in restraint
Since th' overwhelming deluge of the earth,
Th' intelligence of the Celestials since
The birth of Christ, had thoughts of various kind
Created and dispelled, fresh transformation
Succeeding transformation, till at last
They certainty descry'd: Yet many still
With devious step in error onward roam'd,
Although their present error rendered not
The great salvation void, unless their hearts
Did lead them irretrievably astray.

145

150

Fresh views of future things; light full of gloom;
Imagined light, and yet nocturnal shade;
Fervid desires, which souls alone can feel
Who of the body have been disencumber'd;

155

And wishes, now on pinions borne to heav'n,
And now from heaven precipitating down;
Hope, ah reviving hope! distressful doubts,
If not th' attainment would o'erpower, and thus
Destroy them? also doubts, if they aright
Did comprehend what the Celestials had

160

Proclaimed respecting him, who was a man,
And yet divine, the Saviour of the world;
Revival of rebellion, murmuring high
Against the stern decrees of destiny,
And ruling providence; dejection sad,
That this redemption should to them perhaps
Not be extended! sad afflictive fear;

165

170

Aspiring pride, before the rescued race
 Of mortals more effulgent palms to bear;
 Indignant rage, no heritage to have
 With those, that dwell not longer in restraint,
 Nor heritage in regions where thick night 175
 And sad uncertainty not longer low'r;
 All this pervaded, and all this involv'd
 The long-chastized, long-proved immortal souls
 From th' inundated world. They now sent forth
 Observers from among themselves aloft, 180
 Who were from far, Gethsemany to view,
 And all the palms around, and then descend,
 And unto all proclaim: Gethsemany,
 And the effulgent sphere's attendants, move!
 Many' of the souls exclaimed from rock to rock: 185
 'The time approaches! and: The time approaches!
 Resounded through the depths of the abyss.
 Some thronged together, and their vessels fill'd
 From the convolving stream of dreary flame,
 And high above their heads their vessels held, 190
 Explored around, conducting paths to find, —
 They failed, at last a passage they descri'd;
 Anon these turned, exclaiming: Yet the star
 No motion shows! — And other throngs now also
 Had found the passage, and did not return. 195
 Then high a rising flame waved after them.
 Thus when a tempest agitates the main,
 First waves like hillocks rise, but soon against
 The towering cliff the mountain-surges dash.
 Sequestered few turned also back, because 200
 The sphere with steady motion yet revolv'd.
 But far along the flowing stream, the souls
 Collected stood, prepared, the flame to scoop,
 That they might hasten, and behold, when he,
 Whose coming the Celestials had announc'd, 205
 Should down to them descend, when he who died
 And did revive should unto them appear.
 Now Jesus spake to Gabriel: Advance! —
 Not long, and the sublime Immortal stood,
 With an effulgence as they never saw, 210
 With glory vested from the source of light, —
 Stood in the gate of the profound abyss.
 And now still more and more, Gethsemany
 Was agitated, now so powerfully,
 That all th' observing throngs distinctly saw, 215

How the revolving sphere, with rocking poles,
 Moved from his course. And many now with haste
 Descended, to intimate what they had seen,
 Now scarcely heeding the effulgent form
 Of the Celestial, who before them stood. 220
 The Saviour came. At the divine approach,
 Unfolding day beamed into the abyss,
 Into the caverns and recesses deep,
 Where melancholy fountains oozed along,
 And down into nocturnal clefts beneath 225
 Impending rocks, where some with sullen sound,
 Now with impetuous clatter, shook their chains
 Of adamant, and vented heaving moans.
 First in amazement they were all absorb'd,
 Then fired with expectation and with fervid 230
 Solicitude, most anxious all, at last
 To see their future destiny devolve.
 Ah, only the developement to see,
 Was th' anxious wish, whatever future fate
 Amid the night, that now involved them round, 235
 Might from the dread profundity arise
 Of God's inscrutable all-sovereign Will.
 And Gabriel anblime his trump uprais'd:
 We have to you proclaimed, e'en from his birth,
 The Saviour. He is privy to your thoughts, 240
 He knows the latent impulse of your hearts,
 Knows what ye thought respecting God and Him,
 Since ye this great intelligence receiv'd.
 Ah, not according to the thoughts which now
 Ye harbour, since his glory ye beheld; 245
 According to your thoughts, and your desires
 Since unto you his coming we announc'd,
 Th' All-righteous and All-merciful will judge you. —
 With great solemnity the Seraphim
 Descended, who had been the messengers 250
 From the Incarnate Saviour unto these;
 And all stood in the presence of the Judge.
 More radiant with the day which did unfold
 Before th' approach divine, the Seraphim
 Stood all-around, amazement dire to some, 255
 To many satisfaction and supreme
 Felicity. With awful splendour now
 The Seraphim began to soar aloft,
 There hovering, to the bourne of the abyss,
 Hovering to gaze down on th' immortal souls. 260

The grand decision now was near at hand;
 Dread of the stunning thunder overwhelm'd
 Th' assembly. Silence now grew more profound;
 But soon on every side the woful region
 Resounded, — here amid a pressing throng, 265
 And yonder from amid a pressing throng,
 Quick, sudden, broken exclamations rose,
 Implying mercy! The All-righteous and
 All-merciful remotely heard their cries,
 And heard, what none Immortal else perceiv'd, 270
 The inmost fervent prayers that did attend
 The exclamations of the souls that stood
 With most profound humility aloof.
 The hovering Seraphim descended now
 Among the thronging multitudes, and there 275
 Selected. O transcendent hour of bliss,
 And of distressful tears, — though more of bliss!
 Where doth the harp reverberate, that may
 Attempt, these transports faintly to express?
 Ah, if I were to touch it; if I were 280
 Also of those distressful tears to sing;
 Instructed by the Seraph who convey'd
 It to me; if resounding future transports
 Of those that wept, yea, who did more than weep,
 Who, with their woe and wretchedness depress'd, 285
 Did murmur at the sovereign dispensation
 Of providence, and ah, in realms of light
 Forever now, as they supposed, without
 A heritage; who in the whirling stream,
 And in th' impelling torrents of despair, 290
 Were tossed and whirled until revolt succeeded! —
 And now the grand selection was complete.
 The rescued throngs ascend, now glorify'd,
 And follow the conducting Seraphim.
 Th' Angels on such excursions peregrine 295
 Through distant worlds, a lucid girdle wear,
 Beauteous as by the ruby morning wove,
 And golden staves, with which they often point,
 How much soe'er the pilgrims joy to see
 The splendour of the worlds, to heaven aloft: 300
 Th' enfranchiz'd throng, that last forsook the deep,
 Departing, sudden gloom again extended, —
 More suddenly their first of days expir'd.
 Involved again with drear nocturnal gloom,
 As they were wont to be, th' assembled souls, 305

While th' earth around her axis thrice revolv'd,
Stood motionless, with mute astonishment;
At last some few with devious steps advanc'd,
Forth tow'rd the stream of fire, the flame to scoop,
And by the faint reflection to explore 310
The rocks and caverns, there to ascertain
If still their late companions with them dwell'd.
But many of their places now were void,
And from the dreary solitude they turn'd,
And mourned with bitter grief among themselves, 315
The brother after the departed brother,
And after the departed friend, the friend.
On earth already are some transient joys,
In which a mortal the felicity
Of heaven often doth anticipate; 320
Ah, early bloom, they soon decay and die:
Yet, thus the tree of life in Eden bloom'd.
On Nephthoa fell, after one of his
Most pious exercises, gentle slumber.
Thus on the vernal floweret falls the dew. 325
Soon in his dream he heard a gentle voice:
Why dost thou slumber still, and dost not go,
Unto the pious company to tell,
How e'en to thee a joyful messenger
From Christ appeared! one with a vest of glory, 330
Whom God did send, a native of the sky? —
He hastened to the grave near Golgatha.
His friends there often tarry, Nephthoa
Imagined; they proceed from Salem-gates
Forth to the grave, to see it and themselves, 335
And then retire, soon thither to return.
Yea, on the path which to the tomb directs,
And in the garden, on the place where Christ
Did yield his life, and near the awful rock,
There I the Faithful shall collected find. — 340
The young, yet mortal, joyful messenger
Of heaven, with th' unfolding dawn forsook
The gate of Salem, and already took
The path, to Golgatha directing him.
He early met disciples by the way, 345
Who were together from the grave returning.
And Nephthoa addressed them: Did ye leave,
E'en in the garden of the resurrection,
Any of the brethren? Turn then soon again,
And of the blessed witnesses bring more 350

Into the cooling shadow of the grove.
 I have celestial tidings for you all. —
 Now near the garden he observed a group
 Of playing boys. Nine of the youthful boys
 Young Nephthoa selected; five of these, 355
 Among the congregation, Jesus once
 Had blessed, Christ, the Merciful, the God
 Of sucklings and of children. Th' other four
 Young Nephthoa selected from the rest.
 Christ's wisdom in the choice directed him. 360
 Thus Angels, when they for themselves select
 The heirs of everlasting life, to guard them,
 Are secretly directed by the wisdom
 Of Jesus Christ. The boys to th' open grave
 Together came, beheld the awful depth, 365
 And saw the ponderous rock thence rolled away.
 With joyful tremour they surveyed the tomb,
 And with a daunting terror, when they view'd
 The withered boughs of hoary trees above.
 Now in the shade of tufted foliage 370
 They roamed around, and oft where gentle spring
 Had interwoven, with the verdant leaf
 Of slender boughs, the bridal ornament,
 The beauteous vernal bloom, Anon they found
 In th' avenue of the sepulchral grove, 375
 Amid the lucid splendour of the morn,
 Reclining on the soft and yielding turf,
 Encompassed still by wafting sweets of flow'rs,
 A company of the Redeemer's friends,
 All to a mild serenity themselves 380
 Resigning, in their looks the tear of joy, —
 A sacred host, once the proclaiming band
 Of the divine Messiah's resurrection,
 Which silently they celebrated now.
 With deference profound young Nephthoa 385
 Beheld them; he however also was
 A messenger from God, and unto them,
 To many of the saints the boy was known,
 So his companions. He delay'd to speak;
 Yet all from his demeanor soon infer'd, 390
 That words of bliss were hovering on his lips,
 But long he was not mute; already he
 Observed the company, with whom he met,
 Now new companions with them, tow'rd the tomb
 Advancing. Then the voice of Nephthoa 395.

Resounded with th' appearance of Benoni:
How with th' Immortal's golden locks he play'd,
And how Benoni spake of Jesus Christ, —
Related how the Raised Immortal spake
Of the Divine Accomplisher of all. 400
And these new joys streamed on the hearing band,
Still fired them more, and brought them nearer heav'n.
In this delightful transport, this sublime
Anticipation of eternal bliss
Before the throne, they sung th' Omnipotent, 405
The Victor who had crushed the serpent's head,
His heel not longer by the serpent's rage
Now gored. As the song in flowing stream
Resounded, Nephthoa and his companions
In sacred rounds danced to the victor-strain. — 410
Lo, after direful tempests, in the clouds,
The glorious bow of heaven now rose high!
The covenant of the resurrection is
Eternal. — As the song in flowing stream
Resounded, Nephthoa and his companions 415
In sacred rounds danced to the victor-strain.
And now with verdant wreaths the mothers crowned the boys. —
All tears were dried, when now the sacrifice
Of the atoning lamb to bleed had ceas'd.
Ah, then appalling death was death not longer. — 420
And as in flowing stream the song resounded,
The boys unto the height of Golgatha
In sacred rounds with reverend awe inclin'd.
The mothers now unto the boys convey'd
Young boughs of palm. — Ah, with his sacred voice, 425
The Living Lord and Saviour uttered: Mary!
She, prostrate at his feet, exclaimed: Rabboni! —
And as the song in flowing stream resounded,
The boys in sacred rounds danced to the victor-strain. —
And he exclaimed: My Saviour and my God! 430
For in his hands the wounds he had beheld,
And laid his fingers in his open side. —
And as the song in flowing stream resounded,
The boys in sacred rounds danced to the victor-strain. —
Ah, we shall also once from death awake, 435
All, to the ends of th' earth, from death shall wake,
All shall awake who do repose in God. —
And as the song in flowing stream resounded,
Round one of the sepulchres, Nephthoa
And his companions danced in sacred rounds, 440

And on it threw the wreaths of verdant leaf,
 And still unto the victor-strain maintain'd
 The holy dance. At once they drop their palms,
 For on the lofty rock of the sepulchre,
 That now was empty, Risen Saints appear'd; 445
 And the resounding victor-strain was hush'd.
 Three of the Risen Saints, with glory vested,
 Stood visibly high on the lofty rock;
 And radiance hovered round the risen saints,
 Resembling lucid clouds. Now Azenath 450
 Stepp'd slowly forward from the silver clouds,
 And suddenly in glory was reveal'd.
 Deborah lifted up her countenance
 And folded hands to heaven from the cloud,
 Till she too unto all in radiant form 455
 At last appeared. But now Jedidoth came,
 Appearing as though he advanced from yon
 Remoteness, where the vault of heaven sinks;
 But suddenly he near Deborah stood.
 Isaac advanced, attended and admir'd 460
 By Angels, the most beauteous of the saints,
 Her golden tresses waving round her head,
 The charming Rachel guided Benjamin
 Forth from the lucid vapour, with such love,
 That every mother recognized the mother. 465
 And gentle rapture now was through the souls
 Of the assembled mortals first diffus'd,
 And they began from their astonishment
 Themselves to wrest. Not long, and they again
 In fresh amaze were lost. Isaiah now, 470
 And Abraham, and Job before them stood,
 Effulgent forms! And every mortal trembled.
 And now the Lord's Baptizer came, and Seth,
 And Abel; Adam came with Gabriel,
 Advancing all as lightning from the sky. 475
 With awe, o'erwhelmed, th' assembled mortals sunk.
 The rock and all the fields appeared to shake.
 But suddenly they were again reliev'd.
 For, Eve with milder beauty now advanc'd,
 Encompassed with the radiance of the moon, 480
 And heaven's azure, conducting young Benoni,
 And now the Witnesses again arose,
 Beholding, with ineffable delight
 And satisfaction, the inhabitants
 Of heaven, and felt how blessed now they were. 485

CANTO XVII. Hlopstock's Messiah.

569

With sudden resolution, Nephthoa
 Approached the rock. He held the palm again;
 He raised it to Benoni, and began:
 Ah, Thee I know, but these effulgent forms,
 Thine high companions, these are strange to me. 490
 Exalted messenger from the Most High!
 Behold, e'en he who blessed you with this
 Effulgence, with this glorious blaze of light;
 He also blessed me. Though I am yet
 A mortal, this my body yet must die, 495
 And must decay; yet I, the same as ye,
 Do worship him who rescued us from sin.
 And ye were also mortal once like me,
 And did the burthen bear of dreaded death,
 Until at last his coming laid you down. 500
 Indulge, Perfected Saints, indulge me, whom
 The Saviour blessed, to the awful rock
 More near to come, and nearer to behold
 The countenances of celestial saints. —
 Eve with portentous joy to Adam turn'd: 505
 Soon, Adam, death will break th' unfolding flow'r!
 And she near Nephthoa already stood,
 And to Benoni gently led him on.
 But now when in th' assemblage bright he stood
 Of the Celestials, and their heavenly smiles 510
 Now meeting his uplifted looks, deep dread
 And silent tremour seized the venturous boy.
 Anon Deborah her effulgence shrouded,
 And spake to him: Thou hast, O Nephthoa,
 The song of Jesus' Witnesses perceiv'd: 515
 Repeat it. He with gentle voice began,
 And the celestial harps the flowing lay,
 With high responsive sound, accompany'd: —
 Lo, after direful tempests, in the clouds,
 The glorious bow of heaven rose on high! 520
 The covenant of the resurrection is
 Eternal. — As the song in flowing stream,
 Now animated by the heavenly harps,
 Resounded, he waved high the bough of palm,
 And pointed to the dread Messiah's tomb. — 525
 All tears were dried, when now the sacrifice
 Of the atoning lamb to bleed had ceas'd;
 Appalling death was then no longer death.
 Why tarry ye, said Asenath with mild
 Effulgence, to the Boy of psalms to bring 530

The beauteous wreath, there resting on the grave? —
 Already Mary Magdalene convey'd
 Forth from the grave the beauteous wreath, and crown'd
 The Boy of psalma. — Ah, with his blessed voice
 The Living Lord and Saviour uttered: Mary! 535
 She, prostrate at his feet, exclaimed: Rabboni! —
 As, animated by th' immortal harps,
 The song resounded, from the brightening eyes
 Of Nephthoa descended rolling tears. —
 Thomas exclaimed: My Saviour and my God! 540
 For, in his hands the wounds he had beheld,
 Into his side his fingers he had laid. —
 When, animated by the heavenly harps,
 The song of Nephthoa in flowing stream
 Resounded, the assembled Witnesses 545
 With highest sense of transport could refrain
 Not longer, — they ascended all the rock,
 They mingled with the glorified Immortals.
 Entering the bright assemblage, they began:
 Ah, we shall also once from death awake! 550
 All to the ends of th' earth, from death shall wake,
 All shall awake, who do repose in God! —
 And as their song did thus triumphant soar,
 The harps, as at the Throne, still higher rais'd
 The song of bliss. And the assembly now 555
 One choir became, the mortal christians and
 The saints perfected, all with rapture sung
 Unto the Son, — with shouting voice, th' Immortals;
 The mortal Witnesses with breathings faint:
 Upto the Victor, honour, praise, and glory! 560
 E'en Judah's Lion, Sion's gentle Lamb!
 The lofty Bar, that rose from Jesse's root.
 At Golgatha it sunk beneath the blast;
 But suddenly, e'en at the hill of blood,
 It raised it's head again, first of the crop! 565
 O'er every kindred once it's shade will spread,
 And solace to eternity will yield.
 Ah, then the Reapers did not raise their voice,
 And from the hands of Cherubim fell down
 Th' uplifted trump, when Jesus from the grave, 570
 Unto the Victor honour, praise and glory!
 When Jesus from the grave triumphant rose. —
 Thus, in the glorious transport, died away
 The voices of th' Immortals; their sublime
 Effulgence disappear'd, and they were seen no more. 575

The cottages, by Lazarus and Martha
Inhabited, stood in the cooling shade
Of gardens, watered by a crystal brook,
Along a path that led to Mary's grave.
This was the tomb from which th' Omnipotent
Reviver of the dead, to life recall'd
The buried Lazarus; the sister dear
Continued in the iron sleep of death,
But now the source not longer of dolour
And melancholy plaint to the survivors,
For Jesus now was risen! and to him
The heavenly, blessed Mary now was gone.
With every coming sun upon the grave
Of the departed sister, Martha strew'd
The choicest flowerets from the streamlet's banks,
With falling tears of sweetest hope bedew'd,
The hope, each other soon again to see,
When once she with the sister should repose,
Reclining to the iron sleep in th' earth,
Regardless of the charms of vernal flow'rs,
And of the laving rivulet's gentle fall;
But the immortal soul with Mary's soul.
She was at present from the tomb returning,
When Lazarus tow'rd her advanced and said:
O Martha, I have messengers despatch'd,
Some of the brethren hither to invite,
Believers, also pilgrims from the stream
Of seven branches, and the Grecian Isles,
That in the shade, amid the fanning breeze,
They may with us a light repast partake,
And listen to the charming harmony
Around us, in the thicket's foliage,
And lofty song with harp accompani'd.
Already Martha with assiduous care
Made preparation. Lazarus, anon,
Strewed flowers around, and from the cooling brook
Pebbled the arbours, and inclined the boughs,
More shade to render, and the foliage
Still more impervious to the sun to make.
And though the glad employment, to adorn
And cool the arbours, led him by the tomb
Of the departed sister; he refrain'd
From tears of sad remembrance of her death.
We soon shall meet again! — Such were his thoughts,
And e'en around the tomb he gathered flow'rs.

Already the companions of his youth
 Collected on the living rivulet's bank,
 Beneath a palm, and brought their instruments
 Of music, harp, and spallery, cornet, flute,
 Cymbal, and yon resounding trumpet, which 625
 Doth no tremendous blast of thunder vent,
 Which trembles only with a grateful clangour;
 And all anticipated the delight
 And satisfaction of the joyful song,
 Which, when the star of evening should appear, 630
 And with the star the silver moon, which then
 Should from their palm waft round through every bow'r.
 Now gradually th' invited company
 Came, and collected; and their seats they took
 Around the airy arbours, feeling joy, 635
 By th' all-compassionate, sovereign Lord vouchsaf'd.
 With silver hues the tranquil moon advanc'd;
 The radiant star, her close companion, stood,
 And from the high serene of heaven display'd
 It's lustre. Now the cheerful company 640
 Were from the bowers dispers'd, the evening to enjoy.

In the continuence of discourse, Dimnoth,
 A pilgrim who from th' Isle of Samos came,
 Still urged the subject, till at last he said
 To him, with whom he shared the satisfaction 645
 Of friendship new, the bliss of noble souls;
 Ah, still thou dost encourage the belief,
 That man in death becomes annihilated!
 Must not the grain of seed first in the earth
 Begin to swell, before the living spike 650
 Can rise above the surface? and the cloud
 Assume the sable aspect of dun night,
 Ere into forked lightning it dissolves,
 The harbinger of God, the rolling thunder?
 Shall then the soul for evermore within 655
 The mortal body dwell; for evermore
 In th' earthly course of her existence walk? —
 Precise was the discourse, and instantanous
 The action. Vested with effulgent beams,
 He stood at once before his friend reveal'd, 660
 And roused him thus with powerful surprise
 From fancied annihilation's dream.

In the continuence of discourse; Kerdith,
 A pilgrim from the banks of Nilus coming,
 Still urged the subject, till at last he said 665

To him, with whom he shared the satisfaction
Of friendship new, the bliss of noble souls:
Ah, blessed is thy lot! yet thy felicity
Thou know'st not, harbouring still the dreary thought,
That more unto adversity than joy 670
The earthly life be subject. Soon the pain
Of this distressful melancholy thought
Will die away, and nevermore revive.
Thou know'st not thy felicity, know'st not
The near approach of that, which in the life 675
That borders on the grave, will raise thee far
Above the grave, and which will change the drear,
The summoning call of death to heavenly song,
Which will transform th' ideal of corruption
To transport high, prospect of glorious 680
Felicity, with an assuring voice,
That from the falling and dismembered dust
A deathless body glorified shall rise.
To me, my brother, resurrection was
Vouchsafed already, e'en through him who hath 685
Created us, and rescued us from sin.
Ah, with the sound of inmost bliss, he thus
Spoke, stammered to his friend, and suddenly
Reflected on th' astonished mortal all
The splendour of th' original of light, 690
And hastened not, his countenance to turn;
And long he stood before him, in the high
Efulgence of Celestials, and propos'd
Unto his trembling, silent friend, a flow
Of joyful questions, but anon averted 695
As passing twilight, when the fainting mortal
Began among the flowers around to sink;
And the Celestial re-involved his light,
And turned again. But his exhausted friend,
With terror, joy and transport overwhelm'd, 700
Not longer saw him, though he vanished not.
They found him pale and helpless, reared him, and
Administered restorative assistance.
Intent and gloomy were Sebida's looks.
Lone, seated on a mossy stone, with thought 705
His forehead glowed: I who have long renounc'd
All certainty in thoughts of destiny,
Who unto doubts, however they depress
The labouring heart, submitted long ere now;
I shall believe that of the pilgrims some, 710

E'en some whom I among us newly saw,
 Whom I beheld, such mortals as myself;
 Those were perfected, risen, heavenly saints?
 Saints who themselves revealed? and I shall not
 Believe, that the beholders, while their souls 715
 In thoughts of resurrection were absorb'd,
 Were by imagination's power deceiv'd,
 And forms beheld, of nono-reality?
 Reveal your presence then, Perfected Saints,
 Appear to the solicitous inquirer, 720
 Who does distinguish beings from a phantom;
 Reveal yourselves if ye indeed reviv'd!
 I can discern reality and life.
 I gaze around, but I entreat in vain.

A Tenedosean pilgrim, Japhet, now 725
 Approached the musing sceptic, stood amid
 The lucid splendour of th' unclouded moon
 Before him, and conversed with him, respecting
 Illusion doubled: first with certainty
 Imagined, then with self-created doubts, — 730
 All governed by the mental tendency,
 Inclining or to doubt or to conviction.
 And how the Sage would for himself select
 Objects of contemplation, and would well
 Investigate the nature of those things, 735
 That visibly before him were display'd,
 And which were not beyond his scanning pow'rs
 Extended: Yet, should from the greater rounds
 Of knowledge, objects of inquiry rise;
 He would explore them with the same attention, 740
 And with th' exactness e'en, with which he view'd
 An object less involved, less intricate;
 And not in consequence of magnitude
 E'er misconstrue the real state of things,
 Nor yet perplex himself with self-created doubts. — 745
 With cold reproving energy the pilgrim
 Pronounced the admonition and, forth with,
 Was seen no more. — Ah, vanished from my sight!
 He vanished, and did not himself reveal!
 And yet he did reveal himself, although 750
 Not in the splendour of his heavenly state.
 I still discern each object as before.
 But him I see not longer. From my sight
 He vanished, therefore he to me appear'd.
 Who sent him? came he of his own accord? 755

CANTO XVII. *Wlopstock's Messiah.*

675

Or did Jehovah send him? Though he came
Of own accord; ah, still he must be one,
Who knew that I was borne with error down,
And powerfully he has instructed me.

Ah, if he were a messenger from God!

760

I have then 'scaped the ocean of these doubts,
In which I sunk! I have, I have escap'd!

A hurricane hath rescued me, and wafted

Me to the shore, — I stand, and gaze with joy

Down on the surge, — I hear it's turbulence

765

Which utters death, I hear — but dread it not. —

But more abundant mercy he anon

Experienced. The vanished pilgrim, now

In his immortal glory, re-appear'd.

Remotely in the shadow of a palm,

770

Sebida saw th' effulgent form appear,

And soon approaching nearer, e'en as though

He purposed there a while to rest, he took

A seat, with lessened radiance, on a stone.

Free as the ambient air, from every bond

775

Of doubt and of uncertainty reliev'd,

Not longer with their burthen now depress'd,

Sebida questioned the supernal vision,

And heard the answering voice that sweetly flow'd,

Respecting th' earthly and the heavenly life

780

Imparting much, and with each other how

Connected, and how God in mercy doth

Direct and terminate with glory all.

At last Sebida with a flow of joy

Exclaimed: Celestial Vision, who art thou? —

785

I am indeed descended from on high,

But I am also risen from the grave.

My Name is Joseph. Still thy father lives.

Go, hasten to him, and recount the things

That have on this auspicious day transpir'd,

790

That still the hoary venerable man

May feel the tear of joy, and bless his son.

Meanwhile the Saviour high on Tabor stood,

And judging laid into the balance, Deed

And Motive, and determined. Likewise saw

795

The bliss of them, with Lazarus assembled.

With fervour, and with irresistible

Felicity and sweetness, Lazarus

Continued the discourse respecting the divine

Instructions of the Saviour, how sometime

800

Profounder wisdom, the support and life
 Of mortals, with simplicity he taught,
 And how at other times, but from afar,
 The future he unto the sight reveal'd.
 And when the wisdom-thirsty traveller dwells 805
 Beyond the grave, said Lazarus, at once
 All future things are present; and he learns,
 Why knowledge in obscurity, till then
 Was partially, and wholly oft, involv'd.
 Inquirers many stood round Lazarus, 810
 And answers he already had to most
 Imparted. Now he made reply to one,
 A pilgrim, — an Immortal glorify'd, —
 Not longer on the earthly pilgrimage:
 The humiliation of the Mediator? — 815
 It is profound abyss to the acute'st
 Discernment, an abyss in which the most
 Momentous of achievements scarcely' appear.
 For where those vast achievements are display'd,
 There the profundity is most profound. 820
 Let us converse respecting things divine
 In human form, that we may understand.
 A man of noble tendency of mind,
 Doth act magnanimous; he is disown'd,
 Discountenanced, — his feelings are acute, 825
 He knows that all his deeds are misconstrued,
 He suffers in a good a virtuous cause.
 What is this virtuous sufferer? — E'en a frail
 And erring mortal, in some measure better
 Than others; yet he weeps, represses tears 830
 Of latent grief, which he considers just.
 And Jesus, our Redeemer? Now we stand
 High on the verge of the profound abyss.
 Compare; donot compare: else I must cease.
 The Mediator is the Son of God! 835
 Is God! — Here all resemblance wholly fails.
 He acts, he acts with magnanimity.
 Here likewise the resemblance is a shade.
 Was he disowned? was he discountenanc'd?
 He was disowned, discountenanced in all. 840
 Tears, the sublime Redeemer oft repress'd?
 Could any tears more just have e'er been wept?
 Man, through himself, ne'er can ideas form
 Of Jesus' sufferings, and of what he felt.
 Once disowned? only discountenanc'd? 845

CANTO XVII. Ellopstock's Messiah.

877

With feelings far more powerful and more
 Profound than Man or Angel ever could
 Experience, he was to the scorn of hell
 Obnoxious! was, amid the serpent-hiss
 Of countless tongues, insulted with the purple! 850
 A reed into his hand was as a scepter plac'd!
 Around his sacred temples then a crown
 Of thorn was twined! and to the place of skulls
 He was conducted, to the cross transfix'd!
 He cried with thirst, — they gave him gall to drink! 855
 Yea, on the cross, a tardy death he died.

Thus Lazarus concluded, and retir'd
 From th' arbour. And he came at last alone
 To Marj's grave. There, on the resting-place
 Of the departed, he sate down, himself 860
 To joyful and to pensive thought resigning:
 Ah, there she ripens for the resurrection!
 Of the divine Messiah's death alone
 Thou in thy dissolution wert appriss'd,
 Not of his rising into life again; 865

Yet thou art now acquainted with it all,
 And art, — Celestials were deceiving me,
 If such were doubtful, — and art near him now.
 My blessing still attends thee, heavenly sister,
 Slumbering in God! Receive my blessing still. — 870
 But near her tomb th' immortal Mary hover'd.
M. Ah, many things I might to him recount,
 If, like the Glorified of the Redeemer,
 Who to the Witnesses themselves reveal, —
 If I could thus reveal myself to him. 875

But soon perhaps, like his Semida and
 Like Cidli, soon he may be glorified.
L. Auspicious evening, which the Deity
 To me vouchsafed in this, my second life;
 How thou art render'd festal to my soul, 880
 By the assembled pilgrims of the Lord;
 How Mary would in thee rejoice, were she
 Yet living! how with great solicitude
 She would inquire, and strive to ascertain,
 Who were indeed an earthly pilgrim still? 885

And who, with glorious immortality
 Already vested, an inhabitant
 Of heaven? *M.* Ah, if I could but to thee
 Myself reveal, thou most affectionate
 Of brothers, thou shouldst know them all apart, 890

Those who are still the habitants of 'dust,
 And those who merely such to you appear.
 A dignity and high solemnity,
 O Lazarus, adheres to the Immortals,
 Which they' are unable constantly to hide; 895
 As with the looks of Angels, they sometimes
 Regard you. Vigilance of observation
 Is able to discern the heavenly look.
 But I am here as with the flowing rill,
 And with the grave, conversing. Lazarus, 900
 Thou hear'st me not, nor do the rill and grave
 Perceive me. Yet, my Brother, I will still
 To the illusion fond myself resign.
 Yon hoary sage, his hair a vernal bloom,
 Who, leaning on his reddish pilgrim-staff, 905
 Stands there beneath a palm, he is Hushai.
 This young man, where the rill obliquely tends,
 His eye with silent fervour still to heav'n
 Up gazing, he is Jethro, Median's shepherd.
 Lo, in a vail, resembling lucid vapour, 910
 Enveloped, girt around with blazing gold;
 Megiddo, Jephtha's gentle daughter stands. —
 And still th' at present silent Mary's looks
 Dwell on the Mediator's risen saints.
 With wonder and with sweet astonishment 915
 She still surveyed the spiritual world,
 And viewed each object, from the more sublime,
 Till where they scarcely to mortality
 Superior appeared. And she deriv'd
 Still new felicity from what she saw. 920
 Now she observed how Korah gently plac'd
 His beauteous harp against an olive-tree;
 And how his friend Jeduthun, with a wreath
 Of odorous flowerets graced the golden harp:
 And more remote, beneath the spreading elm, 925
 How Rachel twined the ivy, fair Jemina
 Approaching Rachel with solicitude
 Her to assist, and yet contemplative,
 As though she to reveal herself design'd.
 When once at Bethlehem Salmona heard, 930
 Th' immortal choirs that sung the praise of him,
 Who at a cot was near a manger born;
 He died with transport, and Salmona now
 Was one of them that glorified arose.
 He was advancing with a former shepherd 935

CANTO XVII. *Blowstock's Messiah.*

579

Of Bethlehem, the Son of Jesse, David.

Each bore a pasture-crook, and came, as they
To mortal eye appeared, straight from their flocks,
Inquiring much respecting the promulg'd

Revival of a multitude of saints,

840

And to themselves had it related all.

Now Mary turned to Lazarus again:

Behold, he rises, will himself reveal

Unto the tender youth, who mourns thus deeply

On mine account; I see it in his looks,

945

Eliphaz will to my Nathanael

Himself reveal! Ah now, how near him now, —

Oh turn thy looks to the afflicted youth!

He now 'tow'rd us advances, seats himself,

Near thee and near my grave! But now he is

950

Not longer to a mortal eye reveal'd.

How momentary the transformation, when

He dispossessed himself of th' earthly form!

He soars again tow'rd Tabor. Come, O Heman,

Stay thou with us, and to my Lazarus

955

Thyself reveal! Let me behold his high

Astonishment and rapture, when he sees

The heavenly form, and when he weeps with bliss!

H. The Saviour will to Lazarus appear.

And when the Saviour into heaven ascends,

960

Thy brother also will be glorify'd.

M. O ye sublime Immortals! Lazarus,

My brother, also will be glorify'd?

Will rise with us to the eternal mansions

Of glory? to th' inheritance of light?

965

Unto the thousand thousands First-created?

To all the hosts of those, who join with us,

Happy' as ourselves, with us in adoration? —

But, O my Brother, thou art leaving me! —

Now Lazarus departed from the tomb,

970

Returning to the verdant bowers again.

Cneus alone, reclined on cooling moss;

These were his thoughts: O happy are ye, who

Beheld these things, who saw the glorify'd

Immortals, risen from the silent grave,

975

And from the Messengers from the Most High

Received convincing proofs and demonstration,

Respecting yon eternal state of life!

I also do participate your bliss,

To happy me, ye have recounted all!

980

It would be folly, still to harbour doubt,
 Folly deceptive, blind! But what shall I,
 What shall I do? Still the Dictator serve?
 Still to the god of thunder sacrifice,
 Who dwells on high Olympus? shall I still 985
 Swear by the eagles, streams of blood to shed,
 The blood of—the subjected, innocent
 And virtuous men? and when it has been spill'd,
 Attend the pageant triumph of the vain,
 Proud Chieftain? with the conquerors at Rome, 990
 Indulge in revellings and debauchery?
 Shall such be my pursuit, since different thoughts
 Develope to my view a different state
 Of being, different destiny of man,
 Both in the present and the future world? 995
 Ah, fare ye well for ever, Triumphs vain,
 Sanguinary conquerors, and all ye gods:
 I solely will devote my life to Him,
 Whose truth and wisdom taught me, whose sublime
 And heavenly instructions do unfold 1000
 Unto my view, man's future destiny.
 Great God of gods, be with me e'er and guide me.
 His fervent prayer most wondrously was heard.
 Before him stood the vision of Elihu,
 Which unto him of God's salvation spake. 1005
 Astonishment on pious Cneus fell,
 On seeing that Jehovah thus in mercy
 Regarded him. The vision long was hence
 Departed, was already to the world
 Of spiritual essences return'd, 1010
 And still he stood and gazed into the place,
 Where it sublime appeared, and still he heard
 The heavenly vision's words of endless life.
 Deeply' in his inmost soul, Bethoron was
 Afflicted. He had been informed that still 1015
 The Mediator loved him, though before
 He had refused, disciple to become,
 Disciple e'en of him, who from the dead
 Was risen, who the newly glorify'd
 Immortals unto his beloved sent, 1020
 On them the joys of heaven to suffuse. —
 I still by him belov'd? Such, such I could believe?
 Incessantly mine heart with anguish bleeds, —
 Most comfortless into a silent bow'r
 Alone retired, him Lazarus beheld, 1025

And could no consolation to him yield.
But now Bethoron from the bower came forth,
And roamed along the garden's pebbled paths,
Conversing with the pilgrims, and along
The winding of the rustling thicket, there 1030
Amid the tufted foliage around,
Attentive to the strangers, who might yet
Be mortals, and they might be some that were
Already glorified, who had to some
Revealed themselves, or who designed to' appear 1035
To the assembly, ah, but not to him.
He spake to some, but soon again with tears
Averted, only hearing, what sometimes
They uttered in their converse with the rest.
With Gershon now from Paros he convers'd; 1040
This was Elihu, e'en the friend of Job.
Bethoron was recounting, such Elihu
Requested, many' of the Redeemer's deeds,
When still in life doctrines divine he taught;
And how with miracles those blessed doctrines 1045
He testified. At once Elihu thus exclaim'd:
Oh, blessed are the witnesses who thus,
To testify his miracles, were chosen! —
This exclamation deeply penetrated
The feelings of Bethoron: he suppos'd 1050
That Gershen could not be a mortal pilgrim.
Now Gershen unto his companions turn'd.
Those looks! — Bethoron thought, — that energy
Of utterance, such as never he had heard!
Those words of power! words of awful truth! 1055
But why he musing thus respecting him?
Why thus torment my heart? Be, be thou still
A mortal! be thou none immortal still!
Ah, venerable stranger, turn again!
Come, Gershen! But he does not turn again. 1060
His glory he will not to me reveal.
I am by all, by all I am forsaken. —
Bethoron thus unconsciously had pass'd
Along the brook, that led to Mary's tomb.
In this retirement lone, another stranger 1065
Came to Bethoron; took him by the hand,
And was at once his friend. Bethoron then
Unfolded all the sorrow of his soul;
He spake of the Redeemer's call to him,
Of his reluctance, and of all what now 1070

His inmost feelings deeply penetrated;
 Ah, whether the Redeemer loved him still?
 Not this! If he had pardoned the offence,
 And whether, if he had forgiven him —
 Pilgrim, who art thou? Ob, if thou art one 1075
 Of the Celestials, of the Blessed, who
 To the Redeemer's witnesses appear;
 Then, (he entreated,) turn not hence those looks
 Of cordial love! Afflicted as I am,
 Do thou display compassion unto me! 1080
 I do implore no heavenly reward;
 Compassion only I entreat from thee:
 Display then thy compassion, Messenger
 From the Most High, exalted youth, my friend!
 Thou of thy cordial friendship hast assured me; 1085
 Yet I can scarcely venture to pronounce,
 What I implore: Reveal thyself to me,
 Thou messenger from him who rose, and who
 Invited me to the discipleship,
 And whom, Wretch that I am, I followed not. — 1090
 Jedidoth could not longer now refrain;
 He fell upon his neck, and long they wept,
 Until at last Bethoron sunk amid
 Th' effulgence of th' Immortal, and suppos'd
 That heaven and earth were passing hence away. 1095
 From Hesperus Semida now return'd
 With Cidli. Angels led them to the grave
 Of their now slumbering friend, the flowery grave
 Of Mary, and the heavenly brother's bow'rs,
 Round the returning rambles gathered now 1100
 The Glorified Immortals. Sing to us,
 One of the happy company exclaim'd,
 The transports new of the beloved and lover,
 Now sound like the vibration of a lute,
 And gentle breathings of the mellow flute, 1105
 As from afar was by th' assembly heard.
 The pilgrims beard, but knew not what it was,
 It could not be the rustlings of the leaf,
 Nor yet the gentle purling of the rill;
 Although these both it seemed sometimes to be. 1110
 They doubted, guessed, were doubtful yet again,
 Beckoned each other, and were silent all;
 Their heaving breath could scarcely be perceiv'd,
 S. How great thy joy, O Cidli! Such was my
 Anticipation of futurity, 1115

The flow of joy, which at our transformation
We first experienced. Beauteous is the sphere!
But all it's charms to me are more transcendent,
When, Cidli, thou dost feel them as myself.

C. The Evening-star is beauteous, unto me 1120

More beauteous when, Semida, as myself
Thou dost perceive it; far more charming then
To me is the unfolding day, and day
Declining, and so are th' unclouded suns.

S. The stars (already I perceive so much!) 1125

Resound in concord all; the harmony
Of the immortals also is more pure

Than e'er we knew before, more powerful,
It kindles transport and sublimest bliss:

And harmony hath in felicity 1130

For aye united Cidli and Semida.

C. On the inhabitant of Hesperus,
The bliss of love hath likewise been conferr'd;
But never can he feel Semida's love,
Can never know the love that Cidli feels.

1135

S. Inhabitant of Hesperus, the days

Of bliss are many, that to thee awake;

But thou hast, not from thine original
Condition ever been exalted yet.

With thee the soul doth through the medium 1140

Of seven senses her felicity

Enjoy; to us creation doth unfold

Her charms more amply, from more numerous sources,

And are thy senses with the powers acute

Pervaded, that do animate our souls; 1145

Canst thou at the remoteness see the flow'r,

That we observe? and hear the purling brook

So distant, which regales the spreading root?

C. When I still with the mortal eye observ'd

The flowery lawn, I with dejection wept, 1150

Considering that the floweret and myself

So soon must droop: but when Semida now,

Transmuted thus into a vernal morn,

Embraced me — With abruptness she was mute.

Because she saw, beneath a withered palm, 1155

Her moaning mother, who with her affliction

O'erpowered sunk. Her feelings not restraining,

The daughter instantaneously rushed down

And, visible with all her splendour, stood

Before the mother. And thus, momentary, 1160

The mother with th' excess of joy exquir'd.

To me too, answered Simno, th' object would
Be most felicitous, Immortals glorify'd
With mortal eye to see: But, that the Lord
Rise from the grave, of this convincing proof
To ascertain, I need not their appearance.

1165

I am already certain of the fact. —

I know, replied the glorified Immortal,
Who merely a mortal pilgrim now appear'd;
I know thy mental confidence and strength,
That silent steadiness, with which thou dost
Minutely explore the nature of events,
More thought of which doth agitate the soul
Of many' as tempests agitate the sea.

1170

And the Immortal ceased. He thus resolv'd:
No, I will not reveal myself to him.

1175

However strong his mental faculties
And silent calm may be, the high display
Of such a heavenly vision might o'erpower him;
And by few hours of transport, he perhaps
Might lose the mind's serenity through life.

1180

Meanwhile the Saviour high on Tabor stood,
And judging laid into the balance, Deed
And Motive, and determined. Likewise saw
The bliss of them, with Lazarus assembled.

1185

The grateful Bersebon, one of the ten
Whom of the leprosy the Saviour heal'd,
The only one that by the way return'd.

And glorified the name of the Most High;
He nearer yon encompassed palm perceiv'd
The harmony of psaltery, harp and flute.

1190

Enraptured, and with overflowing joy
He listened, and observed how various notes
In concord sweet conspired, the song to raise;
And fleeting images around his soul

1195

Were hovering: but anon his eye perceiv'd
Around yon palm, as through a lucid cloud
Of vapour, radiant human semblances,
And still as he observed them, still the sound
Harmonious, more enchanting power assum'd.

1200

But silent awe assailed him when, anon,
One of the splendid forms advanced and took
Him by the hand, into the lucid cloud
Conducting him. And when he entered once
The swimming cloud, more ample fields before

1205

His view unfolded, and effulgent light
 As ne'er he saw, beamed round the fields of joy.
 One of th' Immortals spake to him, and said:
 For each of us break from yon palms a bough.
 With tremour, waving boughs to all be brought, 1210
 One gave a bough to him. Now Bersebon
 From every fear was free, and he began:
 Ye from the heavens descended? *I.* From the grave
 We glorified arose, immortal now.

B. Did he revive you from the grave, by whom 1215
 From coming death I was to life recall'd?

I. Christ, when he died, to immortality
 Revived us, from the bosom of the earth.

B. Ah, shall ye yet a while on earth remain?

I. Not longer than the Lord, who raised us from the grave. 1220

B. Shall ye to heaven with Jesus Christ ascend?

I. With Jesus Christ we shall to heaven ascend.

B. Will the Redeemer shortly leave the earth,
 Shortly to heaven ascend? *I.* We know it not.

B. O ye sublime Celestials, do vouchsafe 1225
 Your pardon unto me, that I presume

Still questions to advance! Shall I soon die?

I. We know it not. *B.* What were your feelings, when
 Ye from the grave thus glorified arose?

I. We felt, as Adam felt at his creation. 1230

Thee also the Seraphic trump will call. —

And with these words the vision disappear'd.

And long with speechless transport, Bersebon

Remained, and gazed around, the glory'd 1235
 Immortals still to see; but he no longer saw

The waving palm, round which the psaltery, harp,

And flute resounded, heard the harmony

Not longer, which conspired the song to raise.

Thus in the garden they with Lazarus 1240
 Were celebrating hallowed friendship's feast, —
 Immortals thus their joy participating.

They purposed to divert a while their thoughts,

And they experienced heavenly satisfaction.

When we expire, we shall experience such.

We hope to rest from misery and from woe; 1245

And the Eternal yields us boundless bliss.

Klopstock's Messiah.

CANTO XVIII.

The Sire of men prayed at the Saviour's feet:
O Lord, if I found favour in thy sight,
Then let me the result in part behold,
Messiah, the result of thy redemption.

The Saviour: In the judgment of the world, 6
I shall accomplish all. Go, Adam, there
Amid the shadow of yon cedar-grove,
A transient gleam shall to thy view unfold,
Respecting scenes of the decisive day.

Adam into the cedar-shade retir'd, 10
And slumber, as in peaceful paradise,
Soon lighted on his eyes, and he beheld
A vision. Burthened with astonishment,
With tardy pace he to th' assembly now
Of Risen Saints and Seraphim return'd. 16
And the Celestials soon around him hover'd,
All breathing soft desire, the transient gleam
Respecting scenes of the decisive day
To hear and understand. The Sire of men
On one of th' eminences then sat down; 20
And they collected at the hillock's foot,
Before the Highly-favoured of the Lord.

Once on a sacred day, when, on the wings
Of coming twilight, the rejoicing hours
Passed solitary before me; I devoting 25
The moments to contemplative research;
The Blessed Visitant of Sion-hill
Tow'rd me advanced. Till then I never saw
The prophetess with such solemnity,
With such a high display of dread eternity, 30
Appearing in her countenance divine.
She sung the vision of the Sire of men.
Herself was often silent with amaze.
Her cheeks with fervour glowed, a paleness rose,
And instantaneous deck'd her glowing cheeks. 36

Her lips were stammering thunders, and her eye
Gazed forward. From her palsied hand her harp
Sunk almost down, and round her flowing hair
Her golden diadem to tremble seem'd.

But she resumed, — then every smile of heaven's
Eternal peace beamed from her countenance. 40

And on a hundred wings, on rising storms
The soul's first progeny, the truest thoughts
Ascended up to God. Mine eye so saw her,
And, gazed appall'd into the gloom of night. 45
My left hand rested on the earth, my grave;
My right I lifted high to heaven aloft;
And thus I heard the Visitant of Sion.

Inhabitants of th' earth, or of the grave,
What I am able to repeat, I sing. 50

A thousand thoughts my soul could not attain;
For thousands I have not the power of song;
And thousand thousands she from me conceal'd.

The Sire of men began. Thus from his lips
The torrent streamed: So speeds Angelic thought, 55
E'en so at once I was conducted hence
To the assembled dead. Unbounded were
The fields of resurrection. They were all
My children! O Eternal Lord and Sire
Of Beings, what an object this to me! 60

What, the beholding of the Dread Supreme,
High seated on the Throne, to judge mankind!
O ye immortal Angels, how with pow'r
I did experience immortality!

All this I saw, — and I survived, — I live! 65
Behold, the day will come, when ye shall see
Th' innumerable hosts that I have seen!

Eternity will then devolve, and none
Among you will be able to pronounce
Or intimate, what things he then beheld. — 70

Ah, he saw also now, high on the throne,
The awful Judge! And Adam on the earth
Prostrated, now a prayer of bliss to utter:
Lord Jesus Christ, thou didst indeed regard
My supplication, I have truly had 75

A transient gleam of thy decisive day;
Some thunders of thy judgment, Son of God,
I have perceived. — And now the Sire of men
Again from th' earth arose, and thus proceeded:

Long, so to me it seem'd, long had the time 80

Of the decision lasted, many had
 Been judged already, when I thither came.
 This was no day, determined by the sun;
 The sun was or extinguished or involv'd.
 The blazing radiance of the lofty throne,
 Most beauteous and terrific, beamed effulgence
 Around the spacious resurrection-fields.

85

Christians were summoned, those who had in life
 Been christian - persecutors, e'en respecting
 The blessed doctrine of the crucify'd,
 The Loving Mediator, friend to man;
 Those, who respecting love fraternal slew
 Their brethren; (Ah, most deeply in my heart
 I am afflicted, and again I see
 Before the altar, Abel in his blood,
 The good the prostrate victim of the bad!)
 These by the trump were summoned to appear
 Before the judgment - seat of the Most High.
 The Cherub who had thither summoned them,
 Descended from the throne into the plain
 Of Judgment, — there upon his heights he stood,
 And poured twain streaming vessels on the earth,
 One filled with tears, the other filled with blood.
 And when the blood into the tears flowed down,
 He turned toward the throne his countenance,
 Exclaiming: Lord, thou hast recounted them!
 Peace henceforth to the bleeding innocence,
 That wept those tears of anguish and distress.

90

95

100

105

Awed were the Seraphim and pious souls
 At seeing how the Judge turned also round,
 Regarding most benignly them that fell
 The bleeding victims: he regarded them
 With looks of love, which not the psalms of heav'n,
 Nor prayers jubilant can wholly' express.

110

But, pitying still their murderers, as they did
 When they expired, the slain were silent still.
 But neither pity nor compassion dwell'd
 Now in the looks of the Celestial who
 Appalling rose, the ashes to avenge,
 The ashes of the murdered and, before

115

120

CANTO XVIII. Blodstock's Blessing.

130

They were extinguished in the sleep of death,
 Those looks that breaking were to heaven rais'd,
 Imploring mercy on their murderers,
 Then slumbering hence until the day of days.
 Hail, the salvation of eternity 135
 To them, th' immortal Seraph loud exclaim'd ;
 Who, also sacrifices, did lie down
 At th' altar of the sacrifice divine,
 And who at present after the repose
 Of some short centuries to life awoke ! 140
 But torture, and dismay, and consternation,
 And all the misery inexpressible,
 To all Blasphemers of the Holy One,
 Who o'er the reeking sacrifices lifted
 The reeking steel, who on the Witnesses 145
 Of the Eternal drew the hideous death,
 Or did reduce their bones to sacred ashes.
 Why did the lofty banner of the cross,
 The testimonial of the Saviour's love ;
 Why did it wave, where ye the brethren slew ? 150
 And ye presumed the featly name to utter,
 Before which every height and depth bows down,
 The name of Him who for the human race,
 His brethren, did in purple streams pour forth
 Compassion, — there to utter, where with loud 155
 And stunning voice the thunder from on high
 Had struck you down, or under you the earth
 Had opened to engulf you in her depths :
 Had vengeance not against this hour of anguish
 Accumulated ! Take ye now a view 160
 In retrospective through the dalea of death,
 Back on your lives, when in your phrensy still
 Ye dreamed, that ye should more securely grasp
 The crown of heaven, your hands in blood imbrued !
 Those countenances view again, which ye 165
 Beheld when they assumed the hue of death,
 And those convulsive tremours, powerful nature's
 Last effort, which the christian bones pervaded ;
 Not from the soul derived, — the soul sublime
 With paramount tranquillity forsook 170

The sinking dust, and willingly resign'd
 The ruin to the far-dispersing winds,
 Although she once would claim them all again! —
 And hear again their songs amid the flames,
 Until the fury of the flames forbade 165
 Their praising God; all this, which ye beheld
 With most inhuman hideous apathy,
 Of all emotion void, — what is it now?
 Unceasing thanks, praise, glory, adoration,
 And jubilant acclaims of transport high, 170
 Unto the Ruler of the heaven of heav'ns,
 And unto Christ, the brother of his martyrs,
 That death not longer is! that now in lieu
 Of dissolution's menacing approach,
 Sweet, powerful emotion was by these 175
 Experienced, when they from the grave arose,
 The winds collecting all the scattered dust,
 And every ruin of mortality,
 When with majestic splendour the renew'd
 Creation all through nature onward mov'd! 180
 When tremulous their songs of praise, now high
 And festal hallelujahs, first ascended!
 When in the place of prayers, invoking mercy,
 Their festal Holy rose, and their acclaims
 The praise of th' Inexpressible extoll'd. 185
 The powerful accuser ended thus.
 Another dreaded Seraph from the throng
 Alone advanced, and stood, and thus began:
 There are collected some who died like these,
 And are rejected like their murderers! 190
 Their lives, the object which excited them,
 Religion's awful heights to gain; have judg'd them:
 However deeply in the heart's recess
 Their thoughts of pride were buried; and how'er
 This grave with polished marble was adorn'd. 195
 Such the Most High alone from heaven observ'd;
 But none of you! Yet, if indeed ye had,
 Still ye were not appointed, those to slay,
 Who only were ignoble in their hearts;
 Much less had ye been vested with a right, 200

CANTO XVIII. Melpstock's Messiah.

591

To murder them with inhumanity;
Now learn from me the nature of your deeds. —
In th' Inmost Sanctuary presided none
Save the Eternal, the All- sovereign Judge.
If christians did the holy faith profane; 205
If sinners in the congregation dar'd,
Void of profound and humble supplication;
Too far to' approach the Son; if they presuming
On the obscure expression: Face to face!
Imagined, they already did behold, — 210
Forgetting wholly their unworthiness,
And abject state; and then, deluded back,
Beheld him only in a roving dream,
Conceiting that indeed it were himself:
A fleeting semblance, born since yesterday, 215
Originating with a hot, distemper'd
Imagination, worshipping the same
As Golgatha's mysterious sacrifice:
Then He, who entered th' inmost sanctuary,
Remained too near the holy things of God, 220
To judge the sinner, that he should require
Possessors of a moment, from the verge
Of th' open grave, presumptuous to advance,
'To assist him, and his awful thunders bear!
Such ye have dared! — Instead of striving all, 225
With fear and trembling to secure your own
Salvation, Worm, thou from the dust didst high
Uplift the iron brow, didst steal the tortures
Of hell, with them thy brethren to afflict,
And with deliberate, dark, infernal rage, 230
Thou in the Blood- tribunal didst preside.
But who is now sufficient to recount
The misery, and the rage of all those tortures,
That now will on your guilty heads devolve?
Arise, with loud accusing voice pronounce 235
Their names, O Martyr- blood! High on the Throne
Th' avenging Judge is seated, — he will hear
Thy powerful accusations, and avenge
Each reeking wound from which thou didst flow forth,
And thence the lives of th' innocent with thee. 240

When he concluded, of the Elders one,
 Forth from the radiant circle round the Throne,
 In thought profound advanced, Ye have chosen'd
 The Youth, most tender-hearted of the Twelve,
 Lebbæus named ere he to heaven rose, 245
 But Elim was his new, celestial name, —
 Thus nominated after the Immortal,
 Who was his Guardian-angel while on earth;
 He thus began: I from your lives avert,
 They are a scene of blood. And many are 250
 The guiltless victims, whose destruction mark'd
 The direful course, — Hours in the scope of time,
 That did bring souls of this contexture forth,
 Black, fearful, hideous hours, how shall I you
 Denominate? ah, did ye testify 255
 The judgment when, with tremour, Eden heard
 The awful curse, and then the first of death,
 When nature's first distressful groan was heard,
 And the denunciation realiz'd?
 And did ye from the curse-depressed earth 260
 Merely revolve, the harbingers to be
 Of the approaching, final judgment-day?
 Hours that have brought into eternity
 Souls wholly of humanity devoid,
 These souls! — Yet, nature hath not this herself 265
 Distorted; these most hideous spectacles
 Have formed themselves such by their own devices!
 Donot repeat it near the Throne, conceal
 It in the dwellings of the sons of bliss,
 That ever any on themselves devolv'd 270
 Such misery and woe. But, do I mourn
 On their account? ah, not on their account:
 To see that they have thus degraded man's
 High dignity, removing thus themselves
 So far from the creation's grand design; 275
 This only is the cause of my concern,
 To all commiseration wholly enstrang'd?
 And yet ye saw the anguish of their souls,
 And dissolution's heaving moans ye heard!
 Not e'en their last distressful wailings could 280

With you excite that gentle trembling nerve,
Which did with others, when they merely saw
A suppliant tear, the inmost soul affect!

From you indeed I crave not, that with soft
Emotion in your hearts ye should have been
Affected, when the innocent ye saw

285

Thus suffer; such ben'gn concern and such
A sympathetic sensibility,

Were innocence to sufferings still expos'd,
Would be additional felicity

290

Experienced by the Just in persecution:

Yet, of humanity some traces I require,
Some dawnings of a high immortal soul.

But, woe! ye were of commiseration void.

The reptile in the dust ye could not view,

295

Without observing in the reptile's joy

The love and the compassion of the great

Creator! Ye to heaven could not raise

Your eye aloft, without observing there

The bounty and benevolence of it's Ruler! —

300

Ye never raised your eye to heaven aloft,

Ye never wept, ye never had compassion

On suffering man! Hear then the vengeance, which

Long tarried, but which now is prompt and sudden:

The Judge supreme hath no compassion on you.

305

Elim still spake when, on the lofty Throne,

At once the awful Judge vindictive turn'd;

Behold, he turned his terror-beaming eye

Unto an Angel of death. But how can I

Describe his look, and how the wrath express,

310

That went sublime forth from his countenance,

And the appalling utterance of his voice!

He thus commanded the immortal Seraph:

Descend and smite them; over them pour forth

A gust of dreaming terrors and amaze,

315

That they at once may see their coming pains

And torments, and that vengeance may begin.

Thus th' awful Judge astonishment pronounc'd.

Th' Angel of death, swift as revolving thought,

Descended, and at once before the host

320

Of persecutors poured a midnight forth ;
 And he approached, — such was his thundering call :
 Come hence, and see ! — With haste he onward mov'd,
 And menacing he on the persecutors
 Looked often back, and stepp'd into the night. 325
 The fearful depth before th' advancing Seraph
 Unfolded. And mine eyes were op'd, I saw
 What they saw. All would from the scene avert ;
 But the Messiah's dread omnipotence
 Constrained them, — they as brazen rocks remain'd. 330
 They stood and looked. — A spacious field was deck'd
 With human bones, and o'er the vast expanse
 Of wretchedness the winds tempestuous blew !
 This seized the bones, and they began to tremble !
 Each bone began to speak ; it uttered curse ! 335
 Then I mine eyes uplifted from the field,
 And unto Him my supplications rose,
 Who unto the Compassionate divine
 Compassion exercises. While I pray'd,
 Came from among the slain, in snowy vest, 340
 A hundred youths, each one a vernal - morn
 Of Eden, each a resurrection - morn.
 Their joyful coming, when they onward mov'd,
 Mellifluous resounded. Ah, how lovely
 Their countenances when they came, the brothers 345
 Of Abel ! And they laid their golden crowns
 Down at the Throne, and raised the festal song.
 They sung the praises of the Judge divine.
 Lo, who is this, that comes from Kidron forth,
 His perforated pores emitting blood ? 350
 Hosanna ! who was deck'd on Salem's mount
 With beauteous wounds ? — I, who for man was slain ! --
 Why dost thou sink, beneath this death depress'd ?
 Why does thine forehead bleed, e'en like the forehead
 Of the contending combatant in battle ? 355
 Why thus in agony dost thou exclaim ? —
 Alone I have contended ! of the sons
 Of th' earth not one to my assistance came. —
 Amen, amen, Thou art th' Accomplisher,
 First and the Last, hosanna ! Thou with haste 360

Didst from the grave thine mighty foot uplift,
 And didst ascend to the eternal throne!
 Now Thou in majesty art seated high,
 Supreme, to judge the dead, who cam'st from Kidron,
 Thy perforated pores emitting blood, 396
 Thou deck'd on Salem's mount with beauteous wounds!
 By thine decree we also have been pierc'd
 And wounded, that we might thy martyrs be!
 Against us th' adversary also strove.
 When iron fetters in the fearful depths 397
 Of subterranean dungeons shackled us;
 When death amid the rising flame advanc'd,
 Death on the point of the uplifted sword,
 Death in the persecutor's wrathful looks;
 (Heaven's malediction on the murderers light! 398
 Resounded from the lips of the humane,
 And: Rest in silent peace, ye sacred bones!)
 When we the gift of prophecy receiv'd,
 And firmness to resign the earthly life;
 When, Shout to the Accomplisher of all! 399
 When we expired: Then finished was our course!
 Then the celestial goal we had attain'd!
 Then we with golden diadems were crown'd!
 Then th' earthly life from us devolved, like dust
 Before the wind; e'en as a short discourse, 400
 The life of trouble and adversity
 Was vanished. Fleeting life, thou momentary
 Regard of the creation, yet how great
 The recompense that is on thee bestow'd,
 The recompense of this decisive day! 401
 A crown of glory, and interminable
 Duration. Praise, for evermore resound!
 Expand thy wings, Sublimest transport, rise!
 With exultation and with shouts of joy,
 Proclaim it to the choirs around the throne: 402
 Praise, glory, and eternal adoration
 To Thee, the Ruler of the heaven of heav'ns,
 And the divine consoler of th' afflicted.
 Ere yet the dust existed, and ere yet
 Th' immortal soul did animate the dust, 403

Thou wert enthroned in majesty sublime,
 Contemplating thyself, the Mediator,
 Restorer of primeval innocence.

The Greatest of th' Angels of death now nearer
 Up to the throne a thousand steps advanc'd, 405
 With port majestic like a coming host.
 And when he stood, the trump resounded loud.
 It now desisted, and the Seraph spake.
 And he commanded them, that had contemn'd
 And mock'd the Great Deceased, who ever lives, 410
 That from their depths they should arise, and now
 The crucified, forsaken Jesus view,
 And learn what hideous beings they had been. —
 They all appeared, nor were they able now,
 Beneath a smile their mysanthropic souls 415
 Illusive to conceal. With every vice
 The heart was in the countenance display'd.
 Thus all constrained before their Judges stood. —
 Solicitously inquiring, down the range
 Of golden clouds these on each other gaz'd, 420
 Still dubious, who these enemies should judge.
 Deep in th' assemblage of the Victor - host
 A splendid youth with glowing cheek appear'd,
 Crowned with the joys of everlasting life,
 As with the lustre of a ruby morn. 425
 The deadly hue that o'er his countenance
 Distended ere to manhood he attain'd,
 And his submission, in the bloom of life,
 To see himself by slow degrees expire,
 Was recompensed with different charms from those, 430
 That in the earthly life adorned the mortal:
 With charms angelic, — and his heavenly soul
 With power in every feature was reveal'd.
 And from the Throne of the presiding Judge
 The first of martyrs came, the gentle Stephan, 435
 Whom also in the early bloom of life
 The ruthless power of death had closed the smiling look;
 And he descended to the heavenly Youth.
 The downcast look when th' intimation he
 Received, unfolded mild humility. 440

CANTO XVIII. *Blissstock's Address.*

387

With gentle tremour he arose, and stood
With all the radiance and with every peace
Of innocence invested, and adorn'd
With every charm of everlasting life.

Harmonious sound proceeded from his lips :

445

Grief shall not longer, as in former time,
Involve my life ! Yea, I will now pronounce
Your names, and will not tremble with concern !
Oh sacred names ! My Father ! ah, my father,
My brother also dwells amid the throng !

450

Thou art not longer father, — brother thou
Not longer ! Speak, how did thy son offend,
E'er gentle, though invincible and firm ?
How thee offend, thy brother's silent lips,
And yon with death discoloured cheeks, that ye
With serpent - cunning and malignity

455

Still strove, to rob the hence - departing soul
Of th' only peace in death ? mine immortality's
Salvation, e'en the last and stable hope,
Him on the cross ? — He bled, but mercy flow'd
From every wound ! Why would ye from me wrest

460

The confident assurance, on yon great
And awful morn triumphant to awake ?

That powerful consolation to the soul
In dissolution's pangs, which also now
Re - animated you, though not to joys
And transports high of life, songs jubilant
Of praises to the First among the dead !

465

The youthful praying soul for you was far
Too powerful, too conscious of herself,
To suffer th' adversaries of the life
Eternal, to deprive her of the crown.

470

With joyful hope her dust she to the dust consign'd,
Convinced, she was not perishable thus,
But more important than the heavens and th' earth.
View now her looks, behold her victory.

475

Ye thought, she in the breaking eye dissolv'd
And perished with the heaving moan in death ;
See if not now her triumph is to you
Eternal death, and torment, and despair,

480

While thus he spake, his radiance visibly
 Augmented, till at last the youth appear'd
 To be a Seraph from before the throne.
 The victor-host with new and festly names
 Saluted him, when they his glory saw. 485

But now a Sage who, from the depths profound
 Of nature's labyrinth up to the height
 Of the Redeemer's throne his thoughts had rais'd ;
 On soaring wings oriontic systems bore
 Him ever higher, and still more vigorously 490
 A deep discernment of the deeds of men,
 Uplifted him, — at last the secret pow'r
 Of conscience, which is striving evermore,

To rise superior to the faint decision
 And partial judgment of the erring world, 495
 More gladly soaring to the source of light,
 And balance of the Judge of all the world ;

This Sage advanced. As from a rocky slope
 A rill descending, which anon becomes
 A flowing stream ; so flowed the Sage's words. 500

With stern and with decisive looks he spake :
 By slow degrees, and through a thousand mazes,
 Although in my researches candid e'er,
 I came at last unto the Son divine.

Far more auspicious was your destiny, 505
 Ye more expanded more exalted souls,
 Who, when a blaze of light to you appear'd,

Who void of scruple answered : Thou art light !
 And who unto the blood of sacrifice

Said : Thou art sacred blood ! and when his head 510
 Amid the lowering shade of night he bow'd,

Who then with awe exclaimed : Thou art eternal,
 Too long I tarried in the shades obscure

Of nature's works, the Deity to find ;
 Yet e'en the shades obscure of nature's works 515

Inspired my breast with awe. When in my search
 Aught came into my view, which unto truth

Resemblance bore, I long with scrutiny
 Examined it, and not, till after long

Deliberation, I presumed to say : 520

CANTO XVIII. *Klopstock's Messiah.*

569

Yea, thou art truth ! And when, amid yon maze
Of knowledge, I discovered vestiges
Of the Eternal's presence ; I exclaim'd
With humble adoration : This indeed

Is hallowed ground ! This is the gate of heav'n !

575

And long I tarried still, till I presum'd

Unto the gate of heaven to advance ;

At last however, once, when humbly I

Adored, it op'd to my astonished sight, —

Divine effulgence down upon me beam'd, —

580

In all his glory I beheld the Son.

Then I the way re-traced by which I came,

I now, amid the shade of nature's works,

Discovered greater light, — in the display

Of nature, I discerned superior traits

585

Of the Original ; and I again

Discovered Him high on th' ensanguined cross,

Whom I before in heaven had beheld, —

And gladly I so found him, — conscious that

He who thus bowed his head, when he expir'd,

540

Said to the grave : Deliver up the dead ! —

Have ye been thus the sacred search pursuing ?

Have ye thus mazes intricate explor'd,

When proudly ye pretended, that ye sought

Unbiass'd truth, that progeny divine ?

545

Oh nevermore, ye are not worthy such !

Do nevermore her sacred name repeat,

Lest she at once the wrath of heaven should rouse,

And with her looks omnipotent destroy you !

Ambitious warriors slew the race of men ;

550

And christian priests at th' altar christians slew :

Nay, at the altar, on the battle-field,

Blood only from the reeking wound flowed forth,

But ye with latent murder slew the soul,

Th' immortal soul ! though then from open wounds

555

Death flowed not forth, which hurled into the grave

The slain, that they might live ; but death eternal

Was then inflicted ! Your o'erflowing cup

Of deadly venom, crowned with every lust,

Ye bore with hideous laughter of disdain

560

Among the people, into the palace still
 More frequently, that with th' alluring draught
 The golden tyrant easier might forget
 Death and humanity, and th' awful judgment
 Beyond the grave, that now with thousand eyes 565
 Views all those tears, 'In rising clouds to heav'n
 Uplifted, now by Jesus all reveal'd.

Deep silence reigned in heaven; but anon
 The fathers of the nation, once elect,
 In splendid circles formed around, — with them, 570
 Many of the Witnesses who, to the judgment
 Anterior, from them turned to the Son.
 And like a host of thronging clouds, the flame
 In deep reserve, tremendous to the view,
 The Witnesses advanced; and one of them 575
 Came forward from among the throng and spake.
 Th' applauding looks of all attended him,
 They all with him one doom of death pronounce'd.

When still the life of man on earth he liv'd,
 He called the dead forth from the silent grave, 580
 His godhead to attest! The scoffers then together
 Held council, how those witnesses to slay.
 Now Abraham's unceasing progeny,
 To be a testimonial, was anew
 Appointed, e'en on the terrific day 585
 Of wrath, when they upon themselves devolv'd
 The blood of the Messiah, and before
 The judgment's night - enveloped altar stepp'd,
 There like a voluntary sacrifice
 For evermore to bleed. Thus consecrated, 590
 We were among the nations of the earth
 In companies respectively dispers'd,
 Concerning the Messiah still to prove.
 Lo, here we stand! and there our brethren stand,
 Who are condemned! We all were once alive. 595
 Can heaven with every sun more loud proclaim
 The Lord, who made it? could the earth with all
 Her thousand-coloured vernal progeny
 Have more than these, a people numberless,
 Respecting the divine Messiah prov'd? — 600

Since these could not convince you, e'en the dead
Had from the grave in vain to you return'd.

So far the noble faculty of man,

Reason, the image of the Deity,

Ye have debased ! So much ye in yourselves

606

Confided, and so much the Lord of hosts

Ye have distrusted, that e'en these Condemn'd,

These sacrilegious worshippers of idols

Their faces turn, such scoffers not to see,

Whose consciences low in the dust, to where

610

They had been trampled, now at last are rous'd,

Henceforth through all eternity to prove

Respecting him, whom we have proved on earth.

Ah now, what name shall I on him bestow ?

Ye saw him, who the church first persecuted,

615

And then a golden pillar of the temple,

Which is entire the inmost sanctuary ;

A golden pillar to the heavens arose !

Ah, how shall I denominate him now ?

His new, his heavenly name is inexpressive.

620

Thou also, holy man, thou also art

Of my descendants one ! I still must bless

The dust of th' earth, from which I have been form'd.

He thus began : For ever I shall view

Those sufferings which to these hosts to show,

625

I loudly was from heaven called by Him,

Whom I in error also persecuted.

Their name, ye Angels, is for evermore :

Salvation ! and hosanna is the voice

Of every one who finally prevail'd !

630

But I refrain, and our eternity's

Solemnities I will involve from those,

Whose name is : death. When once my blood flowed forth,

I also a martyr, I no longer wept

Concerning th' adversaries of the cross ;

635

I then became their Judge ! and I beheld

Their awful end ! the end, that now devolv'd.

How abject, how contemptible, how base,

How blinded with the night of self-conceit,

And how the prey of their destructive pride,

640

Those wretched souls, who in the countenance
 Of the Incarnate Son could not discern
 The everlasting glory of the Father! —
 My soul supremely scorns you! Scarcely are
 Ye worthy, in the judgment here to stand, 645
 Before th' assemblage of the human race.
 Oh how sublime, how beauteous, what a wide
 Display of prospects, prospects leading all
 Into eternity; ah, what a rising temple,
 Where God resided! The majestic pile 650
 Tower'd far above the suns, high to the throne,
 And yet on nature it's foundation rested:
 It's sacrifice was blood for all who fell;
 Loud ecstasy, high transport were it's song;
 And it's salvation, — wholly as she thinks 655
 And feels, — the fulness and the satisfaction
 Of the immortal soul's every desire.
 This, this was the religion which ye, Fools,
 Rejected; which ye would not recognize,
 Ah, which with bitter scoffings ye condemn'd. 660
 Of all emotion void ye heard his last
 Loud exclamation on th' ensanguined cross;
 But long since, he again his eyes hath op'd,
 Long since, his silent lips again pronounc'd
 The grand decision of the awful Judge 665
 Of all the world! At th' avenues of death
 Proclaim it, — in the gates of hell announce it:
 Oh how the heights are fallen, that menaced high
 Tow'rd heaven aloft! Each proud revolter soon
 Will groan beneath his doom in the abyss, 670
 And there his fearful countenance will lift,
 And tow'rd another turn: Bewail with me
 The moment of our birth, the hour of our
 Creation, which for this eternity
 Hath brought us forth! — Thus they will all exclaim. 675
 Because the Crucified Redeemer high
 Upon the throne his enemies will judge. —
 He thus concluded. And anon, sublime,
 The Judge with silent dignity began:
 After the hours, appointed to the earth, 680

CANTO XVIII. Molestock's Messiah.**603**

The hour of evening, that will judge, is come.

Ye deemed it vain, it's coming to expect ;

However th' awful hour is now arriv'd.

The worm imagined, born since yesterday,

The habitant of dust, that in the clouds

635

The thunder was not gathering ; even so

In your confines ye warped your reasoning pow'rs.

The hour is come, which in the balance weigh'd

All adversaries of inflexible virtue,

And found them in the balance all too light.

660

Thou who didst deem the beating pulse the soul,

Considering her the heiress of the grave ;

Sinner, she is not dead ! Whom on the cross

Thou didst consider too depressed by death,

He is eternal. Yea, and such he was,

695

Ere thou, which was not th' end of thine existence,

Didst rise, against the dying Mediator

Thy impious spleen to vent. — Jehovah, Gracious

And Merciful, who still didst have compassion

On mortal man, e'en when Thine Only Son

700

With dissolution's anguish was depress'd,

And still within him felt, what he had been ;

Erase, O Father, from thy book the names

Of these Blasphemers. They not longer are

My brethren. They have forfeited the claim.

705

The Mediator of thy covenant,

His flowing blood, his agony in death,

His dying looks high on th' ensanguined cross,

His resurrection, his ascension, all

His bliss, and every tear, they have profan'd.

710

Yea, by my sufferings, by mine incarnation,

My death, my resurrection from the grave,

And by mine exaltation to the throne,

And by my glory : From my presence go,

And henceforth be, what ye yourselves have render'd.

715

Thus was their awful doom of death pronounc'd.

It penetrated deeply into their souls,

And armed with inextinguishable flame

Their consciences against them. Fain they would

Their eyes to heaven uplift, but were not able ;

720

They sunk into the dust. For, from the wounds
 Of the Messiah, blood not longer flow'd;
 The awful Throne, with lightnings dire involv'd;
 Was not th' ensanguined height of Golgatha:
 The voice that from the Throne resounded, now 725
 Not longer was a voice that mercy crav'd.
 Yet, one of the rejected, from the dust
 With sudden effort rose, — his frantic looks
 He ventured once up to the Judge to raise,
 His arms he open threw, exclaiming loud, 730
 That all the fields around and heaven perceived it:
 Is mercy thus restrained, then be it not
 Omnipotence! Take, O Avenger, take
 Thy thunder, and destroy me utterly,
 If so thy thunder can destroy the soul, 735
 That I become a rising flame, and dust,
 And thus expire! that still, with sinking hand
 I may indignant from the open wound
 Take ashes, scattering such tow'rd heaven aloft!
 That all my soul may in dispersing ruins 740
 Of incoherent thoughts, at once dissolve,
 And sink into the fathomless profound
 Of the expanding void! — Thus he exclaim'd.
 We all to heaven uplifted fold'd hands.
 For, suddenly all saw, — th' Angel of death 745
 Let fall the trump of judgment; and Eloah
 His countenance involved, and we beheld:
 The Judge turned on his Throne, stretch'd forth his arm, —
 Hurl'd, — hurl'd a flaming thunder, that aloud
 The heights and depths down to the vaults of hell 750
 Resounded. With the crash a hundred hills
 Sunk from the summit of the judgment-place.
 The ruin trembled, smoked, and groaned convulsive;
 As when along the mountains earthquakes roll
 A sullen sound tumultuous, so beneath 755
 The flame of thunder still the ruin groan'd.
 With flying looks I sought among the vast
 Confusion th' Arch-Blasphemer. And I soon
 Observed him with the judgment overwhelm'd.
 Th' avenging thunder had inflamed a more 760

Acute sensation, and sharp piercing swords
 It on the heart's perceptions had bestow'd,
 And musing melancholy, gloomy, drear,
 And more impelling, as uncertainty
 In eddies still the passive mind impels, 765
 And from the fields of terror soon we heard
 The voice of his despondency arise :
 Desist, thou harbinger, thou vengeful thunder,
 Hurdled by the Judge vindictive ! Oh, desist !
 The smoking hills for ever on me fall ! 770
 Oh, that ye were my grave, o'erwhelming rocks,
 That I might less perceive his thunder's deathless voice !
 Curse on the lips that opened, to entreat
 His justice, still his wrath more to incense !
 A curse on death, on life, on all who'er 775
 Were born, and who escaped the grave to live.

My vision now became a throng obscure
 Of shadows, that advanced and passed away.
 I now heard thunder, and anon the sound
 Multifarious of harps, and at the throne 780
 Ascending voices, but the thoughts of these
 Ascending voices I could not perceive :
 Lone sounds I only could distinctly hear,
 The rest sunk in the thunder's roaring stream.
 The voice of lamentation thus is lost, 785
 When cities vast are by the trembling earth
 Amain ingulphed, and dust tow'rd heaven ascends.
 Still objects new, though none were perfectly
 Unfolded, rose successive to my view,
 Commencement and conclusion of events. 790
 Time oft before me on fleet wing, and oft
 With tardy motion moved. The time which, thus
 Before me passed, appeared successive years.
 One scene at full was to my view reveal'd.
 Cain with towering giant-forms appear'd, 795
 And heroes I perceived with giant-forms ;
 These with oppressive fetters had been bound
 By Cain : and the clatter of the fetters
 Ascending, overpowered the thunder's voice.
 At last the visions that with towering clouds 800

And with obscuring gloom had been involv'd,
Had passed before me. I beheld again.

The countless hosts were silent all-around.

Eloah now advanced, rejoicing loud,

Unto the high injunction to attend.

805

If from the grave an Angel could arise,

E'en so he would arise! so fired with ecstasy,

His port such bliss expressing, and his mien

And countenance with triumph high thus glowing.

J

He was advancing from amid the hosts,

810

Saints to the Mediator's throne to bring.

When they came forward, lo, they were the best

Of human kind, the glory of my race.

With deference I to their merit rose;

And with unbounded rapture I exclaim'd,

815

Enraptured their high merit to attest:

Oh, yonder I will strew the ground with palm,

Where ye appear, that so ye lived and died,

So worthy of your destiny and end!

Thus I exclaimed; but they, of Angels e'en

820

The admiration, stood before the throne.

The trump resounded now: Ye, the disgrace

Of human kind, come forward, and appear!

Whether in mossy cottages ye dwell'd,

Or palaces embossed with blazing gold;

825

Appear, Most abject Beings, all, beneath

Whose galling and dishonouring oppression

The best of human kind and silent merit groan'd! —

On this commanding summons, multitudes

Promiscuously appeared. They rose, each one

830

A burthen to himself, and they were judg'd.

Heman arraigned them. Th' holy man began:

Yea, th' image of the Deity in man

Hath been obscured; and in the habitant

Of th' earth, the traces of his Maker are

835

Wholly undiscernable; nevertheless,

Jehovah sent with every century some,

Whose more exalted minds perceived and felt

Th' intent of their existence! worthy men,

Sacred remains among the woeful wreck

840

Of paradise, who should with powerful voice

Remind you of yourselves, of the sublime

And awful nature of th' immortal soul,

The day of your creation and the state

Of man when first created, who was not

845

Too mean for the Eternal, to exist
 For evermore! — remind you, who ne'er look'd
 Beyond the grave, of the tremendous judgment!
 These, missioned by the Lord of hosts, ye spurn'd;
 But they, too firm to be by those dismay'd, 850
 Who understood them not, remained undaunted,
 And did perform their wonder. This it was:
 Sublime ideas of the Deity
 To entertain, humility in themselves,
 Measuring their fellow-beings with the measure, 855
 That was designed for mortals; adoration;
 Disclaiming every merit in the presence
 Of the Most High; no partial and no spurious
 Humanity, — humanity benign
 And active; that tranquillity that craves 860
 No testimony but th' all-seeing Eye
 Of the Eternal; hidden, silent virtue;
 Forbearance, and maintaining silence still,
 When e'en the Virtuous did pronounce against them;
 A fervid joy, and e'en amid the most 865
 Unruffled calm of life to keep in view
 Things more exalted, and to smile on death! —
 These ye contemned! Instead of reverencing
 Their merits, and of learning from them, why
 The joys of th' earth are for th' immortal soul 870
 Too insignificant; why in the hour
 Of silent feelings, why the trembling soul
 To higher innocence, and more profound
 Composure still aspired: instead of your
 Approaching them with deference, ye became 875
 Their persecutors! hated e'en the best
 Of human kind, upon their actions strew'd
 The dust of couching calumny malign,
 And vilified e'en Angels from on high.
 Holy is He who judges! By his name; 880
 He looked on those defamers also down,
 Who persecuted his beloved servants;
 But he beheld them even with those looks,
 That now upon you light, and that transfix
 With fire omnipotent you in the depths, 885
 To which for everlasting ye are doom'd.

He ceased. And now a youth, e'en one of these,
 Who died ere they maturity attain'd,
 Who virtue's martyrs had become, had men
 Been worthy' of other martyrs; he began: 890

When virtue suffered, and with unadmird
 And rueful tears fled into solitude;
 My conscience then the doom of death surmisd,
 That would on the oppressive throng devolve.
 I averted from their deeds my countenance, 905
 Yea, I did curse the cursers and, impell'd
 By youthful ardour, I from every arm
 Did extricate, indignant stamp'd the ground
 On which blasphemers lived, and I laid down
 And died, their doom of death to ascertain. 910
 I now have ascertained it: th' utterance is:
 He who will be for evermore, he smil'd
 With benediction, when th' Invincible
 To sufferings were exposed! He who was dead
 And lives, he saw their paths with palm and woe 915
 Abounding! and he will reward them all.

The Judge decided quickly, and the fate
 Of the oppressors was at once decree'd;
 The flaming word of the decree was heard,
 And all from th' awful place of judgment fled. 919

These still were fleeing, when a Cherub came,
 With hasty step advancing through the clouds.
 The clouds around the Cherub waved, because
 With terror and with kindled wrath he mov'd.
 A tempest rushed from every mighty step; 915
 Anon he stood, stretched forth his threatening arm,
 Was silent, held a vessel full of flame

Down through the heavens, that th' extending shade
 Of his uplifted arm spread over hosts
 Of those who were arisen from the grave; 920
 At once he the resounding vessel turn'd,
 And through the heavens peaved the streaming flame.
 The vessel still resounded, still the blaze
 Streamed down upon the place of judgment, when
 Attend in heaven the Destroyer swore: 925

By His dread name, — he is Jehovah nam'd,
 Vindictive Judge, — named by the Righteous — Hove! —
 With Him religion had her origin;

By Him she was our mortal man bestow'd.
 And He alone knew what Jehovah is. 930

Appear, ye proud Deceivers, ye who made
 Divinities and, to the views of men,
 Distorted the Most High of heaven, the most
 Benign Creator so, that at his side
 Ye placed assistants, that they might be gods! — 935

CANTO XVIII. *Atlopstock's Messiah.*

609

And they appeared. Behold, they were arraign'd
By him, who instituted yon religion
That was the propheteas sublime respecting
Th' Incarnate Son, and which respecting Him
Still testified until the judgment-day.

610

Familiar as a mortal man already
At th' awful thunder's Right to stand, and close
To the resounding trump's appalling blast;
He thus began: I do survey the fields
Of the still smoking earth, and see them deck'd
With images of singular device!

615

These, ye considered gods? these should display
Him — whom the heavens cannot represent?
No, these did not a shade of him afford.

620

Ye felt it, and your nature still remain'd
Unaltered, though ye from your eminence
Debased yourselves to the most abject state, —

Ye felt it, that the reptile of the field
Could not command the clouds, nor th' animal
That dwells in floods, prevent the flowing tear,

625

And that the rising sun could not inspire
With more humanity the heart of man,
Nor sanctify the Spirit that was thirsting

For peace, and more exalted innocence;
Though th' altar ever was with incense strew'd,
And the consuming flame did ever rise, —

630

Although the altar was encompas'd round
By those, who raised their voice in songs of praise.
Ye felt it, but ye were too full of Self,

Before the Sovereign Lord in all to bow,
In whose dread presence ye were abject dust;

635

Nay, ye did e'en debase yourselves so far,
To deem it meritorious, the inventors

Of such conceits to be, and thus become
The guides of men: Though ye Immortals taught
To worship brutes, that during some few hours

640

Moved in the dust. Know then: He did perceive
The pompous tumult of your sacrifices,

Jehovah heard in heaven when, in the grove,
Amid a stunning noise your idol, or

645

Orion did not hear, nor stay'd the steeds.

Ye who into the deepest misery plung'd
Your brethren, and deceived them with false gods!

Their misery the Eternal hath perceiv'd,
He saw the lusts of your luxurious fanes,

650

The dissolute propensity to which
 Ye led the people, — heard the mournful cries
 Of children in your idol's arms of fire,
 The shouting trumpet's clangour, which in vain
 The secret cries of feeling overpower'd! 985
 Behold, he heard them louder in proportion,
 As mothers pale suppress'd them in the breaking heart,
 Inhumanly constrained, void of the veil
 Of mercy, in their children's blood to stand,
 And at their dying agonies to smile. 990
 Th' Eternal now their streaming blood requires.
 The sins are now avenged, which with your gods
 Ye did invent, — so is the loss of all
 Those better actions which they had perform'd,
 Had not ye to such phrensy led them on, 995
 And not debased them so below themselves.

While thus he spake, his countenance became
 Perceptibly more bright; the risen hosts
 Beheld the splendour of his glory, now
 Void of a veil. Then Enoch rose. And lo, 1000
 With him the ruby splendour of the morn
 Beamed all-around. The Sage of God began;

When in the earthly life I still sojourn'd,
 Before the hour of my new glory' arriv'd;
 I oft sat solitary within the grove, 1005
 O'ershadowed by the cedar: wafting breezes
 Then in her branches rustled animation,
 Each nature then around me felt itself;
 But I within me felt th' immortal Soul!
 Then during happy hours which still I bless, 1010
 Oh, even then already, with such new
 Ineffable emotion of sublime
 Felicity, the best of contemplations,
 The contemplation of the Deity
 Engaged my thoughts, until with sacred awe 1015
 And adoration most profound, my soul
 Sunk trembling down before him; ever new
 And never wholly felt were those sensations!
 And I exclaimed, not with my trembling lips,
 My lips were silent, every voice was dead! 1020
 I scarcely breathed, animation pass'd,
 Revolving time stood still! Yet from the most
 Profound recesses, and with every deep
 Emotion, the immortal soul aloud
 With suppliant voice exclaimed: Ah, who art Thou? 1025

Thou Being of all beings, who art Thou?
 God! Infinite! Eternal! — Solitude
 A while prevailed, but, O Thou most benign,
 Thou Self-existent Being! — Solitude,
 Thou God of love, continued not for aye! 1030
 Ah, (now my voice returned, and now my tears
 Began to flow,) My Maker, and my God!
 I shall in these o'erpowering joys dissolve,
 For all-around me, even close around,
 The fulness of thine omnipresence streams! — 1035
 But once, with loud rejoicings I recall
 To my remembrance the auspicious day!
 I walked to him, by whom I was created,
 Not through the vale of death, high o'er the grave, to God! —
 E'en He sends me this day, you to arraign, 1040
 You Wise Conceits, of idle musings vain,
 Too proud of your contracted, grovelling souls,
 (Ye hindered God to' expand and to exalt them).
 Ye did on immortality presume,
 And entertained high notions of yourselves: 1045
 When ye, according to your understanding,
 The nature of the Being of all beings
 Unfolded; when ye on the wings of dreams
 On high into yon dread and awful gloom
 Your presence forced, and wholly the divine 1050
 Perfections ascertained, of him, who is
 Eternal; when with human wisdom ye
 His nature scanned, and thought, ye knew Jehovah,
 Such as from all eternity he is.
 Ye had done better, humbly in the dust 1055
 To wait till death, his Angel, to you came,
 The hovering gloom illuming; better, there
 With pious adoration worshipp'd him,
 Who is above your vain presumption far
 Exalted, recognizing not himself, 1060
 In shades that of his nature ye had form'd, —
 Presumption unto which your pride gave rise,
 And which defrauded nobler souls of virtue's
 Benevolence, and ultimate reward.
 So spake the Sage, who lived a godly life. 1065
 Among the host that had been summoned, stood
 With fearful and expecting silence more
 Idolators, inventors of false gods.
 These were not yet arraigned; and they had been
 Professors of christianity in life. 1070

Th' assembly of th' arraigning Elders pau'd,
 A while absorbed in silent contemplation.
 Not distant from the Throne, encompassed round
 By the effulgent host of the First-born
 Unto the heavenly heritage, the Mother 1075
 Of the Redeemer stood. A snowy vest
 Sprinkled with blood, was flowing o'er her foot.
 Her tranquil looks sunk with humility
 Down to the ground. The Mother so advanc'd,
 Conducting to the Throne the silent hosts. 1080
 I was with joy amazed. So great was her
 Display of bliss, and high beatitude.
 When she before the Sovereign Judge appear'd,
 She lifted up her eye, beheld him with profound
 Devotion, sunk down to the ground, and laid 1085
 Her crown with silent reverence to his feet.
 The Mother thus prostrated to the Son,
 And every solemnizing harp emitted
 A gentler note, than the resounding strain
 Of hallelujahs to the Son divine. 1090
 Round their conductress all the holy martyrs
 Prostrated, and laid down their radiant crowns
 Before him who expired, and ever lives.
 Now the Redeemer spake: My children, rise,
 And love me as I loved you, when blood 1095
 Descended from these wounds, and Mary saw me. —
 So spake the Gracious Judge. And Mary wept.
 She spread her open arms then tow'rd the Throne,
 And radiant soared aloft, and sung aloud,
 That all the Risen heard it, and that joys 1100
 Unspeakable pervaded all their hearts.
 Hosannas unto Thee, to Thee alone,
 Be sung for evermore! Lo, thou didst smite.
 Death to extermination! Sin in vain —
 Became th' accuser at the thundering Throne! — 1105
 Cease now, ye sacred tears, cease now to flow,
 Which even in the everlasting rest
 Oft from my eyes descended, when some christians
 Were led astray by zeal, and unto me
 Paid homage e'en as to th' Eternal Son: 1110
 Cease now, my tears of sympathy, to flow!
 For th' earth is overthrown, and now, amid
 The general wreck of nature, th' altars are
 In dust reduced and scattered, whence the worship
 Mary rose, those numberless denyings 1115

Of the Most High, which I did not perceive:
But He perceived them, who established this
Tremendous day, who now separates the Soul
And Greatest of all Spirits, — parting now
Created Spirits from the Increate!

1120

Praise unto Thee, all crowns and every palm,
Thou God and Man, Accomplisher of all!
To Thee alone, All-sovereign Lord, belong
Worship and adoration! Ere the dust

Existed, ere, to animate the dust,

1125

The soul derived her being, Thou wert then
Existent, then contemplating salvation

Of her, who brought Thee forth; contemplating

To let her be e'en one of those, who were

Ordained, thy last words from the cross to hear,

1130

And now the Victor's voice, and thy divine

Assurance, that we have been saved from sin,

And ne'er into the judgment shall be brought

Of condemnation! Rise, hosannas to the Babe

Of Bethlehem, the Sufferer, the Deceas'd!

1135

Who as an infant in a manger slept

His first sleep; on th' ensanguined cross, his last!

The Wonderful! the Most Sublime, whom names,

Whom tears cannot designate, the Great Author

Of our salvation, of eternal life!

1140

Son of a mortal mother, Son of God!

To the Most Holy loud hosannas rise. —

My vision now became a throng obscure

Of shadows, that advanced and passed away.

I now heard thunder and anon the sound

1145

Mellifluous of harps, and at the Throne

Ascending voices; but the thoughts of these

Ascending voices I could not perceive;

I only could lone sounds distinctly hear,

The rest sunk in the thunder's roaring stream.

1150

Still objects new, though none were perfectly

Unfolded, rose successive to my view,

Commencement and conclusion of events.

Time oft before me on fleet wing, and oft

With tardy motion moved. The time which so

1155

Before me passed, appeared successive years.

One scene was to my view at full reveal'd.

Sufferers I saw rewarded. Innocent,

Great, noble, suffering souls, who bore through life

Affliction on affliction, godly souls!

1160

Crowns from the source of light adorned their brows;
 Angels were their attendants. And at last
 The visions with obscuring gloom involv'd,
 Had passed before me. I beheld again,
 'Ah, suddenly appeared unto my view 1165
 Th' appalling, most terrific semblances
 Of everlasting death. Thought never so
 The vast capacities of an Immortal,
 And every latent depth of his profound
 Perception agitated and appall'd, 1170
 As this o'erwhelming terror shook my heart.
 For the most worthless of degenerate Beings,
 And of humanity's most abject state
 The most obnoxious scandal and reproach,
 The basest of the dust, (God, in his wrath, 1175
 Affirmed their being dust!) the evil kings appear'd,
 Their doom of everlasting death to hear.
 No thunders, bursting from the Throne of heav'n,
 Nor clangour of the trump, commanded these
 Into the judgment! Gasping lamentation, 1180
 As from the field of battle, moans and sighs
 Of the expiring sinner, into guilt
 Precipitated, and to sin constrain'd;
 With thousand times ten thousand voices, these
 Commanded their appearing now before 1185
 The awful Judge. They came. Thus night convolves. —
 A man who during life was rendered hapless
 Through one of these, and yet continued just
 And virtuous, he rose from his seat, and aware
 Unto the Judge; I lived, and in three sons 1190
 Expanded; my obscure and humble life
 Flow'd yet serenely onward, until yon
 Inhuman, smiling man came, proudly' assum'd
 His blazing gold, misled my guiltless sons,
 And rendered them obnoxious as himself, 1195
 I then expired, Thou hast pronounced their doom!
 Remove him from thy presence, Sovereign Judge.
 He robbed me of my blood, did form it like himself,
 And tore it from the arm of innocence. —
 The Sovereign Judge replied; Set forth his fate. — 1200
 The torments all of the rejected, whom
 He did seduce, be his eternal portion,
 But in their glory, with terrific wounds,
 Seven martyrs rose; Our name is hundred times
 A hundred! With ferocious pleasure, ye 1205

Beheld us die, though evil we did none.
 The feathered tribe securely in the grove
 Sung the Creator's praise; we dared not do the same.
 To lonely clefts and caverns in the rocks,
 To the sepulchres of the dead, where we 1210
 Beneath the tearful floweret saw the bones
 Of murdered brethren, for the Day of days
 There ripening; thither e'en the messengers
 Of your ferocious cruelty pursued us, 1215
 Desisting not, with christian blood to drench
 Their raging swords, until of all the slain
 The silent lips, — till all-around the direful
 Silence of death, and still some closing looks
 Of gently-breaking eyes appalled those hideous
 Inhuman wretches, that aghast they fled, — 1220
 That unto them each gently - rustling breeze
 In forests, roaring hurricanes became,
 And waving shades, a sable midnight-gloom.
 But on the flowery couch of luxury,
 Environed with inhuman flatterers, ye 1225
 Refrained from trembling. Now look up, and see:
 All these ye slew! Look also up to Him,
 Who is the First among the Risen dead, —
 If ye indeed be able to sustain
 Th' almighty terrors of the Deity. 1230
 His name is Jesus! On the earth ye heard
 His blessed name; but ye perceived not then
 Those thunders, that accompany it now,
 That now proclaim it through the heavens around.
 So spake the witnesses, with beauteous wounds 1235
 Distinguished. After them a Righteous King
 His transport-beaming eye uplifting, look'd
 Upon these saints: How can I find a name,
 To utter this tranquillity and peace,
 That with felicity now fill my heart? 1240
 How represent the festal recompense
 Which crowns my having ne'er repressed the high
 Injunction of humanity, and ne'er,
 By dazzling greatness blinded, from my thoughts
 Absented, that I was, like others, dust? 1245
 That I was destined once to die, as those
 O'er whom I sway'd a sceptre? Still I bless you,
 Sweet, tranquil, happy hours, in which my heart,
 At testifying th' anguish of th' afflicted,
 Would gladly with humanity dissolve, 1250

Then calling quickly to the end of their
 Distresses. It was recompense enough,
 Their grateful looks, expressive of that awe,
 Which actions of benevolence inspire,
 Before me to behold, — already crowns enough, 1266
 Th' emotion of their gratitude to see,
 But, lo, the Sovereign Ruler of the heav'ns,
 Whose bounty as himself is infinite,
 He still more numerous joys on me bestows,
 And with th' increase of joys an everlasting state. 1269

Now one of the Rejected, from the dust,
 In which he lay o'erwhelmed with th' awful doom,
 Lifted his face and stretched, against the kings,
 His testifying right hand and began;
 My life is branded with indelible 1265
 Disgrace and shame! I am a sinner judg'd!
 I donot know the greatness of the soul,
 Whjch doth exalt yon righteous company
 Above the dust of th' earth; yet notwithstanding this,
 I feel that ye debased the name of man, 1270
 That ye have been of all the sons of th' earth
 The most unholy ever since sin reign'd, —
 Since conscience smote in silence, but which now,
 On this dread day, no longer can be stunn'd.

Thus the rejected soul. Seraph Eloah 1275
 Long since stood with destructive terrors arm'd,
 His eye with vengeance flamed! his dreaded book
 Hung down through heaven, and he began to' unfold
 The volume; then was heard a rushing sound,
 As of a rushing storm! Eloah spake: 1280
 Your misery is of measure wholly void!
 No numbers number it, — it lacks a name!
 Woe unto you, that you have ever been
 Created! Woe, destruction void of end
 Unto your souls! the most exalted and 1285
 Most sacred dignity of man ye have
 Egregiously profaned. — With loud acclama
 Of transport, and with weeping gratitude,
 The Angels of the Sovereign King of kings
 Would have received them! — Oh, ye stood sublime! 1290
 The human race stood gathered round your thrones!,
 Large was your scope, and great was the reward,
 To be humane, and nobly e'er to act.
 The heavens beheld you. But the heavens their face
 Averted, when they testified your deeds, — 1295

CANTO XVIII. Klopstock's Messiah.

617

Sanguinary war, through every century
The bane and the reproach of human kind, —
The loudest and most terrible derision
Of lowest hell! — When they did testify
The everlasting slumber of your eyes, 1300
Which, couching at your side, the favourite clos'd!
No virtue recompensed, and no tear dry'd!
Go now, thou who didst gorge thy listening ear
With the sweet sound of immortality!
Ye' attained it, — although not such as ye dream'd. 1305
Your name is everlasting: by the most
Debased of souls, with wildest imprecations
Of hell to be pronounced! In brazen rocks
Of the abyss your actions are ingraff'd.
There they are seen in lines interminable, 1310
Delineated with unquenchable fire,
By their own deathless infamy all known!
There, there no temple of renown exists,
There sprouts no laurel, to entwine your brows,
There no heroic lay will greet your ears, 1315
With flow of praise and honour, pride exciting,
Attending you through high triumphal arch:
But wailings of despondence, cries of anguish,
The fearful voice of blood that ye have shed,
The exclamations of infuriate hate, 1320
And maledictions, wishing you still new
And greater torments, these will you assail
From brow of pendent rocks, and from the dire
Terrific caverns of eternal night, —
Wishing the clouds around the throne of heav'n 1325
With flaming thunder to' arm, — th' Angels of death
To be descending with the iron pace,
That the accursed all with looks aghast
May gaze, the throne of heaven to discern!
Because the grand decision now supports 1330
The balance; Soon, ah soon the rising scale
Aloft into the heavens will ascend. —
So spake Eloah. Silence o'er the earth,
And through the heavens all-around prevail'd.
Sacred, and awful, and appalling was 1335
The beaming look of the Presiding Judge!
It beamed his dread omnipotence, and wrath.
He looked down on the kings, — withdrew from them
His countenance, — maintaining silence. — While
He turned, the rocks beneath th' arraigned kings 1340

Began to tremble, — from the throne a storm
 Expanded, and amid the fearful night
 Of the expanding storm, th' Angels of death
 As on a cloud came forth. The Rulers fled!
 No earthquake did compassionately' ingulph them, 1345
 To hide them from the horrors of the scene,
 And from the coming of th' Angels of death.
 A thought; and we again beheld the place
 Illumed, on which the Rulers were arraign'd:
 Another thought, and we remotely heard 1350
 The thunders of th' abyss, which opened and reclos'd.
 Th' Angels of death already had attain'd
 The bounds of heaven around the judgment-place.
 They lifted sable hurricanes on high,
 And raised their voice in jubilant acclaims. 1355

Klopstock's Messiah.

CANTO XIX.

One scene of the tremendous judgment-day,
 Our Sire with silence deck'd. He saw, amid
 The numberless and thronging multitude
 Of risen dead, Eve standing on a hillock,
 Her tresses flowing on the ambient air, 5
 With open arms, with glowing cheeks, with voice
 Of such maternal tenderness expressive,
 As ne'er a mortal, ne'er a Seraph heard, —
 Imploring mercy! Through her tears she smil'd,
 Entreating for her children, — to the Judge 10
 Entreating, his forgiveness to obtain!
 At once th' affecting vision disappear'd;
 He merely heard remotely yet some sounds
 Of heavenly harps. At first he thought it were
 The plaint of dole, anon he deemed it joy. 15
 These also died away. And he beheld again.
 As though awaking from revolving thought,
 Our Sire resumed: The Reapers of the crop
 I now beheld, all passing to and fro,
 Amid the host of risen dead around. 20

With stern inquiring looks they slowly onward mov'd,
 Th' assembled hosts surveying and, anon,
 Exclaimed with awful import: Come! — and led,
 Whom they had called, like sad and gloomy thoughts,
 Mute like sepulchral forms, while graves on earth 25
 Existed, — led them to the judgment-place.
 A Seraph slowly now advanced, and brought
 The high injunction: On your faces fall
 And hear your doom which, in the life of time,
 The pious secretly and lone, pronounce'd 30
 Upon you, and, with tremblings, warned themselves,
 Life everlasting sedulous to' obtain.

I saw, how paleness o'er their faces spread,
 And how they sunk despondent to the ground,
 Sunk and of shattered rocks the fragments seiz'd. 35
 Th' Angel stepp'd silent back. Deck'd with the charms
 Of purer virtue, and with the dignity
 Of the sublime religion, whose divine
 Transcendence he already testify'd
 Ere yet the bourne of th' earthly life he pass'd; 40
 The dearest and most amiable among
 The dear disciples, pious John arose.
 The Elders stood around him. He advanc'd,
 Of those, now prostrate on the judgment-place,
 The pride and all their doings to unmask, — 45
 Them to the light of day all to expose.
 Not as the tempest of th' Omnipotent,
 Did he smite every height and every depth:
 He merely touch'd here summit, there abyss;
 Then suffered the terrific lowering cloud 50
 In silence to revolve. John thus began:
 Ye formed a virtue for yourselves and plac'd
 The idol high above the Throne, on which
 The Law of God, and with the Sacred Law
 Your conscience rested. Those who, rigorously 55
 Compared the transient feelings of the heart.
 With the Eternal's standard, and implor'd,
 Weeping implored the mercy of the Judge,
 Those were not spotless in their own esteem,
 They bowed with all humility to God: 60
 Ye deemed yourself unspotted, perfect, pure!
 Would scarcely be received unto the high
 Redemption. Yet the noble impulse which
 Incited you to honours, ye dabas'd
 To self-importance and imperious pride! 65

Did venture with severity to judge
 Those who were far more righteous than yourselves, —
 Who, with superior wisdom and with more
 Simplicity, did penetrate more deeply
 Into the maze of arduous duty, who 70
 Roused in their breasts more zealous and acute
 Regard for virtue, and intently still
 This fervour cherished; those ye dared in your
 Presumption with severity to judge!
 Dared impiously consider silent virtue 75
 As not superior to the vacant sound
 Of her mere name, or to her faint reflection
 In kingly huts, or on some other heights
 Of human shadowy greatness. Ye erected
 The pageant of your own felicity, 80
 A fane of your invention, — reared on false
 Tranquillity, but not on sacred duty.
 Your lips indeed the name of providence
 Did utter, although in the ways of man,
 And in your own ways, ye confided more. 85
 Superior gifts of nature ye perverted
 From nature's purposes, mingling the soft
 And gentle sounds of mild humanity
 With rough discordance harsh: the action truly,
 At variance with the mind, appeared not such; 90
 But so the heart was secretly dispos'd.
 There night prevailed, — your hearts knew not that peace, —
 An adversary freely to forgive,
 In silence him to bless! Could these the hope
 Encourage, the celestial crown to gain, 95
 Who were not pure in sight of the Most High?
 Who e'en could not the scrutiny abide
 Of their own feelings in the hour of pain;
 Yet were not then more perfectly convinc'd
 Of being frail? who escaped not from themselves, 100
 And yet sued no compassion from the great
 Redeemer? yet reverted to their pride,
 To their own merit? who did reconcile themselves?
 Poor tranquil sinners! Could the last of days,
 Could this alone inform you of your state? 105
 Nought but his terrors rouse you from your dream?
 Though every fleeting hour in th' earthly life
 Could powerfully instruct you, that beyond
 The grave Another One presides in judgment,
 And not yourselves? — Arise, and testify 110

CANTO XIX. Klopstock's Messiah.

621

The more sublime tranquillity of these!
 See now the high reward that ye have lost! —
 Another path conducted to the goal.
 Humility, and more humanity,
 More fervour in devotion and in pray'r, 115
 Led to the radiant crown the Victor's foot.
 Ne'er through the silent watches of the night
 Did ye the tear of silent sorrow weep,
 As these have done, engaged in prayer profound.
 Compassion ye ne'er freely exercis'd, 120
 When ye affliction saw. Ye never felt
 That most exalted joy that man or Angel
 Could ever feel, the consciousness, that God
 Our actions with approving eye beheld, —
 That God alone did testify our deeds, 125
 And e'en to feel more blessed when to man
 Our motive was in mystery involv'd.
 Ye never did sufficiently God's high
 Prerogative and greatness ascertain:
 Therefore in your security ye smil'd; 130
 But ne'er did ye yon heavenly peace attain,
 Which in the tear of deep contrition flow'd,
 The tear that sued for mercy, mercy which
 Was by the Saviour's tears and blood obtain'd.
 So the Disciple spake. Anon the balance 135
 Resounded. But the lighter scale struck not
 Against the beam. The fate of the Arraign'd
 Became with gloom involved, but not with night.
 Perhaps day once will sooner on them rise.
 The host at the Presiding Judge's Left, 140
 Stood with dismay and terror overwhelm'd.
 Th' Angels of death descended from the Throne,
 Rejected souls to the abode of night
 Eternal to convey. Their looks of judgment
 With terrors smote from Him upon the Throne. 145
 When these descended, thousand thundering clouds,
 Rolled after their impetuous progress, far
 And wide expanding from the judgment-seat. —
 Silent and lone, his dying looks transfix'd
 Into the deep profound, stood Abbadonā. 150
 Tow'rd him one of th' Angels of death advanc'd,
 Approaching him still nearer and still nearer.
 The hapless Abbadona saw the Cherub,
 And recognized him, and arose to die.
 He looked on high up to the awful Judge, — 155

Increasing gloom lowered round his swimming eye,
 And he from every depth of soul exclaim'd.
 The whole assembly of the human race
 Looked on him, so the Judge down from his Throne.
 With adoration Abbadona spake:

160

Since all hath been accomplished, and since now
 Eternal night succeeds the last of days:
 Allow me yet this once, Thou on the Throne,
 With flowing tears thy countenance to view,
 With tears that from my breaking eye did flow 165
 Since th' earth was in existence. From thy Throne,
 O Thou who also know'st what sufferings are;
 Look on the woe of us that have been judg'd,
 On Me, who am of all created beings
 The most forsaken! Mercy' I donot sue; 170
 Yet let me, Mediator, God and man,
 Oh let me sue destruction at thine hand.
 Behold, I clasp this rock, and here I will
 Maintain my hold, when by th' Angels of death
 E'en from thy sacred presence the rejected 175
 Are hence constrained. A thousand thunders roll
 Around Thee: Oh, take of the thousand one,
 Arm it with thy omnipotence, and slay me, —
 Yea, by the love, by thy commiseration
 And mercy, which Thou dost dispense this day, 180
 I supplicate destruction at thine hand! —
 I also, with the Just, derived from Thee
 My being; Let me die! Exterminate
 The spectacle of my ruin from amid
 Creation, and let Abbadona be 185
 For everlasting to oblivion doom'd!
 My being be extinct, vacant the place
 Of the most hapless, and forsaken most
 Of all that have existence e'er deriv'd! —
 Thy thunder tarries, and Thou hear'st me not. 190
 If I must live, then let me be apart
 From the rejected Spirits of the deep,
 And let me on this gloomy place of judgment
 Silent and lone remain, that in my dire
 O'erwhelming torments I may still derive 195
 Consolance from reflection, — looking round,
 Recall to my remembrance: Even there
 With radiant wounds, in majesty enthron'd,
 The Son of God appeared! Yonder the Saints
 radiant clouds arose! Here I was judg'd! — 200

And Abbadona sunk down on a rock,
Th' Angels of death stood with expanded wings,
Their eyes fix'd on the Judge. The human race
Maintained a solemn silence. Silent were
The thunders which till now incessantly 205
Burst from the Throne of the Presiding Judge.
Again the wretched Abbadona rais'd
Languid his head, afresh felt immortality,
And heard through the expanding heavens the voice
Of th' awful Judge descending: Abbadona, 210
I have created thee! I know my creatures,
I see the insect ere it moves, — the Seraph,
Ere he imbibes perception, and I know
The latent thoughts concealed within the heart:
But thou hast left me! These rejected souls 115
Do also testify against thee! thou
Art one of their seducers, — and they were
Created for th' interminable state.

Tow'rd heaven Abbadona wrung his hands,
And he arose, and spake: If Thou, Lord, know'st me; 220
If Thou didst deign to look on the forlorn
Condition of the most disconsolate
Of Angels; if thine eye divine beheld
The long duration of my wretchedness
And anguish: Oh, then do in pity grant, 225
That thy destructive thunders seize me, and
Thy lifted arm in mercy strike me dead!
Into the lowest, most terrific depth
Of the abyss I sink, O Mediator;
And from the prospect of eternity 230
My trembling Spirit flees appalled, and sinks
With consternation, calling upon death,
When I reflect on having been by Thee
Created, and that I was so unworthy,
My being to derive! Look in compassion down, 235
From where Thou dost in judgment stern preside,
And see my misery! Let me once again
Indulge the thought sublime, that I from Thee
Derived existence, — that I also was
The work of the most bountiful and best 240
Of Beings! — Then for ever, from amid
Creation do exterminate the essence
Of mine immortal Spirit! — Ere from all
Created beings I shall take my leave,
I hail the contemplation, this my last 245

Idea in presence of the Increate:

When the completed heavens with their huge
Rotundity arose, and when the first
Jubilant rejoicing felt it's ceaseless state;
When with one vast emotion, which on all
From the Creator streamed, th' Angels at once
Their high existence felt; when the Most High,
Not longer solitary, revealed himself
To thousand times ten thousand, such as from
Eternity he was, — when first the most sublime
Of every contemplation not alone

250

255

Did fill the Mind divine: Then I deriv'd
Existence from my Judge! To misery I
Was then enstranged, no sorrow did obstruct
The dignity of mine exalted state.

260

Of all whom I to love selected, God
Was the most worthy object of my love!
Felicity deck'd me with abiding wing!
Beatitude encompassed me around,

265

And opened to my view from every side!
Enraptured I rejoiced in mine existence.
I lived, to be beloved by the Most High!
My life I measured with interminable
Duration, — my revolving days of bliss

270

I numbered by the number of divine
Display of mercies! Now I must dissolve
Into nonentity, and must not longer be!
And with profoundest wonder ne'er again
Behold the Blessed Countenance of God!

275

And never sing a hallelujah more
At the Eternal Son's exalted Throne! —
Dissolve then, my immortal Spirit, — pass
Into nonentity! — Accomplished are

280

The purposes for which thou dost exist. —
Here I submissive stand, the last time now
Adoring Thee who, on the most nocturnal
And most appalling height of destiny,
Hast placed me, there a witness to become,
First of thine high benignity, and then
Of vengeance, — justice inexorable.

285

Thou didst ordain me, that revolving ages
In long succession should behold my doom,
And silent should their countenance involve.

So saying, he sunk down before the Judge,
Fell prostrate on his face, and awaited death.

290

CANTO XIX. *Klopstock's Messiah.*

625

And most profound and solemn silence still
 Expanded through the heavens, and o'er the earth.
 I raised mine eyes, and cast a passing look
 Through heaven and saw that, on their golden thrones,
 The Elders trembled with the expectation, 285
 Of what would now devolve. — I likewise saw,
 Before the host of the rejected souls
 Round Abbadona, with expecting brow
 And glowing countenance, — around them lower'd
 The most nocturnal clouds immovable, — 290
 Thus I beheld th' Angels of death! — From him,
 Their looks intense up to the Judge were fix'd.
 The Father of the human race here paus'd.
 The Saints looked on him, as though now among them
 A second time he from the grave arose, 305
 When he resumed: At last, e'en as the voice
 Paternal to the Son, as the redounding sound
 Of rising joy, this voice flowed from the Throne:
 Come, Abbadona, come to thy Redeemer.
 Adam again was mute. When speech anon 310
 To him returned, when he was able now
 To utter firm, swiftly-flowing words,
 He said: With the velocity of fervid
 To-heaven-rising devotion, — as on the wings
 Of a storm, on which the Dread Eternal rides, 315
 Abbadona soared, and hastened to the Throne.
 When he advanced through heaven, in his eye
 Adoring, that beheld the Deity,
 The beauty of his sacred youth reviv'd;
 And the Immortal's high tranquillity. 320
 Was o'er the Seraph's countenance diffus'd.
 Of us none, on the resurrection-day,
 So beauteous stood above the silent dust,
 As Abbadona now through heaven advanc'd.
 Abdiel not longer could restrain his feelings, 325
 When he th' approach of Abbadona saw, —
 Pressed forward from among the righteous host,
 And with extended arms rejoiced aloud through heav'n.
 His cheek was glowing, and his golden crown
 Resounded on his head; with tremour he 330
 Descended swift, and in his open arms
 Clasp'd Abbadona. From the close embrace
 The loving Seraph quickly extricates
 And prostrates on his face before the Throne.
 Now through the heavens around the gentle voice. 335

Of tears arose, th' effusion soft of bliss.
 And from the four and twenty golden thrones,
 On which the Elders solemnly preside,
 Mild strain of harps resounded, which arose
 Up to the Throne of the Eternal Son, 340
 Acclaiming Him that had been dead, yet liv'd.
 But how repeat, what Abbadona said,
 When at the Throne he rose, and unto Him
 Upon the Throne his countenance he bent?
 These were his words, — he smiled eternal bliss: 345

Oh, by what festal name, and by what act
 Of adoration shall I Thee designate,
 Who didst display compassion thus to me? —
 Children of light, whom cordially I love,
 To you I am returned! Ye, the creation's 350
 First-born, and Ye who, through the Saviour's wounds
 Are heirs of endless life; to what am I
 Returned? Oh, tell me, who did call me thus?
 Whose was the voice descending from the Throne,
 Uttering my name? — 'Thou art the source of life, 355
 Fulness of glory, th' everlasting source
 Of everlasting life! Thy name is Bliss!
 Light from the Light, to all the Mediator,
 The Lamb that hath been slain. Thou likewise art
 Denominated Judge! — I name Thee — Love! 360

On th' evening of the judgment of the world,
 God once more uttered the omnific word, —
 For I was doomed to everlasting death.
 On the last day he did transmute me thus,
 And called me from the shades of death, with which 365
 I was involved, to everlasting bliss,
 Which is, e'en like himself, unspeakable.

Loud, festal hallelujahs, O Thou First
 Of Beings, I will ever sing to Thee!
 Thou saidst unto my misery: Be no more!
 Unto my tears: I have recounted you! — 370
 My tears of bliss, of gratitude, and high
 Devotion, flow to Him upon the Throne.

My vision now became a gliding throng
 Of shadows, that rose fleeing into view, 375
 And in the distant heavens disappear'd.
 At last these gliding shadows vanished hence;
 And vision new succeeded. But whole years,
 It seemed to me again, had been revolving
 Between the last and the now rising scene. 380

More beauteous, not appalling now, the Throne
 Beamed it's transcendent lustre on the fields
 Of resurrection. Distant far, as ne'er
 Mine eye had seen, in infinite remoteness,
 I saw the hosts of victors rise to heav'n; 385
 Those only, that were nearest to my view,
 I recognized. These were the numerous
 Inhabitants of the first earth, that once
 Was inundated, covered by the main,
 When the Eternal's balance also high 390
 Resounded, and when all were weighed, who had
 Inherited mortality from Adam,
 And when th' immortal souls of all the dead
 Sunk down into a direful prison. These
 Were now delivered from their fetters, all 395
 Ascending with the victor-hosts to heav'n.
 With blessing looks I saw the blessed rise.
 At once I heard behind me bursting thunders,
 And, lo, the earth was suddenly transform'd!
 Ye Angels of God! and ye that have been born! 400
 I far around me saw this globe, that had
 Beneath the curse been groaning, suddenly
 Become an Eden! Thus I rose from dust;
 Thus th' earth became an Eden from a mass
 Of ruins. The creation far and wide 405
 Rejoiced aloud, the stars more radiant shone.
 The thunders of the wide creation still
 Continued in mine hearing, and the heav'ns
 Still blazed effulgent to my ravished sight,
 When from my vision I to you return'd. 410
 Jesus was come from Tabor down, and stood
 Now on the sea-shore of Tiberias,
 Attended by Celestials who to him
 Alone were visible. From distant worlds
 They came with tidings; heard the prompt behest, 415
 That fix'd the destiny of worlds, and hence
 Departed. More arrived, and some again
 Turned, hastened hence, the bearers of injunction
 Which struck them with astonishment, and which
 Will once astonish us, when we have dropp'd 420
 The veil of th' earthly life, and when the soul
 Soars to the regions of eternal light.
 The dawn of morn was risen; and the beam
 Of the unfolding day was meliorated
 By lucid vapour which deck'd nature's works 425

All with a veil, of light and splendour wove.
 A soft repose was o'er the fields diffus'd,
 And every object breathed tranquil silence.
 A boat with slow perceptive progress, full
 Of cordial friends, was gliding from amid 430
 The lucid vapour of th' unfolding day.
 Unvested, on the fore-point of the boat,
 Stood Cephas. And around were seated, hoar
 Bartholomew, Lebbaeus plied an oar, —
 With full and with joy-beaming looks the Twin, 435
 James with his thoughts in heaven; and John whose thoughts
 Were with the Mediator upon earth.
 The shore approaching, they beheld the Lord,
 But knew him not; yet they revere the Stranger,
 Who yonder with serenity enjoys 440
 The silent morn, and his revolving thoughts.
 James thus began: Of all the Pilgrims who
 Forsook the idols and the fanes of Greece,
 Or the with seven arms expanding stream,
 And all it's divers images of stone, 445
 To celebrate the Passover with us,
 And in the Temple hear the lofty psalm;
 I saw none with such dignity of soul. —
 Didymus spake: Oh if, whom we behold,
 Should be a pilgrim of the resurrection, 450
 Now coming with the rising morn, to us
 More radiant to appear than days of th' earth,
 More radiant than the blazing sun of heav'n!
 Lebbaeus, thou view'st him with fervid looks,
 With an inquirer's unaverted eye. — 455
 I view this mortal's mien, Lebbaeus said,
 Who of a truth must a Celestial be!
 The sudden transmutation I await,
 Which will perhaps, Didymus, so transpire,
 That it eludes my closely-observing eye. 460
 The Stranger unexpectedly addressed them,
 And said: My children, have ye any food? —
 They had in vain been casting forth their net,
 Had during all the night not drawn a fish.
 The Stranger said: Cast forth at your right hand, 465
 And ye will find abundance. — They again
 Threw out the net, and had not power to draw,
 Such was th' abundance of the fish enclos'd.
 With greater expectation now Lebbaeus,
 And Thomas, on the Stranger fix'd their eyes. 470

But the abundance which, e'en where the Stranger
Directed, and so instantly, had fill'd
The sinking net, to John the Saviour show'd.
With transport he exclaimed: It is the Lord!
Cephas, on hearing this, with instant haste 475
Took up his tunic, did gird himself,
And sprang into the sea to gain the shore,
Impatient, nearer to the Lord to be.
He saw and recognized him. And the rest
Were hastening in the boat, drew forth the net, 480
Stepp'd now upon the shore, and recogniz'd,
With transport mute, the blessed Mediator.
Bread, kindled coals, and fish upon the coals,
They saw before them, ready on the shore.
The Saviour spake: Bring likewise of the fish, 485
That now ye caught. Then Peter sprang again
With haste into the water, drew to land
The ponderous net which, though with large fish fill'd,
Still broke not. And behold, it moved with life.
The blessed Saviour said: Come, and recline 490
To the repast. — They did so. On the strand
With cordial love, the Lord among the happy
Disciples sate, to hand to them some meat.
The second glad repast now, since the mournful
And parting supper prior to the death 495
Of the divine Messiah, had been finish'd.
They roamed along the shore. The Saviour spake:
Simon Joanna, dost thou love me more,
Than these do love me? — Peter stepp'd with fervour
More near to him, and answered: Lord, thou know'st 500
I love Thee! — With benevolence Jesus spake:
Then feed my lambs. And was not silent long,
But said again: Simon Joanna lovest thou me? —
And Cephas felt it deeply in his heart;
He mourned not yet, and answered: Lord, Thou know'st, 505
I love Thee! — With benevolence Jesus spake:
Then feed my sheep. And stood, and once again
Unto the deeply-affected Cephas, thus:
Simon Joanna, lovest thou me? — But now
Dejection enter'd the Disciple's heart, 510
That so the Lord a third time questioned him.
And with the voice of sadness he reply'd:
Thou know'st, Lord, all things, and that I love Thee! —
Then feed, the Mediator said, my sheep.
Thou, Cephas, wert a youth, didst gird thyself, 515

And walk the way, to which thou wert inclin'd.
 When aged, thou wilt then stretch forth thine hand, —
 Strangers will gird and will conduct thee hence,
 The way which thou didst not intend to go.
 Come, follow me! — And his follower understood 620
 The import of this guidance, by what death,
 A Witness unto Him who rose again,
 He once should glorify the Lord of heav'n.
 Now Cephas turned, and saw that, after them,
 Came the Disciple whom the Saviour lov'd, 625
 Who on his breast reclined, when they partook
 Together of the mournful parting supper.
 And Cephas said; But what shall this man do? —
 The Saviour answered; If I will that he
 Shall tarry till I come, what is that to thee? 630
 Follow thou me! — And they not longer saw
 The Risen Saviour. Th' ocean rises thus,
 And thus the billow sinks, and suddenly
 Becomes a level, as the lone disciples
 Communed respecting him that had appear'd. — 635
 Yea, I will follow him, said Simon, — I
 E'en as himself shall die! But thou, O John,
 Thou shalt not die as the Redeemer died!
 Thou art immortal. — Yea, thou art immortal!
 Exclaimed th' enraptured James, his eye to heav'n 640
 Uplifting. — I immortal? answered John:
 Such was not his expression. — Till he come,
 To tarry! Is not this, what he express'd? —
 Thou, O Disciple of love, thou art immortal!
 He for thy faithfulness chose this reward, 645
 This crown! Thou art, thou art immortal, John! —
 With transport thus, Lebbeus still proceeded:
 Such, none did yet obtain! Thou Blessed of the Lord,
 Hail thee, I hail thee to this high reward!
 Yet, one thing is a mystery to me: 650
 We die, and shall to the Redeemer go;
 And thou shalt tarry here? Yet, he is with his own,
 And will be so until the last of days,
 As well on th' earth as in the heavens on high.
 Thou shalt not die, O John. — And they return'd, 655
 Full of the future world, and now resum'd
 Their occupation, rowing to and fro,
 And in their joy of heart distributed
 The burthen of their net, where they beheld
 A boat that like themselves, void of success, 660

Until the early dawn had toiled along.

Suns rose and suns descended, still the Saviour's
First judgment lasted. Brief commands inform'd
The Angels. These advanced, and proved, unroll'd
Their blazing writ; soon closed their books again; 656
And merely scattered passing rays around
Of their terrific lustre. Souls began
Their thoughts to utter, — hence they silent pass'd.
Brief was the sentence by the Judge pronounc'd,
It smote as lightning, beamed it's radiance round 670
With bliss, and mild effulgence as the day.

Long since and far th' intelligence respecting
The resurrection of the Mediator
Had been promulg'd; likewise that the Disciples
Beheld him, and that heavenly Witnesses 675
From yon abode of peace to mortals came;
And that the Son divine, respecting whom
The dead thus testified, to Galilee
Descended, to reveal himself anew.

Friends missioned, hasten'd, to their friends the tidings 680
Of joy to' impart: On Tabor they collect,
Who do await the glory of this new

Revelation. There beneath the cedar's umbrage
They stand, nor drink of the regaling fount,
Nor do they break a morsel of bread to eat! — 685
So these exclaimed, and hasten'd from the cot
Of one, unto another's cot to come, —

The Blessed Saviour will once more appear.
This mercy he hath promised to bestow. —
And of the Faithful some, with grateful tears; 690
From many of the risen saints this glad
Intelligence received. — To Tabor hasten,
If ye desire e'en here as Angels to rejoice.

Amid the shade of cedars, Lazarus
Stood, and began; On many he intends 695
Bliss to bestow, or he would not so long
Delay his here appearing. We are only
Two hundred now collected; 'tis to be
A greater number, whom he with the first
Enjoyment of his glory will regale, 700

On whom he will from far the splendour of his Throne,
These orient beams of the unfolding day
Of his eternal majesty, diffuse.
Let us await then, Brethren, the still more
Abounding measure of his heavenly grace; 705

Await him, as they do in heaven above,
 E'en at the Throne, his coming now await.
 With praise acclaim his name, sing unto him,
 Not now the temple's psalm, — the more sublime
 And heavenly psalms of the inheritors 610
 Of his eternal kingdom. Ye who feel
 Celestial fervour kindled in your breasts,
 Your voices raise to sing the Son divine,
 That all may find us praising him, who come
 His countenance to see, — that jubilant 615
 Songs may receive him, when he does appear.

The Mother of the Great Deceased, that liv'd,
 Began: I learned, if Eve did not too much
 Approach the mortal, jubilant acclaims
 Which at the Throne resound; yet with the human voice, 620
 The utterance of his brethren upon earth,
 I will acclaim his high and heavenly name,
 Come, sing with me, thou who within the dale
 Of Magdala didst first thy breath inhale.
 Mg. I with the mother of the Most Sublime, 625
 Sing unto Him, who am not consecrated
 With the celestial purifying flame?
 I stammer praise to the Eternal Son?
 Yet I will from afar accompany
 The Mother, for I love him! — Thou didst hear 630
 Triumphant songs of the celestial choirs,
 Above the manger, — thou didst hear the harp
 Of Eve, jubilant acclaims forth from the Throne,
 And art the mother of the Son divine;
 But I adore and love him e'en as thou. 635
 Begin, O Mother of the Great Deceas'd. —
 Miriam took up the psaltery, raised her eye
 To heaven; already animation stream'd
 With gentle touch from the resounding string.
 M. When th' Angels from the Throne around the cot 640
 Of Bethlehem aloud rejoiced, he wept!
 But their adoring hallelujahs more
 Solemnity assumed, when they his tears beheld!
 Mg. A sinner, I with silent penitence
 Fell prostrate at his feet, and he display'd 645
 Compassion unto me, e'en he who wept
 At Bethlehem the tears of sympathy,
 And who in mercy heard the praise of heav'n.
 M. The Mediator in Gethsemany
 Did not weep tears; sweat, mingled with his blood, 650

CANTO XIX. Ellopstock's Messiah.

653

Was flowing! Also this God's mercy implor'd!

Mg. When he beheld Jerusalem, he wept,

To testify her wretchedness and woe!

He would collect her children, as a hen

Beneath extended wing collects her young;

655

But they refused to come! owned not their loving Lord,

And in Gabbatha's avenues exclaim'd:

His blood on us and on our children come!

Ah his blood flowed, and e'en for them it flow'd,

High on the lofty altar Golgatha!

660

Did not the judgment then, with countenance

Averted, flee from him away appall'd?

Did not before him the abyss of hell

With sullen consternation heave a groan?

Was not his oath accomplished then, which he

665

To the Eternal swore: I will redeem mankind!

Did not with honour and with praise God crown

The Victor, since into the night of death

Down from the cross he bowed his sacred head?

With transport I look to his glory on high;

670

And yet unto th' ensanguined altar oft

Revert my looks, and weep o'er him, who bow'd

Into the gloom of night his sacred head,

That with the cruel wreath of insult and

Derision was on Calvary entwined!

675

M. Come, we await Thee with th' emotion sweet

And joy of expectation, Thou, whose head

Not longer is with the insulting wreath

On Calvary entwined! and whom the rock

Of the sepulchre doth not longer deck

680

With deeper night, than lowered on Golgatha.

Mg. Come, Thou Reviver of the dead, Thou mighty

Restorer of our life, blessed by the Father!

Thee to discern, our looks explore the vales,

Are raised tow'rd heaven, and on the mountain sink, — 685

With fervid looks of expectation sweet

And pious, we await Thee; Come, Oh come

To thy first congregation! Even so,

Joy in her looks, with innocence adorn'd,

The Bride awaits the Bridegroom, as the first

690

Of congregations doth await Thee, who

Didst from the grave arise, the dead to wake!

Ye congregations of our children, come,

Oh come with joyful step unto the grave

Of our remains, bring in your hand the flow'r

695

Of autumn, in your lips the Saviour's praise.

With joyful exclamation, Magdalene

The song now interrupted: Ah, the number

Of his first congregation doth increase;—

Say, O ye Witnesses, do ye behold

705

The coming witnesses in every path;

That from the dale unto the sacred height

Of Tabor do incline? Ah, how in every path

Tow'rd bliss the pilgrim's staff more gladly moves,

And how the dust in thicker clouds convolves!

705

Many of the Blessed come, those who in Christ

Are chosen, — they advance, again to see

Him glorified by his Eternal Father.

But Miriam's lay and trembling string again

Resounded: Yea, O Father, glorify

710

The Son divine, that, with celestial bliss

The congregation may behold his face,

To quaff his light in streams, and refresh: thus

For evermore, they may not thirst, may not

Be languishing for comfort, when the sword

715

Of tyrants is unsheathed over them, —

When they, until the last to testify

Respecting the eternal Son, approach

Sanguinary and most appalling death!

And grant, that then no lingering torment may

720

Oppress them when unto the goal so near,

But, in compassion, let their blood soon speak.

Ng. If I be also chosen to depose

This glorious testimony, — I found worthy

To walk the path of blood unto the grave,

725

Son of the Father! turn not wholly then,

When slowly I expire, from me away.

Small consolation will to me suffice.

M. Small consolation is sufficient deem'd

By thee, but not by Him, who so display'd

730

His mercy to thee. If he summon thee,

A bleeding testimonial to him;

Lo, every torture then will not become

Sufficient torment, to prevent thy still

Perceiving the celestial utterance: Maryt

735

And to prevent thy still prostrating to him.

He carries thee not longer at the grave;

But is enthroned in majesty on high,

Supreme at God's Right hand, to whose feet thou

Thou dost with adoration prostrate sink.

740

CANTO XIX. *Blodstock's Messiah.*

335

Mg. Thou, who didst love us since the world began,
My soul desires thy coming! Do bestow
The fulness of thy mercy, then and now, —
Appear, O Mediator, and support
Thy Witnesses in the sanguinary path
To where the palms are waving, and where crowns
Of recompense await the victor-host.

745

Such was the song of Mary and Magdalene.
Many of the Angels and of Risen Saints
Mean while unto the Witnesses were come,
So likewise other Witnesses with these.
Eloah then leaned on his golden harp,
And heard the Mother of the Son divine.
David was hovering round, and still approach'd
More near, her weeping lay of joy to hear.
Some of the Faithful, on tow'rd Tabor still
Advancing, when they heard that so with bliss
And fervour Mary raised her voice to heav'n,
Increased their speed. They spake as they advanc'd:
Perhaps her eye already on some height
Of Tabor doth discern him? There perhaps
Amid the cedars he doth lift his foot,
To her to come? But they beheld him not.
Still others followed, of the Seventy some,
With them all those who once forsook him, — these
With rueful tears; a number of the lame,
The blind, the deaf, whom the Redeemer hear'd,
And of the dead whom he to life recall'd;
Beor, Dilean, and with Joel Samma,
Elkanan, also Cherubim (these were
Invisible,) and Bersebon, Bethoron,
And Angels who supported martyr-crowns;
Then came Tabitha, Stephen, Josas, Portia.
At her side walked the playful Nephthoa,
Who strewed her path with flowerets, such as were
Not wholly unfolded from the verdant bud,
And fragrant sprouts, with leaf but partly form'd.
He oft looked up to her, and oft he smil'd
With innocence, and now began: O Portia,
Such is the way to heaven, and I am thine
Conducting Angel! — Oft the tear of joy
Rolled o'er her cheek. She was not mother, yet
A child so near th' eternal heritage,
Conducted her unto the Mediator,
P. Child, beautiful is the way that leads to heav'n,

750

755

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765

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785

And I do love the Angel that conducts me.
 N. I likewise do love thee; yet once at th' end
 Of this delightful flowery path I shall
 Love thee much more, where different cedars shade,
 And different palms, — where Spring for ever smiles. — 790
 Joseph and Nicodemus joined the twain
 Companions. First these to their sweet discourse
 A while were listening, then saluted them
 With the divine Redeemer's salutation
 Of peace, which he pronounced when to his own 795.
 He in compassion did reveal himself.
 Now they stepp'd up to Mary Magdalene,
 And to the Mother of the Son divine.
 Miriam observed the Pagan, and she was
 With joy surprised to testify, that Christ 800
 Already thus called Portia into heav'n.
 She again her harp of the new Salem touch'd:
 Son of the Father, still Thou dost augment
 The Blessed host, the number of the heirs
 Of everlasting life! Many on this day 805
 Thou hast collected, that they may behold
 Thy countenance, whom God waked from the dead!
 Firmly on the sacred mountain, high upon
 The mountain's lofty summit, far above
 The stars, the Covenant's new Jerusalem 810
 Will be established! Yea, rove on, mine eye,
 To prospects of remote futurity.
 Transporting is th' idea, to behold
 The Risen Saviour; but it also is
 Delightful, into future times to cast 815
 A passing look, and see how this small source,
 A company, streams unrecounted hosts!
 Lord, infinite in glory! how didst thou
 Begin this! To a poor frail mortal who
 On thine account was weeping, Thou didst first 820
 Thyself reveal! ah, then to thy sublime
 Apostles, whom the scourge and bonds await,
 And in the judgment thrones, and more than once,
 That strength they might imbibe against the day,
 On which they shall reproaches bear with Thee! 825
 To this small congregation Thou didst then
 Thyself reveal! and how didst Thou proceed:
 The rising tree of knowledge of our God
 Expanded, and extended living shade
 Over the hosts of nations of the earth! 830

And how Thou dost accomplish it at present,
 Son of th' Eternal Father, sacrific'd
 From the beginning, to the great redemption
 Devoted long before this congregation
 Existed, and ere it a host became.

635

Ye Angels of the Lord, it bursts, — the veil
 Before the Sanctuary of heaven bursts!
 Cast down your crowns before him, e'en before
 Th' accomplisher of every deed divine;
 Your palms unto the feet of Jesus Christ,
 The Great Accomplisher of all in all,
 And sing, Oh sing aloud the hallelujah
 Of the — a thousand times a thousand hosts! —
 She dropp'd, lost in astonishment, her harp.

640

When Lazarus observed that now around
 The Saviour's mother, and around himself,
 More than five hundred were collected, and
 Most conscious that they were heirs of salvation,
 Firstlings of God, who nearer to the Throne
 Should once wear crowns, advancing in the maze
 Of destiny, as on the beaten tract

650

The wanderer with the morning-sun proceeds;
 He felt a lively joy within his breast,
 And blissful thoughts upbore him as on wings.
 And he ascended th' eminence, near which
 He was reclining, once again survey'd
 The worshipping assembly of the heirs,
 Looked up with silent gratitude to heav'n,
 Advanced, lifted his hands, and thus began:

655

Christ hath collected us, the Lame; the Blind,
 The Deaf, the Dead! He hath collected here
 The Poor in Spirit, who confide in God,
 Who donot on the help of man rely!
 Ye who will be the future witnesses
 Of him who rose triumphant from the dead;
 Ye know, he sent you to the sacred mount
 Of transfiguration, that ye might behold
 His glory, — that ye once might testify
 Thè glory of th' Only-begotten Son
 Of the Eternal Father, full of truth
 And mercy, unto whom be honour, praise,
 And adoration e'en for evermore!
 I with the joy of heaven raise my head
 Above you, and I donot now for you
 Implore a benediction from the loving

660

665

670

675

Redeemer: He already poured on you
 The benediction, blessed you with the high
 Assurance, he would unto you reveal
 His glory, e'en on Taber's sacred height, —
 Hath blessed you that, as myself, ye look 699
 Into futurity when persecuted
 For his name's sake, and laden with reproach
 And with ignominy, advancing in
 The arduous path with toil and martyr-blood;
 The victor's toil, reproach, ignominy, 700
 And martyr-blood will be, in heaven above,
 Rewarded with the splendid crown of life.
 Great are the mercies unto me, vouchsaf'd,
 And weeping I express my thanks to God;
 But my blood will not flow to testify 701
 Respecting Jesus Christ! I sooner shall
 To higher regions soar, to plant around
 The dwellings of the victors, cooling shade.
 Praise unto him who thus conducts me first,
 Yea later, to th' eternal recompense, 702
 The narrow pass, on the sanguinary path!
 Praise to the Mediator's holy name!
 Eternal praise unto th' eternally
 Adorable Redeemer's holy name!
 Oh, gladly bear reproach and bitter scorn 703
 From them, who Jesus' glory disavow,
 Who donot know the Lord of heaven and earth!
 For, also those who, by your testimony
 Will come to God, but who do never see
 The Risen Saviour; also those will be 704
 Exposed to the derision and reproach
 Of Unbelievers, — daggers which, although
 Not drenched in blood, are deadly and destructive, —
 They will believe and see! will see, that God,
 In secret walks among the sons of men; 705
 But that in th' end he doth advance amid
 His dire and awful thunders of decision.
 And Lazarus was silent, looked around,
 And in the shadow of an eminence
 Observed a store of bread and cheering wine. 706
 Already Lazarus resumed: Divide
 Some bread and wine for the fraternal feast,
 And portion it unto the witnesses,
 That it may be distributed. — Ye who
 For his appearing tarry, celebrate 707

With us the sacred festival that doth
 Commemorate the Blessed Saviour's death. —
 With joy they heard the words of Lazarus,
 Commissioned seven young men, the bread and wine
 To portion, and drew nearer to each other. 335
 Already many kneeled, and many rais'd
 Their tearful eyes with folded hands to heav'n.
 The young men now brought forth the bread and wine
 To the assembly. But when Lazarus
 Advanced, stood, raised his closely-folded hands 340
 With thoughtful looks to heaven, and would begin to speak;
 Then all-around, with silent awe and bliss,
 And with celestial tears, the Cherubim
 And Risen Saints thronged nearer, and enclos'd
 Christ's congregation; Lazarus began 345
 With solemn fervour, e'en as though he pray'd
 Unto the Sacrific'd, the Son divine:

Our Saviour Jesus Christ, e'en in the night
 Terrific of his sufferings, when he was
 Betray'd to die, took bread, gave thanks, and brake it, 340
 And gave to his disciples: Take and eat.
 This is my body which I give for you.
 Do this to my remembrance, when ye do it.
 Our Saviour Jesus Christ, e'en in the night
 Terrific of his sufferings, when his brows 345
 With blood were bathed in Gethsemany,
 He took the cup, gave thanks, and handed it
 To his disciples, saying: Every one
 Drink of it, 'tis the cup of the new covenant,
 Established through my blood, shed for your sins. 350
 Do this to my remembrance, when ye do it.

With inmost feelings of humility,
 They all received the bread and sacred cup,
 Resolving, faithful to remain till death.
 And coming or retiring, they impress'd 355
 Upon each other's mind the fortifying
 Consolance: Still advancing in the way,
 That leads us to our God! But till we have
 Attain'd the goal of our sublime career,
 We cannot have possession of the high, 360
 The blessed recompense! — Reproach and scorn
 Himself hath suffered, yea he suffered more
 Than e'er can be allotted unto us! —
 Blessed and magnified in heaven above,
 Blessed and magnified upon the earth 365

Be the divine Redeemer! He accomplish'd
 The great redemption, th' inmost sanctuary.
 He entered, Jesus Christ, the everlasting
 Highpriest of God! — The cup of the new covenant
 Regale thee still, when in the martyr-hour 930
 Thine heart is thirsting, and thy drooping soul
 Is languishing for comfort and for help! —
 Oh greet me as the Angel greeted thee,
 Thou mother of the Blessed Son divine!
 Unto his heritage, unto the Son, 975
 To the Redeemer I am also come!
 What is all earthly greatness now to me!
 And higher bliss awaits me! the divine
 Unknown, inscrutable, and wonderful
 Messiah, with these eyes I shall behold! — 980
 Oh, even I unto the Feast of bliss
 Have been received, and at the present time,
 I who was so unhappy, so depress'd!
 When to the dwellings of eternity
 I shall depart, it is a second life 985
 Of bliss, that I shall be beginning then! —
 The grape again will cheer us with himself,
 E'en in the Father's kingdom! Then we shall
 Quaff freely of th' abundant stream of life! —
 Ah, when shall I the heavens open see, 990
 And Jesus at the Right hand of the Father?
 When shall I wander on the path, on which
 The Seventh son did walk? Yon cup of death
 I likewise shall to his remembrance drink! —
 Blessed and magnified in heaven above, 995
 Blessed and magnified upon the earth
 Be the divine Redeemer evermore! —
 The more that earthly' affliction on you press,
 And cry aloud to heaven; the more be hid
 Your life with Christ in God! — When the repast 1000
 Of love was finished, the divine Redeemer
 Walked out into Gethsemany. Blood then,
 The Sufferer bowing to the dust his head;
 Streamed from his countenance, blood mingled with
 The icy dew of anguish and of death! — 1005
 Have mercy on me, Redeemer, whom I had
 Forsaken, Oh have mercy upon me!
 And let me faithful till the end remain:
 I sow in tears, but let me reap with joy! —
 To me it was appointed, twice to die. 1010

Ah does the slumber of the lovely dawn
 Not, after some short waking, soon succeed
 The soft repose of night? Then, then the grape,
 E'en in the Father's kingdom, with himself
 Will cheer me! — The remembrance of his death! 1015
 Ye whom to me he misdeed, O Benoni,
 And other heavenly messengers of peace,
 Where are ye, that ye may with me rejoice? —
 Blessed and magnified in heaven above,
 Blessed and magnified upon the earth 1020
 Be the Redeemer's name, who was betray'd
 Unto the death sanguinary of the cross!
 Who bled already in Gethsemany,
 Ere on the hill of death he bowed his head! —
 Oh that I could the path of Stephen walk, 1025
 And of the Seventh Son, to Jesus Christ,
 And to Benoni, unto Sazana, then
 To Simeon, and to Jesus Christ on high!
 The shades of night be then from th' eye dispel'd,
 And then be every flowing tear with dry! — 1030
 From me who still in youthful vigour live,
 The shades of night were suddenly remov'd,
 And soon, Elkanah, thou who art a far
 More pious sufferer, and who dost approach
 The vale of death; night soon will from thee pass! — 1035
 But Mary with loud voice to heaven enchain'd:
 Highpriest, Son of Jehovah, I have born thee;
 I brought thee forth: Till Thou dost call me hence,
 I will thy death problem: Blessed and magnify'd
 Upon the earth, be the divine Redeemer. — 1040
 While thus they cheered and fortified each other,
 Uttering the words of life, as though they roam'd
 Already near the dwellings of repose,
 They saw the Saviour from an eminence
 Descending, and advancing unto them. 1045
 Behold, the Son divine before them stood.
 Celestial transport now round every eye
 Was hovering. E'en as vernal breezes breathe
 Amid the tufted foliage of the grove,
 So now the gentle utterance of the few 1050
 That spake, resounded, and of those that wept,
 When unto them from heaven conviction came,
 And into seeing their belief was chang'd.
 As in the fervid solar beams the wanderer
 Who thirsted, quaffs the living fount, still thirsts, 1055

And still desires his longing thirst to quench;
 So these with heavenly feelings saw the Lord,
 And still desired his presence to behold.

Peace and salvation be with you, my children:
 Within my Father's house are many mansions. 1060

I go and will prepare for you a place,
 And come again to every one in death,
 And take him to myself, that he may be
 Where I am. If you love me, show your love
 By keeping my commandments: I entreat 1065
 The Father, And he unto you will send
 The Comforter, the Spirit of all truth,
 Whom sinners are not able to receive.

They know him not, but ye will know him, when
 He doth with you, when ye with him unite. 1070

Lo, I do not desert you, as in death
 The mother doth her progeny desert.
 For I shall turn again, and be the guide
 Who doth go high conduct you, to the knowledge
 Of heaven, and to everlasting life. 1075

For here on earth already ye will learn,
 That with mine heavenly Father I am One,
 That ye' are with me united, I with you.
 And whosoever knows, and does, what I
 Commanded, loves me! Them the Father loves! 1080
 And I will love them and reveal myself to them.

At once among the weeping witnesses
 Elikanah saw the Saviour stand, and sunk
 With exclamations loud unto the ground;
 He rose again, as rising from the dead. 1085
 And the divine Redeemer farther said:

Yea, of a truth, I and my heavenly Father
 Will love them, and will come and with them dwell.
 I am the Vine, my Father is the Pruner,
 Ye are the branches. Branches that are not 1090
 Prolific, he doth sever from the stem;

But every fruitful branch he purifies,
 And fosters, that it may still more unfold
 Its blooming charms, and more with fruit abound.
 Ye have not chosen me, but I chose you, 1095
 And have endowed you with prosperity,
 That ye might bring forth fruits of grace, and grow
 Into eternal life. Now hear my great
 Commandment, and it be for evermore

Love to your souls; because the world, 1100

E'en as it hated me, will e'er hate you: 1105
 Love one another with a cordial love!
 My peace I leave with you, my peace I give to you.
 The peace of th' earth doth not resemble this.
 It will endue your souls with soft repose, 1110
 And fortify them with tranquillity.
 If ye each other love, ye will rejoice.
 E'en so they heard him utter the last words
 Of consolation to th' approaching contest,
 And to th' eternal life. And he was seen no more. 1115
 When now their transport into tranquil joy
 And peace of soul was changed, they saw, not far
 From where the Saviour turned and disappear'd,
 The youthful Nephtoa, as though he slept,
 Extended on the ground. They would awake him, 1120
 But life was with the happy boy extinct.
 And Lazarus exclaimed: Arise, and go,
 Collect some flowerets; I prepare his grave.
 Already at the side of Nephtoa
 Yea hillock rose, that was to cover him, 1125
 And unto which we once must all arrive,
 Dust unto dust. They took the smiling Boy,
 Lowered him with gentle hand into the grave,
 And deck'd the corse with flowerets and with earth.
 Abundant flowerets marked the place, to which 1130
 He for the resurrection was committed.
 And they departed for bear Tabor's height.
 Some still looked back unto the flowery spot;
 But sadness did not dim the eyes of those,
 To whom departing hence in death was gain, 1135
 And unto whom the Risen Christ was life.
 Those of the Seventy, that had repair'd
 To Tabor, now departed from the mount
 Of transfiguration, and descended as
 Conducted by the winding path oblique, 1140
 And came unto the palm-grove in the dale.
 And there they found the holy Twelf conven'd;
 And found those of the company, who had
 Not been upon the mountain's sacred height.
 And they with brief and flaming words proclaim'd 1145
 The high salvation which unto so many
 Was from the Lord so graciously vouchsaf'd.
 How could they enter on detail? they wept!
 Deep silence, heavenly anticipation,
 Felicity, dawn of the heritage 1150

Thou hast revealed him, and in him art glorify'd.
 To him all mortals, Father, Thou hast giv'n,
 That he might wake them from the dead, and give
 To them eternal life. This is eternal life,
 Father who art eternal, Thee to know, 1240
 And him whom Thou hast sent, Jesus, the Son,
 And Sovereign Lord of all! In Spirit I
 Already see the fulness of the whole,
 And perfect consummation! I on earth
 Have glorified thine everlasting name, 1245
 And have accomplished our divine decree!
 At thy right hand crowns do await me now!
 Thou wilt to me restore the glory which
 Was mine, O Father, ere we did create.
 To thine elected from among the world 1250
 Of sinners, I thy dreaded name proclaim'd.
 Thou gavest them to me. They have retain'd,
 Myself to this do testimony bear,
 With faithfulness the wisdom that I taught.
 They likewise know that all, what I to them 1255
 Imparted, comes from Thee. For even so
 I taught them as I have been taught by Thee.
 And so they ever did receive my words.
 Deeply in their hearts they lodged the truth divine,
 That me the Father sent. I pray for them, 1260
 Not for the world! These, Father, these are thine;
 For they in every high beatitude
 With me are one, and I on their behalf
 Address my supplication unto Thee,
 For I am also glorified through them. 1265
 I now depart from th' earth, and unto Thee,
 O Father in the heavens, I return:
 But these remain still on the earth, and still
 Will see abundant toil and tribulation.
 But let them, Holy Father, evermore 1270
 Be faithful to the knowledge, which they will
 From him receive who now is reconcil'd.
 Let them be one, as I am one with Thee;
 A house of brethren! I kept all in charge,
 And over their immortal souls did watch, 1275
 While still I dwelled among them as a man.
 My Father, here they are! I have lost none!
 Only the son of bale perdition hath
 Forsaken me, becoming to the prophets
 A testimonial. Now I come to Thee! 1280

Such I reveal while still I am on earth
 Among them, that henceforth they may remember
 My glory, and rejoice, as I rejoice.
 They heard the words of everlasting life.
 Sinners did hate them, as they hated me! 1285
 Yet I entreat not, that from th' earth Thou shouldst
 Remove them! but protect them from the foe,
 The Spirit of perdition. Consecrate
 Them in thy truth. Thy blessed word is truth.
 I gave for them my life, that they, O Father, 1290
 Might stand before Thee pure and void of sin.
 I pray for the disciples not alone.
 The children of the new creation once
 Will, through their word, to me as th' orient dew be born.
 For them, O Father, I do likewise pray, 1295
 That they may all be one, as we are one,
 And all the world acknowledge, that I came,
 Father, from Thee. I gave eternal life
 Unto as many as Thou gavest me,
 That they may be united, as we are, 1300
 To one object divine perfected all.
 And that all sinners of the earth may see
 And testify: Jesus from heaven was sent, —
 That God doth love the children of the great,
 Redemption, as he loves his only Son. 1305
 O Father, my redeemed shall to me
 Assemble, that where I am, they may be,
 And see my glory, e'en the glory which
 To me Thou gavest ere the heavens were made.
 The world Thee, Holy Father, disavows, 1310
 And knows Thee not; I know Thee. I reveal'd
 To thine elect the mystery of my mission,
 And of thy deity, and will yet further
 Reveal it, that thy love with which Thou dost
 Regard thy Son, may be on their hearts impress'd, 1315
 And the Redeemer fill th' immortal soul.
 So prayed the Mediator, beaming forth
 Divine effulgence, and he thus arose,
 Departing from the sight of mortal eye.
 When temple-song sublime, that celebrates 1320
 The resurrection, or th' eternal light;
 Invented sounds, congenial to the lay,
 The human voice, breath, string reverberant,
 In union all to one great object tending,
 Beauteous begin, now swell, diminish, still, 1325

Of light, among the company prevail'd.
 But James from their embraces extricated. —
 Disciple of the Lord, whither art thou
 Now hastening? Lo, the Lord, the Lord indeed
 Will to his children suddenly appear! — 1160
 I shall advance to meet him. Yea, he will
 Appear to me on Tabor's sacred height. —
 How thou wouldest grieve, if thou shouldst miss him here! —
 The Lord sees all that passes, and he knows
 How I desire to see him, and why thus 1165
 I am advancing onward, him to meet.
 Obstruct me not, I shall not grieve. — And James
 Departed. Soon he came into the shade
 Of lofty rocks, and stood, and raised his hands to heav'n:
 O Lord, Lord God! regard my supplication, 1170
 And donot yet unto thy Father rise!
 Indeed, we all indulge the pleasing hope,
 That still Thou wilt reveal thyself to us;
 Yet how can we be certain that, O Lord,
 Thou wilt such high felicity bestow? 1175
 Ah Mediator, donot yet forsake us!
 I have found favour in thy sight, O Lord!
 Into this cavern deep I will retire,
 And kneeling thy salvation here await:
 Pass by me here; and lo, I from afar, 1180
 Most gracious Lord, thy glory will behold. —
 The Mediator took him by the hand,
 While thus he pray'd, and raised him from the ground,
 And blessed him unto the heavenly mission.
 With tremour and with exclamation loud 1185
 Of joy, the happy mortal followed Christ
 Unto the tufted palm-grove in the dale.
 And the disciples from afar already
 The Blessed Mediator recogniz'd,
 And at his side the happy Zebedee; 1190
 They saw him beaming more effulgence forth,
 Than since the resurrection he display'd,
 Visibly above the Angels more sublime.
 They would advance to meet him, but a Seraph
 With beckoning import signified; that there 1195
 Amid the palms they should await the Lord.
 — Dost thou remember, such was their discourse,
 the basis of mount olivet
 rderers, encompassed, and his hands
 bound, we saw him? and how Herod 1200

The fond illusion of his musing mind;
 The happy mortal often felt that he
 Th' assistance of a heavenly Guide requir'd.
 Salem with sweetest sympathy stood near
 The Suppliant; and th' Immortal soon perceiv'd, 1375
 That slumber sunk from heaven on the disciple.
 His countenance was animated soon
 With smiles Angelic. Thus, awaking, John
 Was found by her who, at the cross was his
 Companion, and who once would such become 1380
 Before the Throne of the Accomplisher
 Of the immutable covenant divine.
 He hailed the Saviour's mother and his own,
 Exclaiming joyous: Mother of the Lord,
 In blissful slumber I received instruction 1385
 Of wisdom, and salvation still reserv'd.
 Behold, it was a vision! Different
 From what I erst imagined, when I deem'd
 Myself enlightened, every object show'd.
 For I into remote futurity 1390
 Contemplative had ventured; had presum'd,
 Who am a sinner and a mortal still,
 The ways of the Most High to ascertain, —
 Presumed to tarry near the dread profound,
 Which Angels e'en in vain desire to fathom. 1395
 Lo, with sincere humility we were
 Assembled in our dwelling near the temple.
 The conversation of the small assembly
 Was free and liberal, no one did constrain
 Another, his opinion to adopt. 1400
 Oh Mother of the Lord, I apprehend
 That future congregations will desert
 The path of love, and choose the course of harsh
 Imperiousness! — We saw indeed some light;
 But hovering shade still mingled with it's beams. 1405
 We were indeed resolved on death; but still,
 A distant death with patience to await,
 Lack'd fortitude. We all were too intent,
 Our own salvation to secure, to be
 With self-denial careful, the salvation 1410
 Of others to promote. We were reluctant,
 Unwilling, still to tarry on the earth.
 We took the wanderer's staff, hoped, thirsted, long'd,
 To be with Christ. Then suddenly around
 Our cot a mighty rushing sound prevail'd, 1415

A mighty wind resembling. Lo, from heav'n
 The rushing sound came down, and filled the east
 In which we were collected. We beheld
 Each other, and saw on each other's tongues
 A waving flame. More powerfully still, 1420
 Sensations were infused into our hearts,
 As none of us experienced e'er before.
 Flames, — Oh, how then we learned the Lord to love! —
 Streamed through our souls. The gleam that still involv'd
 Our knowledge, now was suddenly dispell'd. 1425
 We were resolved with patience to await
 A late death, were with fortitude endow'd,
 Unto the sword of martyrdom to bow
 The hoary head. We with intention lov'd
 Our own salvation, but with self-denial 1430
 And inmost ardour, also strove to ensure
 Eternal life unto the congregations
 Of God's elect! We thirsted all, and long'd,
 With Christ to be; but gladly, should such be
 The Will divine, would tarry till long years 1435
 Had slowly been revolving, until we
 Had seen a multitude of brethren hence
 Departing, whom we awoke, taught, fortify'd,
 And cheered with solace both in life and death.
 The ready pilgrims to our heavenly home, 1440
 We were not longer now; we stood prepar'd,
 The wanderer's staff was lifted, on the earth
 To roam around, and here with anxious toil,
 And many a tear, to watch o'er the salvation
 Of those, by whom our mission was receiv'd; 1445
 But likewise to withdraw from those who still
 Unworthy of eternal life remain'd,
 And, turning, from our feet to shake the dust. —
 Thus John, who filled the Mother's soul with bliss,
 Through the recital of what he had seen. 1450
 The Lyre now with her most effulgent stars
 Toward the Altar's most effulgent stars
 Inverted. This through all the heavens proclaim'd,
 That the Messiah now would rise to God's Right hand.
 Obscure perception, and which by his last 1455
 Appearing to them he did not conceal,
 Presaged to the disciples: The Messiah
 Would shortly leave them, — would re-enter now
 His glory, and themselves would be expos'd
 To bonds and to reproach, but which would guide 1460

Them also to th' eternal heritage
 Of glory. Yet they wept. Lebbeus long
 Repressed his dole, it clouded long his soul,
 Ere thus with mournful voice he gave it vent:
 Yea, bitter and distressful is the parting 1465
 From our Beloved, unto which no hour
 Of meeting them again hath ever been
 Appointed, — 'tis o'erwhelming to the soul,
 It agitates of our remaining life
 The inmost feelings, sinks and strikes it down; 1470
 However great the bliss and joy may be,
 To which the object of our love departs.
 Because the hour of meeting them again,
 Is distant far, involved, concealed in night.
 No Angel shows compassion unto us, 1475
 To intimate with but a breathing sound,
 When th' hour of joy and transport will arrive.
 None of the dead in kind compassion shows,
 From far appearing in a distant gloom,
 When once the dear, the sacred hour will come, 1480
 An hour — such, as no morning ever brought,
 On which no day its splendour ever beam'd,
 Nor evening with extending shadow deck'd,
 Or with the moon's revolving light illum'd.
 Although ye dead, who died in God, ye were 1485
 Our brethren, knew the destiny of man,
 And as ourselves did weep the tears of dole.

Didymus with himself had been collecting
 The Primitive Apostles, and with them
 The Seventy, unto Gethsemany 1490
 To guide them, and to visit there the place,
 At which Christ on the evening of their first
 Separation, prostrate lay before the dread
 Judge of the world in prayer. This thought did not
 Originate in the disciple's mind, — 1495
 It was the guidance of the Mediator,
 That prompted them unto the sacred spot.
 And suddenly the Lord appeared among them.
 He led the Witnesses; they follow him,
 Pass slowly the Bethanean damsel's grave, 1500
 And bless her sleep in God. The winding path
 Tow'rd Olivet become anon more steep,
 Salem retired, the ridges of the mountain
 Appeared to rise, and seemed projecting more,
 The Saviour still was silent; but with grief 1505

The company of the Disciples were
 Among themselves discompos'd. All believ'd,
 That Jesus manifested, he would soon
 From them depart. With heavy heart they oft
 Stood, gazed behind them on the mount of death, 1514
 And oftener still gazed on the open grave.
 The Loving Lord thence to his friends return'd.
 This contemplation cheer'd their drooping souls.
 The summit of the mount of olives was
 Invisibly thronged with the blessed host 1515
 Of those Immortals, whom the Saviour chose,
 To be of his ascension the attendants,
 Saints risen, Souls, and all the Seraphim,
 That ministered to him while upon earth,
 Even from yon night in Bethlehem until 1520
 He finally in glory was reveal'd.
 As on the lofty heights of Lebanon
 One of the eldest cedars rears it's crown;
 So Gabriel among the host appear'd.
 They saw the coming of the Son divine, 1525
 By the disciples followed, who display'd
 Dejection that had partially been cheer'd.
 Eloah beamed superior radiance forth
 Than he was wont. The Earth's First Guardian he
 Had been ordained, First Guardian of the earth 1530
 That from the dreadful curse had now been free'd.
 Th' earth had perceived the words of benediction!
 The dire denouncing voice to her was mute,
 Proclaimed in tempests, which with thunders spake!
 She heard the Saviour from th' ensanguined height 1535
 Of Golgatha exclaim: It is accomplish'd! —
 The solemn contemplation compassed great
 Eloah with a heaven of highest bliss.
 Nor less transported did he view remote
 Futurity, the destiny of th' earth 1540
 From age to age, until some heavenly Youth
 Should finally bring unto him the Trump
 Of the resurrection, when he should before
 The Cherubim proclaim the judgment-day.
 Jesus with his disciples had attain'd 1545
 The mountains highest ridge. More gentle breezes there
 With the unfolding day were wafting round,
 And cooled the poor but happy mortals who
 Still felt the heavy burthen of their state.
 'Tis Only-begotten of the Father stood 1550

CANTO XIX. Ellophock's Messiah.

639

Among them, beauteous, awful to behold!
So the Messiah never had been seen
By his disciples, never so on earth
By th' Angels! — stood in majesty sublime,
Which no resounding harp, no human voice
Can represent, which no aspiring thought
Is able to imagine or conceive.

1555

Where from the outmost stars created eye
Was able down to look; so far as from
All worlds, from every pole around, within
Th' already immeasurable circumference,
Most distant from the flaming stream of suns,
The Spirits all, that are invested or
With vapour, fire, or with serenity,
Or with a body fashioned of the dust;

1560

1565

All fix'd their eyes on Him, th' Accomplisher of all.
Jehovah's Chosen Seraph, Great Eloah;
Observed them all in the immeasurable
Circumference, whose eyes were fix'd on Christ,
And he sunk prostrate on his face before
The Mediator, cast his radiant crown
With solemn worship down unto the ground.
E'en to the feet of Him, th' Accomplisher of all.

1570

The Mediator on a hillock stood:
Round him the Witnesses; invisibly
The Cherubim, and all the Risen Saints.
Loving he spread his arms tow'rd the disciples:

1575

Withdraw not from Jerusalem! Await
The promise of the Father, which ye heard
Me utter, when I from the dead arose.
John did baptize with water; but ye shall
Be with the Holy Ghost baptized. Few days
Will be revolving ere the promise comes. —

1580

Some of th' Apostles thus addressed the Lord:
Ah, dost Thou, O Messiah, in these days
The splendid realm of Israel restore? —
The knowledge of the hour, which for his might
The Father hath reserved, is not for you.

1585

And with these words (he discontinued not,)
The Saviour down upon Bethany look'd,
Lazarus was glorified. With instant speed
His Angel brought him to the sacred mount,
That with the heavenly host he might ascend.

1590

But ye will be invested with the pow'r
Of the Holy Ghost, who will on you descend

1595

From heaven, and ye will be my witnesses,
 Within Jerusalem, in Judah, in
 Samaria, and to the ends of th' earth.

Jesus advanced a pace, stood, raised his hands,
 Looked with benevolence on the Witnesses; 1600
 God bless and succour you! God beam on you
 His countenance, and yield to you his peace.

Thus did the Saviour bless them. Heaven, and Earth!
 And all ye Blessed who have been redeem'd!
 The Mediator now upon the earth. 1605

Had all completed! Lo, the cloud came down,
 And raised him up to heaven. The Witnesses
 Long followed with their eyes him, who had died
 The death of crucifixion, and who rose
 Triumphant from the grave! — With tears of joy, 1610
 With agitated soul, with yon sublime
 Emotion that we all shall feel, when Christ
 Attended by his Angels will return,
 Judge of the world, amid the clouds of heav'n.

They could not longer see him. But twain men 1615
 In snowy vest, at once before them stood.

These were Elisha and the splendid Salem.
 The one whose waving ringlets were more light,
 Who held in his right hand a golden staff;
 Spoke unto them who, in the transport sweet 1620
 Of highest bliss, scarce heeded what he said:

Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye here,
 To heaven gazing? Jesus who, from you,
 To heaven now ascended, will return,
 As ye have seen him now to heaven rise. — 1625

They said it, turned, and were no longer seen
 By the disciples. But with gratitude
 And adoration, the disciples now
 Departed from the mount of olives, tow'rd
 Jerusalem descending; and they were 1630

Assembled in the Temple, there to pray;
 To pray, assembled in their dwelling near
 The Temple, consecrated thus, to await
 The promise of the Father, that from heav'n

They might receive the power, respecting the divine 1635
 Redeemer witness on the earth to bear, —
 That upon them from heaven might be suffus'd
 The Fire-baptism e'en of the Holy Ghost.

Klopstock's Messiah.

CANTO XX.

Already far above the passing clouds,
The blessed Mediator with the hosts
Around him, soared on the effulgent path
That tends unto the Throne. Before him, with
Celestial splendour Gabriel advanc'd;
His locks waved round his head, and to the soft
Vibration of his golden harp he sung:

Commence with tremour, scarcely breathe a sound,
The praise of the Redeemer is your theme,
Which will through all eternity extend.

Anon a choir of risen saints began
The trembling voice of ecstasy to raise.
Sounds gentle rose already from their harps,
And as from far, the thunder of the trump
Was heard among them. Thus along a range
Of mountains rustles, with the passing breeze
Or with the silver brook, the verdant grove;
The rill through clefts and passes slowly laying.
With tears the choir of risen saints looked up
To the Redeemer. Thus they sang the Victor:

From the beginning; ere the world was made,
Ere day and night alternately revolv'd,
Ere stars effulgent in their orbits mov'd,
Ere Cherubim the radiance of the stars
Reflected; Mediator, Son of God,
Thou wert for ingrate man's offences slain!
Sufferer divine, on th' altar Golgatha
The slaughtered Lamb, degenerate man's salvation,
Compassionate Redeemer, Thou e'er wert!
Thou sawest salvation streaming from thy wounds,
Sawest thyself numbered with the dead, Most Holy!
From everlasting, from the first beginning,
Ere stream rushed from it's source, ere th' ocean was,
Ere hills and dales were formed, ere the Eternal
Did fashion lifeless dust to inherit light

And glory, ere the earth became a grave.

An Angel of the judgment of the world,
Dropp'd with his sinking arm the lifted trump,
When slowly now another choir began:

Bleeding he lay! But he to whom the Lamb 40
Of the Passover fell, He did not break
Any of his bones. With hyssop, drench'd in blood,
All Judah quickly marks the avenues
Unto her dwellings. — Woe, woe unto you,
Who by the Lamb's blood are not shielded, when 45
The earth is with terrific night involv'd! —
The night came, the Destroyer silent down
From heaven descended to the ample stream.

A sullen sound arose from those that fell,
The voice of mournful plaint was heard in Egypt! 50
For lifeless at the throne lay the first-born!
The wretched mother, and the father sad,
E'en in the prison drear, appalled saw death!
The very brute lost suddenly it's young.
In Raameses alone the voice of praise, 55
And gentle weeping gratitude, resounded!
Your dwellings by the sprinkled blood were screen'd.

More sonorous already, brilliant more,
With more resounding thunder of their trumps,
A choir of Cherubim streamed forth this song, — 60
They flamed, their countenances glow'd with joy.

The plan of the eternal realm of light
Devolved into effect, chaos assum'd
Form! hosts of number void, the habitants
And worlds fed with amaze, when they deriv'd 65
Existence at the Son's omnific word.

Loud thundering the omnic word resounded,
And bade each orb in rounding course to move!
Slow, and with fleet velocity, around
The beaming light th' attendant spheres revolv'd; 70
The breast of the inhabitant with bliss
Expanded. The Redeemer's endless realm
Was suddenly established. Thought profound,
And glory, beamed from nature's wondrous plan,
Felicity to All! From wretchedness 75

A tearful path guides also' on high to bliss.
Oh sing, heirs of the grave, and heirs of light,
Brethren of Him who died, Oh sing the path
That guides on high from wretchedness, e'en to 80
The seat of judgment, where ye shall abide!

The path obscure amid nocturnal rocks
 Was labyrinth, involv'd with dole sepulchral night.
 The blood of ransome flowed, and who from sin
 Was wrested, in the judgment shall preside.

Jedidah's offspring once, when from a mortal
 Mortality inheriting, but now

A son of the resurrection; with a joyful
 Humility, Josiah from among
 His choir advanced, and hovered nearer Him,
 Who was in the prophetic page proclaim'd,
 And made to him th' immortal harp resound,
 And celebrated yon most festly day,
 When Zamah's coming from afar he saw.

Did Joshua not advance into the place,
 Where the descending veil from us conceal'd
 The mystery? Still he was not pure, — the Fiend
 In presence of the Angels such proclaim'd.

The Lord of hosts bestowed on him the vest
 Of purity, and free'd him, Sin, from thee,
 Because his Chosen One, Zamah should come!
 Zamah resounded, — th' Angels heard the sound. —

'Thou camest, O Mediator, lo, 'Thou cam'st!
 Rent is the veil, the mystery is display'd!
 For into th' inmost sanctuary the Son
 Once entered, pure and perfect through himself.

Assemble, happy Race of the Redeem'd,
 Assemble in the shadow of the vine,
 And in the cooling shadow of the olive!

The psaltery of the covenant-sacrifice
 Animate the feast. Thou camest, Zamah, thou cam'st!
 Such with the psaltery be the flowing lay;

So through the arbours of the feast, the lay
 Of the new covenant joyfully resound:
 Zemah, thou didst expire, — didst rise again.

Oh, how the golden harps reverberated,
 And how the palms did wave, the countenances
 With radiance glowing of the Seraphim,
 That now resounded the Redeemer's praise.

When Jesus at the cross exclaimed: It is
 Accomplished! We who drank the stream of bliss,
 Did weep aloud: Then God received the dust
 To light and bliss! Jesus down from the cross
 Proclaimed to them, celestial, endless bliss.

When the divine Redeemer said: World, be!
 Thou countless was, like orient dew, the host

That he created, aye in bliss to rise:
 To all he from the cross proclaimed a more
 Exalted, an eternal state of bliss.
 Loud was the voice, O Blessed host, that thus
 Proclaimed th' accomplishment of your salvation! 130
 It was succeeded by the sound of harps,
 And by th' acclaims of ecstasy sublime.
 Innumerable were ye who to him
 Then bent your knees, more happy all through him.
 They scarcely had completed thus the psalm 135
 Of transport, when a radiant choir of saints,
 That rose perfected from the grave, their breasts
 With gentle rapture heaving; lifted high
 Their palms of triumph, and with softest dole,
 Yon heavenly dole that is replete with bliss, 140
 Began to sing unto the Son divine:
 Adoration be to God and to the Lamb,
 The Lamb that died a sacrifice for sin!
 He soars with haste aloft now to the heights
 Of Sion, heavenly splendour to unfold! 145
 How th' altar Golgatha with blood was drench'd!
 Praise to the Son who died a sacrifice for sin,
 Praise to the Saviour of the heirs of death!
 Thanks, praise, and adoration to the Son. —
 Thou didst command the stars to' emerge from night, 150
 And suddenly the radiant host appear'd:
 A flow of light streamed from nocturnal shade,
 Turned, and in course orbicular revolv'd!
 To God and to the Lamb be adoration,
 The Lamb that died a sacrifice for sin. 155
 Praise jubilant to the exalted Son!
 Thou from the night of the abyss didst call,
 Whom death smote! — Lo, they have escap'd the deep,
 The gulph of horror and perdition bale.
 Another choir of risen saints looked down 160
 With sympathizing feelings to the earth.
 Ah, yonder they had also dwelled in cots,
 And in the grave, and there they rose again!
 They sung the Saviour of degenerate man:
 To God and to the Son, who now to God 165
 Is rising, be unceasing adoration!
 Ye Seraphim, cast to his feet your crowns,
 Do also lay, with triumph high, your palms
 Before the Throne, exulting that on you
 By the All-sovereign Lord they were bestow'd. 170

Pilgrims who roam in wretchedness obscure,
 Afflicted greatly; are ye weeping still?
 Though ye with th' Angels once before the Throne
 Of heaven shall in triumph prostrate fall!
 Thus the Redeemer's guidance will reward 175
 Your sufferings, and enable you to lift
 Your voice in praise and grateful adoration!
 Such glorious triumph all will celebrate,
 Who in affliction faithful are till th' end. —
 Cease then, O Tear, that dost in sadness yield 180
 Consolance, donot more dissolve their hearts!
 Are not their sufferings over at the goal?
 Will not they in the vale of death rejoice? —

While these were singing so, they, from afar
 Near the effulgent Ear, observed some souls,
 And Cherubim who led th' immortal souls 185
 To the Redeemer. On the wing of bliss
 The Cherubim advanced; the souls proceeded
 With tremulous emotion and with joy. —
 It is accomplished! were the blessed words, 190
 That Jesus had been uttering on the cross.
 They all were pious souls, who newly left
 Mortality in the devouring flame,
 Or in the grave, — souls from all parts of th' earth,
 From every nation, and from every wind. 195
 They were since the accomplishment of man's
 Redemption, — such was the divine command; —
 Until the hour of triumph, in the groves
 Of th' Ear assembled. And th' adoring host
 Still higher soared. They uttered exclamations, 200
 They wept, and uttered their amaze, at seeing
 The Deity. A choir of risen saints
 Jubilant saluted their advancing brethren,
 Likewise received to mercy. They began:

Lo, they are coming! Toilsome they advanc'd 205
 In death's depressive and nocturnal path.
 But they are free'd, from misery remov'd!
 They now weep tears of heavenly peace and bliss.
 Feeling of transport! the inheritance
 From Him who was, in death's depressive path, 210
 Companion, also the companion here,
 Where, at the goal, Jehovah doth bestow
 The great reward, th' accomplishing of all!
 Ah, where resounded e'er the trembling harp,
 That such a blessed feeling could express? 215

Where was it's heavenly melody perceiv'd?
O Crystal stream, whence did it waft to thee?
Palm on the verdant bank, hearer in Sion,
Whence did the lofty harmony proceed? —

And suddenly th' advancing souls were fill'd 230
With feelings of the new life, and they stream'd
Into the Victor's host, and thus began:

Ye Angels, and ye Blessed heirs of light!
We to this triumph soar, and join the Son's
Ascension into heaven! — Thou, O Death, 235
Thou flight to the enjoyment of our bliss,
Thou grave and all thy terrors, ye are high
Beatitude, ye are the bliss of heav'n! —
Divine Redeemer, Oh the voice of song,

The feelings of felicity, do not 240
Set forth thy greatness! Lord, All-sovereign Lord!
But feebly, but from far, this triumph, this
Rejoicing jubilant, can Thee acclaim!

Lo, of the host whom, Mediator, through
Thy death Thou hast redeemed, whom Thou hast thus 245
Exalted, — also we are members, we
Were also sown in the expecting field,
Where, Blessed Mediator, where Thou wilt
In judgment reap, and unto glory raise! —

Some of the heavenly youth, some Seraphim. 250
That round those lofty cedars — Gabriel
And great Eloah, e'en like flowerets bloom'd;
This festly scene witnessing, they were now
Unable their glad feelings to repress.

Their harps with rushing sound reverberated: 255

Oh how this joy, this bliss, this triumph high,
And how those shouts and voices answering rise!
And how the answering voices will resound,
(Of those who are perfected, round the Throne,
When from the grave's nocturnal path those hosts 260
Shall all to glory, to beatitude

With transport rise, and see the Deity! —

But not the psaltery only, not alone
The trump of the adoring choirs were heard:
But strings resounded likewise, laving rill 265
Resembling, and resembling rustling breeze,
And th' utterance soft of lovers; also breath,
That oft became a storm and bursting thunder,
And harmony of the revolving spheres.

Jesus did evermore his people rule, 270

From Abraham's call even till the day,
When in the cot of Bethlehem he wept.
Those wonders which the Son divine had wrought
Among the people of especial mercy
And awful judgment, now became the theme 265
Of the triumphal host's rejoicing choirs.
Their psalm with greater fervour still aspir'd.
From wonder on to wonder, with the choirs
Of ecstasy they passed. A radiant choir

When soaring o'er their silver melody, 270
They shouted to another radiant choir,
Who scarce th' acclaim of transport high repress'd.
Angels of death raised now their solemn voice:

Ocean, thou stoodst at the divine command!
The cloud of day, the blazing cloud of night, 275
Remained a shield unto the passing host,
The nation of the law. God terrify'd
And, from the cloud, smote Pharaoh's horse and man.

They ceased. But still the trump resounded loud,
And Miriam heard the clangour of the trump. 280

I, Amram's joyful daughter, onward mov'd
Before the dancing rows, and uttered praise:
Th' ocean became your grave, outrageous tyrants!
In mighty surge and in the shore's deep sedge,
Like ponderous lead the armed horseman sunk, 285
The steed, the chariot, yea, and Pharaoh too!
E'en from the clouds, amid a flame, God look'd
In anger down, and terrified they fled,
And disappeared in th' overwhelming sea.

With looks averted, from the overthrow 290
Of Dathan, Korah, and Abiram, hasten'd
The Angels; with averted looks they sang:

Oh the ascending voice of anguish dire,
Which sullen from the deep in clouds of dust
Unto the light complained, and suddenly 295
Still more terrific ceased, more direful, more
Appalling than when from the deep it rose.

A single look they on the ruins cast
Of Jericho, — once it rushed from their harps.
The trumpet's clangour of the host that mov'd 300

With adoration and with fervent pray'r,
With woeful import sounded round the tow'rs
Of the extensive city! With a gloom
The day of death approached! The hosts of God
Moved! Jericho with rising thunder sunk. 305

Now harps resounded, and Angelic voices;
 Oh how thy lot, Judah, to thee did fall!
 The ruddy son of Bethlehem play'd on,
 Light as a hind! his hand then dropp'd the staff,
 He smote the man of Gath, who treated him with scorn. 310
 O Judah, thus thy God did dignify

The valiant youth, gave gold unto his head,
 And golden song, the Benjamite rejecting,
 That high on Gilboa his blood was shed.
 And David from afar beheld the Son, 315
 The Mediator; then his psalm aspir'd!
 Joy then resounded in the loftier choir,
 The praise of the Creator and Redeemer.

Now other Angels struck their harps and sang:
 He prayed and, from on high, e'en from the Throne, 320
 At heat divine the flame rushed quickly down!
 Quickly the blaze the sacrifice consum'd!
 The water of the altar flamed aloft.

Seven Cherubim advanced now from the choir
 Unto the Seer sublime, to whom Jehovah 325
 Imparted much respecting future things.

And thou art silent, who sawest Cherubim
 With solemn fervour stand before the Lord,
 Themselves involving, — wings our faces hid!
 The Temple trembled with the psalm of those, 330
 Who stood before the Throne of the Most High.

I did maintain my silence, when I saw you
 With solemn fervour stand before the Lord,
 Yourselves involving, — wings your faces hid!
 The Temple trembled with the psalm of those, 335
 That stood before the Throne of the Most High!

And ye did all exclaim: Holy is He!
 Ah holy, holy is He! And countless are,
 Who do adore the Lord! His praise resounds
 Before the Throne of heaven, and in the dust. 340

Now he desisted, deeply absorbed in thought
 Respecting Him, by whom the Universe
 Is governed. But not long, and he gave sign,
 That with his lay the trump sublime should sound.

Thee th' awful Virgin Sion doth despise, 345
 And holds thee in derision! after thee
 Jerusalem's fair daughter shakes her head!
 Whom didst thou scorn, and whom didst thou blaspheme?
 Against whom did thy impious voice arise?
 Against the Holy One of Israel. 350

Presumptuous, thou didst lift thy haughty looks!
Hast thou not been contemning God Jehovah,
Saying: I deck'd the mountain with a throng
Of chariots, and the sides of Lebanon!

Of Lebanon I felled the pine and cedar, 355

Th' extremity of Carmel I attain'd,
Yea, e'en the forest on the mountain's brow!

Did not I drain and drink your waters? and
Did not my footsteps dry the standing lakes
Of Israel? and didst thou ne'er perceive, 360

What now transpires, I oft performed before?
I from afar prepare what I design,

And then I bid it come! Cities with walls
And hills encompassed, suddenly become
A ruined mass of solitary remains! 365

Shame and the night of death sink to the earth
The warrior's arm! They wither like the grass
That decks the fields, like seeds upon the roof,
Like hay before the reaping, withered, dry! —

Presumptuous Boaster, am I ignorant 370
Of thy resorts? thy places of abode?

Do not I know thy rage, which thou dost vent
Against me thus? Since then against me thus
Thou dost give vent to thy indignant rage,
And since thy pride to me in heaven rose: 375

I put a ring into thy nose, and lay
A bit into thy jaws, that in thy fury thou
May'st turn again the way by which thou cam'st.

Fervid he sung it, and the Seven who did
Accompany the prophet's lay, proceeded; 380

O flee then, flee, Sennacherib, and hie
To Nisroch's sacrifice! Still Sion-hill
Besounded with the prophet's menacy,
When the accomplishment already rais'd

It's thundering foot, and to the judgment mov'd! 385
The ruby day unfolded, — silent lay

Th' assyrian field that was with corpses strew'd!
Their monarch was with consternation frown.

But now the Seer from Chebar, whence he saw
The Glory of God, inclined his solemn course 390

With twelf celestial youths, Angels and Men,
From among the radiant train of heavenly choirs.
Their wings already sounded, while their harps
Were silent still. They passed the Son divine,
With adoration passed. Awfully grand 395

Was their effulgent progress, and display
 Of what they felt, and fervour-flaming looks.
 The Lord of Judah they began to sing:
 Avenger! Yea, Thou often didst avenge
 Th' oppressive wrongs of thine elected people! 400
 Didst dash to nought the ruinous destroyers,
 And madest them bleed. Those who did thirst for blood,
 Ne'er thy pursuing vengeance could escape.
 Did not the fearful monster of the Nile
 Resemble the Assyrian? All the pride 405
 Of Lebanon, that spreads a shade around,
 He did possess! he was with foliage deck'd,
 His crown rose high, e'en to the clouds aloft!
 Waters environed him, and made him great!
 The spouting fountain gave him growth, and streams 410
 Rushed around him, — he to other trees dispens'd
 Abundant rills that filled the spacious fields.
 And therefore far above all other trees
 That fill the fields, he reared his lofty head:
 And lack of waters he experienced none, 415
 With fulness sprouting branches to extend.
 Did not the winged habitants of th' air
 Within his boughs form nests, — the habitants
 Of dust couch numberless around his stem?
 And in the lofty fountain-quaffing tree's 420
 Extensive shadow, many nations dwell'd.
 Thou cedar of the Lord, wert thou like him?
 Thou lofty Pine, didst thou resemble his
 Forth-branching sprouts? thou Maple-tree, couldst thou
 Be likened unto his extending bough? — 425
 Above the host of trees he stood endow'd
 With splendour in the forest of the Lord.
 Had not th' Eternal so replenished him,
 And raised his head with multitude of boughs,
 That he by all the trees within the garden 430
 Of God was envied? — But since thus to heav'n
 His head was raised, his heart began to swell,
 And flushed with pride that he so lofty stood.
 Then Thou didst bring against him the most mighty
 Of tyrants, the avenger of his pride, 435
 That chastizement deserved should be inflicted.
 He by the power of strangers was despoil'd,
 And scattered! on the hills and in the dales,
 And at the side of the descending brook,
 His shattered branches lay, dispersed around. 440

He to the nations was a cooling shade
Not longer, and their numerous hosts retir'd.
On his extended stem the numerous
Inhabitants of th' air, and on his boughs
The divers habitants of dust now dwell'd. 446
With terror stricken down, no tree along
The waters now displays such lofty pride,
And none along the streams from cooling shade
And tufted foliage so rears it's crown.
For also those must to the grave descend, 449
Down to the dead, to whom th' earth homage pays.
When the Ashur came down into the deep,
Th' astonished deep complained and mourned around:
The oozing fount and passing stream involv'd
In sadness, and the waters did not flow; 456
Her Lebanon was shrouded with a gloom,
The verdure of the valley died away.
When with confusion he precipitated,
Down with a rushing storm into th' abyss,
The nations stood astonished and appall'd! 460
Thou grove, that didst to Eden semblance bear,
Now sunk into th' abyss, — his forest wide
Of Lebanon, ye were his confidence!
But with himself the Rulers all, his arm,
To whom he yielded shade, have been hurled down, 466
And added to the number of the slain. —
And they were silent. With short interlapse
The dreadful tremblings of the earth so cease,
Anon from shattered ruins clouds of dust,
And dying groans, tow'rd heaven again to waft. 470
And suddenly th' effulgent choir resum'd:
E'en like Ashur, so Thou, O Son, didst smite
The king of Egypt. — Dragon of the flood,
He bounded in the ample stream, his foot
Convolved the waters till they boomed aloft. 476
When he exclaimed: Behold, the stream is mine,
And I have made it! — God o'er him cast forth
Th' entangling net, and it impelled the host
Against the proud revolter. When close press'd
Amid the finny throng, and when his scales 480
Fell from him, God dragged him from out the stream,
And cast him forth into the spacious field,
And called unto the vultures of the air,
And to the preying habitants of dust.
His carcase deck'd the hills and filled the dales, — 486

Up to the lofty bank, where he was wont
 To swim, the blood now of the Outcast rose!
 Yea, it did rise e'en to the mountain's height,
 The branching rivulets all of the stream
 Were stained with blood; because he was hurled down 490
 Into th' abyss. And there he was receiv'd
 By those who, heroes like himself, were once
 Sanguinary monsters. They have all been hurl'd
 Into the deep by the destructive sword.
 They are dispersed among the slain around. 495
 Ashur, where these are scattered, prostrate lies,
 His people lie around him, buried all.
 Sword, thou didst hurl him down into th' abyss.
 Deep is the grave, in clefts among the rocks,
 The grave of those who terrified the earth. 500
 Where these are scattered, Elam lies, his host
 Around him. Thou, O Sword, didst hurl them down
 With shame and with disgrace into the grave,
 Who once became the terror of the earth.
 Meshech lies there, extended in the field! 505
 There Tubal lies, himself and all his host,
 With shame o'erwhelmed, not now beneath the head
 The sword deposited. The field is white
 With bones of the rejected, who were once
 The terror of the earth. Pharaoh, on thee 510
 The conqueror's foot was placed! thou slumberest now
 Amid the slain, that fell before the sword!
 Edom's Dictators, paramounts in war,
 Lie scattered in nocturnal clefts around!
 They fell before the sword, and with the hosts 515
 Mingled of those that likewise have been slain.
 Of Sidon all the nations with them sunk.
 More flushing shame the countenances deck'd.
 Of those imperious princes, that the battle
 O'erwhelming hurled them also to the deep. 520
 Around him gathered, Pharaoh in th' abyss
 Saw all the slain, and these saw him, their king.
 Th' amazement yielded solace to his soul.
 For into the abyss of hell, Thou Lord
 Vindictive, hast precipitated him, 525
 The monarch and his host, and terrify'd,
 All-sovereign Judge, the nations of the earth.
 Visible to immortal eyes alone,
 In heaven's profundity, Jerusalem
 On the revolving earth obscurely lay. 530

Angels of death looked down, and from it bow'd
 The valley of Gehenna turned their eyes.
 Th' Angels of death with solemn sadness sung,
 While, as the thunder's voice is heard from far,
 Their trumps resounded, sullen as the sea, 535
 The surges breaking under lofty cliff.

Go down, go down! Thou city of God, go down.
 In cries of war, in rising clouds of smoke,
 In streams of fire! Sink, whom the arm divine
 Rejected, sink to ruin, city of God. 540

Christ spake the words of death, — Rome does the deed.
 With flaming looks the flapping eagles come!
 Intrepid fervour and stern vengeance stream
 From th' eye of paramourts in war, whom God
 To the destruction summoned. With dismay 545
 And terror smitten, Sowers scatter salt!

Thou spacious vale, God laid on thee the line,
 And summoned to the triumph! Trumpets shrill
 Will utter havoc, where the line was laid.

Demanding blood, Judah, thou from the Throne 550
 Didst imprecate the curse! Thy lips exclaim'd:
 The Son's blood! And with greater rage the deed
 Reiterated the infuriate cry.
 Rome's Chieftains with reply to thee. Go down.

As the rejoicing pious Sage, who now 555
 Contemplates not the grave, or if he do,
 Sees how th' assurance of the resurrection
 Illumes with cheering beams it's ebon night;
 As he, when woke by beauteous vernal morn,
 With blissful looks surveys the smiling fields, 560
 And offers loud unto the bountiful

Creator of the Vernal morn, his thoughts
 In grateful praise, and prayer: Thus Choirs of Seraphim
 Looked far around, and uttered thus their high
 Emotion of felicity, when on 565
 The heavenly path of light the host triumphal
 Effulgent soared, and when with beaming seas
 Of higher light the heavens involved their round,
 And stars on every side by thousands throng'd.
 This was the jubilant rejoicing loud 570
 Of Seraphim, resounding through the stars:

Shout yet his praise, Revolving spheres, ye suns,
 And every star! Stars in this path of light,
 With solemn fervour shout the Saviour's praise,
 The glorious Lord, whom nature's grateful song 575

Cannot attain! Proclaim with grateful voice,
 O Nature, Him who being to thee gave!
 Thy song be streaming through the heavens around!
 With lofty praise from trembling eminence,
 It e'er be the companion of the beam 600
 That to Kidrona, to the palm-grove, wafts
 Th' unfolding day! Ye waters of the moons,
 Oceans of th' earths, to it your voices join!
 E'en as the soft and gentle strain of harp,
 United with the choir-paalm of the trump, 605
 Wafts on the rising breath of waving palm;
 So to the rising harmony of heaven's
 Unnumbered stars, your joyful voices join.
 How ye revolve, whom God unnumbered made!
 Effulgent hosts of stars, how ye display, 610
 How ye aloud proclaim the Saviour's praise,
 E'en to the height of those around the throne!
 To Thee, O Son, the jubilant acclaims
 Of nature rise, to Thee, the source of all
 Felicity, the Lord who doth bestow 615
 Salvation, the exhaustless fount of all
 That makes us happy. — Doth a path exist?
 Can we on soaring wing pursue a course,
 That leads to light, that to salvation brings,
 On which he doth not lead us? lead us all? 620
 Thou Labyrinth of all that is sublime,
 Unspeaking, of all that doth bestow
 Salvation! E'en through thee from age to age,
 He, Labyrinth, doth lead the Blessed forth.
 The song now ceased. But harmony of strings 625
 And breath still rose. E'en so the grove resounds,
 When streams remote from rocks precipitate,
 When purling rivulets near us lave along,
 When breezes rustle in the verdant elm,
 When to the joyful Bride the silver fount 630
 Mellifluous and melodious strain assumes.
 When higher on the path of heavenly light
 The triumph still was soaring, near to them.
 A star, companion of a sun, was chang'd.
 From pole to pole concussion agitated 635
 The sphere unto its centre. Solid land
 Burst. Mountains trembled, spouted flame, and fell;
 Smoke from convolving oceans rose tow'rd heav'n.
 Tremendous e'en to Angels was the view,
 How in confusion powers original 640

CANTO XX. *Klopstock's Messiah.*

289

Rock'd, when the seed creation new assum'd.

But from amid the fervid beams of some
Near Sirius, many of the Risen Just
Their voice of bliss to the Redeemer rais'd:

Love of the Son, heavenly salvation, light
Divine to comprehension! kindling blaze
From th' alter to the feelings of the soul!
Day that awakes, and never will immerge
Into the ocean, the eternal day,

626

To all redeemed souls, Love of the Son!
On high unto the Throne, O Triumph, thou
Dost wing thy way, and also unto us,
Whom the exalted Mediator chose,

630

O Triumph of the Saviour, thou dost show
With waving palms the path unto the Throne
Of the eternal Father! — O ye Angels,

635

Say, who doth with effulgent glory yonder
Through heaven pass? to whom the hosts of stars
Stand in their courses, unto whom the paths
Of God resound, to whom the valley sinks;

640

Who is it, O ye Angels of the Throne? —
He who was thirsting on the cross, who died,
Who loved us unto death, reproachful death,
Death of th' ensanguined altar Golgatha!

And who, of God forsaken, loudly amid
The hovering gloom of direful night exclaim'd!

645

He, O ye Angels, passes through the heav'ns. —

Stream, stream them higher, Streams of blazing light,
And O ye passing breezes, gently waft

Them over unto the triumphal host,
Whom yon remote profundity unfolds,

650

Who, still unheard, advance to see the Son.
Angels, the day of the Redeemer's triumph,
Of his ascending to the Throne of heav'n,
Rebounced far into the worlds around!

655

And all that dwell in mansions of repose,
Whom God permits advance to see the Son.
The Son is Lord, he is th' all-sovereign Lord,
To him the prayer of every tongue ascends!

To every sphere, unto the depth profound,
And far aloft into the height of heav'n,

660

E'en till the highest eminence, he doth
Dispense his gracious answer, who alone
Is sovereign arbitrator of all bliss. —

Joy he to you dispensed! The beams of light

665

Did stream you hither; — gently-rustling brooms
 Did waft you o'er to the triumphal host
 From your remoteness, dwelling in a star,
 Raised from the earth above the bounds of sight.
 The Son^s is Lord, he is th' all-sovereign Lord, 670
 Ah, unto him your supplications rise!
 Into the depth profound, to every height,
 E'en till the highest eminence, the Son
 Dispensed his gracious answer, who alone
 Is sovereign arbitrator of all bliss. — 675

'The transport, Oh! See, yonder beams the Son
 In glory amid the people of the grave,
 Whom he with blood redeemed, who from the grave
 Anterior to the day of judgment rose,
 Through him transmuted! — Oh, Thou First of Beings! 680
 What heavenly path did through the labyrinth
 Of death conduct thine coeternal Son!
 E'en at the grave the Victor-path begin,
 And rises! From amid the lowering night,
 That did involve th' expiring Mediator, 685
 The Son of the eternal God comes forth! —

In the creation's ocean, where the waves
 Huge tow'rd the shore are tending, there, Messiah,
 Thy people dwell, who also are deriving
 Felicity from Thee, though, not by sin 690
 Profaned, they need no intercessive blood
 But our guilt is, in sight of Witnesses,
 Eradicated, and the voice of sin
 Is silent at the Throne, and in the sanctuary
 Of Angels, at the bar of judgment stern, 695
 Th' accusing voice of sin for e'er is hush'd.
 Terrific and appalling was her voice,
 Yet lenient was the hearing of the judgment;
 But lo: It is accomplished! sounded forth
 From th' altar with the melody of psalms, 700
 And sin perceived the thunder of the Son,
 And silent was for evermore her voice.

O Christians, also we before the Throne
 Of the Eternal offer grateful praise!
 Where ye rest in the shadow of his grace. 705
 O Blessed Heirs, there we likewise repose
 Where unto you th' exhaustless fount of bliss
 Is flowing, the regalement of the Just;
 There likewise we assemble, there the fount
 Of life is also flowing unto us! 710

Sons of remoteness, did ye ever tremble
 With the appalling terror of rejection?
 Did in the hour of sadness, in th' amaze
 Before the judgment, fleeing hence from Horeb,
 Did ye e'er drop the fervid, bleeding tear? 715

On th' awful precipice, o'er which destruction
 Is hovering, on the brink of the nocturnal
 Abyss, we never trembled, never stood!
 Ne'er where the balance is resounding, where
 The cup of wrath is flowing! Blessed, we 720
 The joys of the Redeemed never felt. —

Ah, from among the animating choirs
 What voices now flowed forth! Were I to' attempt
 To represent them by comparison;
 I should designate them, Voices of love, 725
 Accents of the expiring who behold
 The heavens already open, or the utterance
 Of rising dead who now forsake the grave.

Christ's triumph now attained the distant star
 Of human beings, guiltless and immortal. 730
 Now o'er the sphere's e'er verdant fields he pass'd.
 Th' Immortals saw th' effulgent host, they saw
 The Saviour, ah, and they beheld the saints
 Risen from the grave. Assembled throngs beheld,

But these anon vast multitudes became, 735
 The multitudes became unnumbered hosts.
 They stood, tow'rd heaven their countenances rais'd,
 'Mong them the first-created stood sublime. —
 Accomplisher! — Thus he exclaimed, and sunk
 Down on his knee, th' Immortals all around him. 740
 Grove unto grove, mountain to mountain answer'd:
 Accomplisher! — Among them Toa stood.

The Judge again had raised him into life.
 He was among the happy happiest now,
 Was wholly into gratitude dissolv'd, 745
 Resigned to the emotion, flowing from
 Renewed immortal being. In this flow
 Of transport he exclaimed aloud amid
 The host of holy men: Accomplisher! —

As in his triumph the eternal Son 700
 The psalm now of his exaltation heard,
 And infinitely with felicity
 The joys of those rewarded, who dissolv'd
 In grateful praise; a song rose from the fields
 Of spreading graves, — twain mortals raised their voices. 755

To these some of the risen saints had been
 Appearing, and they had derived instruction.
 Their lay was heard by Him who was appear'd,
 And by the Mediator. While the shade
 Of the forth-spreading branches of a tree, 769
 Now unto them a cot, around them wafted
 The cooling breath of gently-rustling breeze,
 With which the purling of the laving brook
 Was intermingled; She, who loved the Lord,
 And the companion of her earthly course, 765
 With fervour and devotion raised her voice.

Rise, O my Soul, created by the Son,
 The light of heaven to' inherit! Blessed through
 The Saviour's intercession and atonement!
 Sing with the choirs of the perfected saints 770
 Before the Throne! Did not they also once
 With utterance saint th' Eternal's praises breathe? —

While of the tree's forth-spreading branches shade,
 Now unto them a cot, around them wafted
 The cooling breath of gently-rustling breeze, 775
 With which the purling of the laving brook
 Was intermingled; He, who loved the Lord,
 And the companion of his earthly course,
 With fervour and devotion raised his voice.

Thou self-existent, infinitely holy, 780
 And blessed God! Low in the dust, remote
 From thine eternal Throne, where Thou sublime
 In glory didst, with thine omnific word,
 Call forth the stars; a dust with gratitude
 Prostrates before Thee, wondering at his high 785
 Felicity, that from the night of drear
 Mortality God doth regard his voice!

Through psalm-choirs of the loudly-adoring hosts
 Of blazing stars, my tremulous prayer ascends
 Up to the Throne of Him who, in the realm of light, 790
 Is sovereign Lord! who doth from the beginning
 Bestow salvation! who through labyrinth
 On high conducts us to the heavenly Throne,
 Where he inscrutable in glory reigns!

O Lord, Lord God! Most holy, Infinite! 795
 Regard my voice of transport, hear my pray'r,
 That from the valley of mortality
 Arises! From the shades of night it soars,
 And mingles with the hallelujah-choirs;
 Oh hear it, God! and hear my silent pray'r! 800

CANTO XX. *Hlopstock's Messiah.*

673

Diffuse still more abundantly thy grace,
O God, on the inheritor of death,
And dry the flowing sadness from his cheek!
Yet, is oppressive woe in this drear night
His portion, then endow him mercifully
With patience, and conduct him, that he may
Behold thy gracious presence at the Throne.

80.

Such was his song, and he was silent; but
Ere long his soul began to soar afresh,
Again with fervour of devotion fir'd.
Behold, the future christian's rising voice
Was scarcely wafted from his narrow field,
Yet was perceived by Him who hears the choirs
Of heaven. A morning-leaf is rustling so,
When caverns of the rocks resound with thunder,
When foaming forest-streams into the dale
With bursting thunder down precipitate.

810

815

Awake, Sound of the harp, and with the psalm
Rise to the Throne! The praise of th' infinite
Jehovah be thy theme, thy festal song!

820

And unto Him, to whom with ecstasy
The harmony of the revolving stars
Arises, whom th' Archangels, when they view
His countenance, with fervid praise acclaim;
To him my breathing song of praise ascend!

825

Th' Eternal also from the grave perceive
The rising voice of gratitude and praise!
But how shall I begin? and how attain
Th' exalted height? Sublime anticipation
Of heaven's bliss, the praise of the Most High,
Who is sufficient to utter thee, and not
In the attempt to fail? Terms wont to magnify
His blessed name, are now obscured by more
Inspiring attributes, as the display

830

Of rising morn on canvas, deck'd with gold,
Compared with morn itself, becomes a shade!

835

As I am able, with the shade of night
In the display, with answering utterance faint,
When choir-psalm thundering rises to the Throne,
I sing the Lord! — Who is like unto Thee?

840

O God, who is as Thou art? Thou the plan
Of being didst unfold, ere feeling, thought,
Or object did among the hosts of finite
Intelligence exist! Oh, the abundance
Of purposes benign, that unto time

845

Thou didst commit, successively to' appear!
Oh the divine decree: That th' ages, when
Ages devolve not more, before the Throne
Interminably reap! Then thy creation
In all is to the glory of the Son 860
Completed! Happiness, and wretchedness,
Will then conduct us to the realms of light!

What once to us, the happy and th' oppress'd,
Was labyrinth and drear nocturnal shade,
Will then conduct us to eternal bliss! 865

Meanwhile th' immortal man fades on the earth,
And feels th' approach of death, th' approach of bale
Corruption, and doth weep away, dissolv'd
In woeful plaint, th' unfolding of his being: }
Yet knows, that God consummates all in bliss, 870
Who did create him also for a state

Of happiness! Yea, Thou dost so, O God,
Accomplish thy decree. Sad is the thought,
That with the praise of heaven the voice of woe
And anguish mingles, and that tears of dole 875
Rise from the grave on high, where ecstasy
Soars from the choir - psalm to the Throne of God,
And from the harp elicits gentle sound,
When gratitude in tears of bliss dissolves.

A choir of Cherubim and Risen Saints 870
The overthrow of Babylon resounded.
Thus to th' Accomplisher the Risen Saints:

Solemnity invests the dreadful day
Of judgment! Pace of death, wings of a storm,
Accelerate the coming of the Lord's 875
Tremendous day of judgment. Prophecy,
Once clouded with a gloom, how the Most High
Fulfills thee! Ah, proud Babylon is fall'n!

Th' earth and the sea perceived the thundering crash
Of the fulfilment. The Eternal now 880
Denounceth from the Throne. On th' ocean's shore
Not longer is the warning trumpet percu'd.
Proud Babylon is fallen! Ah, is the day
Begun! Woe, how she lies demolished there,
Who was so proud, a dreary ruin now! — 885

A choir of Cherubim and Risen Saints
The overthrow of Babylon resounded.
Thus to th' Accomplisher the Cherubim:
She sinks, she sinks! Her venom'd cup deception 890
Was overflowing, and administer'd

Destruction, swift and death! But the Avenger
Hath filled for thee, O Babylon, the cup
Of signal retribution to the brim.

Despoiled Seducer, how thy lifted cap
So long with thy presumption, rage, and death, 895
The spacious earth o'erflowed! But roused is now
Th' Avenger's retribution! Thou hast drunk,
E'en unto death, the cup of wrath divine.

The blissful days of the first resurrection
Ye sung, already now perfected Martyrs. 900

Whom the Most High avenges, as the stars
Effulgent, with felicity endow'd;
And vested with salvation, Faithful Martyrs,
Ye come with joy from the nocturnal vale,
Whom the Most High avenges, to the great 905
Inheritance within the realms of light!

Power and dominion is on you bestow'd
From Him who was, by crucifiers, slain:
O Ye who also bled, inheritors of bliss,
The high and blessed recompense receive! 910

Amazed, appalled, with consternation dumb,
Th' earth hears: Those who, disowned, once quickly bled,
When incense they to Satan would not kindle;
Now they have the dominion of the world!
They now are kings! God from th' eternal Throne 915
Adorns you with dominion and with pow'r.

Unheeded, of the ocean not a queen,
Amid the towering surges, solitary
The Isle of Patmos rested. But her shores
As of a trumpet, should once resound to him, 920
Whom th' Author of revelation chose his Seer,

To whom the Son divine amid her groves,
With seven lamps encompassed, would appear,
Array'd in radiant vest, and girt with gold;
His hair white as the snow, his locks a flame, 925
His countenance like the meridian sun!

His foot was burning ore, a piercing sword
Proceeded from his lips, and seven stars
He held in his right hand; a splendid form,
Before which, e'en like dead, the Seer fell down! 930

It was the Sovereign Judge of all the world,
To whom the Seer with awe o'erwhelmed, sunk down.
But he did not in judgment yet preside:

He uttered only on seven congregations
Their first impending doom; and still the dread 935

Denouncement with inviting mercy team'd!
 The First of Angels had perceived respecting
 This judgment, and the Patriarchs from far
 Had intimation of this mercy heard.
 They to the Lenient Judge sung, that to him, 940
 E'en in the congregations, as the dew
 Of ruby morn, for the eternal life,
 His children through the new birth would be born;
 That unto them he would compassion show,
 And succour them with a mother's fostering care, — 945
 And where the hearts of mothers even would
 Of tenderness be void, that Jesus Christ
 E'en then would have compassion on his children.

O Ephesus, return to thy first love!
 Deeply, O Congregation, thou art fall'n!
 Turn, or thy lamps will be o'erthrown, and will 950
 Extinguish. — Adoration unto Thee!
 Thou dost eternal recompense bestow
 On all who, O Redeemer, rise again!
 Along the crystal stream that, from the Throne 955
 Is flowing, Trees of life dispense a shade,
 And teem for conquering combatants with fruit.

A higher choir, with ecstasy transported,
 Began their golden harps to strike; they sang:
 Oh, the abundance of the germes of grace, 960
 Which Thou in Smyrna, Son of God, hast sown!
 They persevere, though laden with reproach,
 And fetters! Yea, they suffer gladly' and are
 Faithful till death, the promised crown to gain.

Dolorous voices rose. So sang the choir of Saints: 965
 O Pergamos, thou didst to Him adhere,
 E'en in the days of yon great triumph, when
 Antipas sunk a bleeding victim! He
 Gave testimony to his faith in death!
 With loud respect, Immortal hosts, pronounce 970
 Antipas' name! — But, Pergamos, thou also
 Dost suffer those who do offend as Balac.
 The Victor only with the hidden manna
 Will be regaled, — he only will perceive
 That heaven respecting him gives testimony. 975

Dolorous voices rose. So sung th' Angelic choirs:
 Lo, thou art faithful, thou dost suffer much,
 And, Thyatira, thou dost cherish love!
 But, Thyatira, thou dost also harbour
 That prophetess, dost suffer her deceptions! 980

Thy Judge doth penetrate into the heart.
 And whom the Son found pure, he will exalt,
 And place him high, that he may rule the world!
 Gives to his hand the iron staff of pow'r,
 And crowns him with th' effulgence of the stars.

985

Now silence was prevailing through the hosts
 Triumphal, of the choirs not one was heard,
 And every harp and every trump was mute,
 Till to the Son divine at last few voices rose.

Ah, Sardis, Sardis! — Dread Judge of the world,
 Be merciful! Spare, Son of the Most High!
 Sardis lies dead, and deems herself alive!
 God Mediator, have compassion on her.
 Ah listen, Sardis, that art dead, awake!
 It tarries already from afar!

995

The judgment threatens hasty consummation!
 Thou who art dead, regard, regard the menace.
 White raiment with effulgence vests him who
 Did conquer! Radiant in the book, that once
 Will in the judgment blissfully resound,
 His name is written, and will be pronounc'd
 In presence of the awful Deity,
 And of the Angels, by the Lord himself.

1000

A higher choir, with ecstasy transported,
 Began their golden harps to strike; they sung:

1005

How she is blessed! Little power the Lord
 On her bestowed; yet in the covenant
 Known Philadelphia faithfully remain'd!
 The emissaries of th' infernal fiend
 Shall fearfully approach her, and shall sink
 Before her to the dust. How she is bless'd!
 But little power the Lord on her bestow'd;
 Yet faithfully in the covenant remain'd
 Known Philadelphia! Hour of misery,
 Afflict the earth, but pass from her away.

1010

1015

How glorious she is! O Faithful host,
 Thine eminence maintain! Let none take from thee
 The crown of thy salvation. The Perfected
 Will shine as pillars in the Temple, where
 The Son th' eternal recompense bestows.

1020

With dole, with yon emotion that dissolves
 In flowing tears with mortals, from among
 A choir arose a solitary voice:

That Laodicea still would hear the call,
 The call from death! It utters gentle plaint!

1025

How blind she is, how she deceives herself!
 Thou, wont to be the Lord's, arise and hasten,
 The call of heaven's solicitude to meet.
 Those that have been corrected, also shall
 Be entering to the Supper of the Son. 1030
 The Firm that persevere, and finally obtain
 The victory, will gain the recompense,
 And will be crowned! Yea, they will rise aloft,
 O Mediator, to the Throne of heav'n,
 Where Thou in everlasting light dost dwell. 1035

When the Triumphal host still higher soar'd
 Tow'rd the effulgence - beaming circumference
 Of the celestial regions, choirs of Seers
 And of Archangels raised their voices, and
 Sung Him who is Reviver of the dead, 1040
 The Sovereign Judge. Alternately they sung.
 The harps with solemn fervour of the Seers
 Resounded, to the ardour of their thoughts
 Responsive, now animated by their psalm.

Where in the everlasting realm of light 1045
 Enthroned in radiance he exalted dwells,
 Thence he descended, his attending host
 With voice of thunder uttering the call
 Of judgment! The nocturnal grave resign'd
 The dead whom it received, when judgment - call 1050
 Resounded, when the trembling mountains sunk.
 And the vast host, whom he from death through blood
 Delivered, rose on high, their raiment beam'd
 Effulgence far around! and their triumphal song
 Resounded like the ocean's turbulence! 1055
 High with the call of judgment rose the sound:

They ceased, o'erpowered with the blissful thought.
 Their harps alone resounded, But not long,
 And with their harps their voices rose again:

Ye sacred germs, committed to the earth, 1060
 Till God should summon ye, the fields to deck
 With radiance! O ye blessed children whom,
 Dust unto dust, the tarrying night enclos'd,
 Till time with mortals should not longer be;
 Ye sacred germs, how ye do now display 1065
 Your ripe effulgence! Loud in the wide fields
 The heavenly hosts announce the gathering home!
 Ye Blessed whom radiance to radiance now
 Th' Accomplisher is gathering, how your new
 Existence now is passing into glory. 1070

The First of Angels sung with heavenly smiles;
More loud their psaltery stream'd into the lay of bliss.

Awake, ye dead! awake, ye dead! Behold;
The day of judgment calls you from the grave!
With joy, the reapers of the field proclaim 1075

The summons! and where gently it repos'd,
The dust the summons hears. Protecting Angels
Their voices mingle with the general shout.

Oh hasten, look on high, up to the Throne,
Whom God in mercy called! Awake, and quickly 1080

Rise, soar effulgent from the grave aloft,
Whom Jesus from the judgment hath made free!
Come, Fellow-heirs, receive the palm of triumph.

Arise, and seat yourselves, who with the Son
In judgment shall preside, in the effulgence 1085

Of beaming gold, sit near the Lord on thrones!
Rise, who are sprinkled with atoning blood,
Adorned with raiment white! Ye who shall judge the world,

Oh come, the crowns of triumph to receive! —
They rise with awful splendour to the Throne, 1090

Approaching with solemnity the balance
Of judgment! Blood, from th' Altar Golgatha
Once streaming, decks the bearers of the palms!
And on their heads the crowns of triumph shine.

Long ranges of crystalline mountains lift 1095
Their summits in the star, Saronia nam'd.

In these th' inhabitants see distant worlds
Enlarged, and clearer; farther there resounds

The echo, and with sweeter harmony,
When, with some new display of heavenly grace, 1100

Their feelings into flowing joy dissolve.
Then thousands to the bases of those vast
Extensive mountains throng, and thousands have

The ridges broad and summits bright attain'd,
And there they stand contemplative and gaze, 1105

Now they beheld, but not with thought profound;
Their looks were blissful transport, for the host

Of the triumphal-train was passing o'er
Saronia. More effulgent far became

The crystal, over which the Saviour pass'd, 1110
To beauty now diminishing his glory.

The echo there produced a purer sound,
And utterance new, as though it formed the voice

Of the adoring host that passed the sphere.

Now, in the choir of Seers, the voices rose 1115

Of Miriam and Deborah. And their harps
 With heavenly dole resounded, and anon
 With peals of triumph. They tow'rd th' Angels sang.
 Thus in the forest, when the rushing storm
 Is hushed, when trees not more inclining stand, 1120
 The sapling with the rustling branches moves.

O Thou, once to our view deprecative we,
 Death, how thou dost transport th' immortal mind!
 Those that ne'er were in the nocturnal vale
 Consigned to corruption, strive in vain, 1125
 The feelings of the Risen to attain.
 Ye traversed ne'er the sufferer's rugged course,
 The pilgrim's course into the vale of death!
 Immortals, ye have never seen the grave
 Unfolding, never saw it filled with bones! 1130
 Ye never saw that direfully it receiv'd
 Those who had slumbered hence, — that it receiv'd
 Unto corruption e'en the most belov'd!
 The sound tumultuous of th' interring spade,
 That deck'd with earth those who were hence departed, 1135
 Ne'er sullen from the grave to you arose,
 Reminding you that ye should likewise once
 With falling earth be deck'd, and at the side
 Of the remains of the decaying rest.

But as beneath the clouds from lofty rock 1140
 Vast cataracts rushing precipitate;
 So sung, as though the summons they proclaim'd
 Unto the judgment-bar, the choir of prophets:

Ye dead, awake! the trump resounds! awake!
 The night's recess, the ocean's vast profound, 1145
 The spacious earth, with sullen tumult shake!
 The scattered ruins of mortality
 Perceive commanding voice! Archangels give
 The utterance. Gorgeous palaces of gold,
 And humble cottages, covered with moss, 1150
 Sink! Who in th' earthly grave, who in the sea
 Long slumbered, wakes! Who lives, beholds appall'd
 Dire trembling of the earth, expires, awakes! —
 Night still prevailed. Amusement and dismay
 Passed through her ebon shade, commanding flight. 1155
 Fields, groves, and forests, towering mountains sank,
 Immerging in the ocean! — Harp, desist! —
 Cries fearful rose, th' anguish of bearing throes!
 Down from the Throne's height, thunders burst! — Harp, cease! —
 Th' appalling clangour of the judgment-trump, 1160

With menace dire, is mingling in the peal!

Terrific is the thunder's rushing storm!

With it dole wailings rise, th' anguish of bearing - throes.

Before them twain Archangels passed. One sung:

Ah they awake, whom with denouncements dire 1165

The tumult overwhelms! They also wake from death!

Oh that in drear corruption's deep recess

Eternal night would evermore enclose,

Whom the Throne's sentence hurls into th' abyss!

Archangels twain advanced. The other sung: 1170

Thunder of judgment, too terrific are

Thy bursting peals to the unfolding grave!

Prolonged, eternal sleep is what they sue;

But from amid nocturnal shade they come,

Lamenting: Mountains, on us fall, and hide us! — 1175

And silence through the choirs triumphal now

Extended. Then, light as the vernal bloom

That is by fanning breezes onward wafted,

Benoni, and with him Miriam, the sister

Of Lazarus, advanced before the rest. 1180

E'en as a summer's gentle moon - light night,

Or as th' unfolding ruby vernal morn,

These onward moved. They suffered th' overthrown,

The vanquished Fiend of the abyss to hear,

How great the triumph is of those that died in God. 1185

Amid th' appalling terrors of drear night,

Down thunder it, Our Song, unto Gehenna's

Revolt: Those, whom misery once and death

Smote in the dust, are rising now to vision

Beatific! Thou Murderer, they rise! 1190

From the beginning Murderer, e'en all,

Whom th' anguish of dissolving nature e'er,

Or terrors of corruption bale assail'd;

They from the grave arise, and soar aloft,

Where to the judgment, Thou — all consternation's 1195

Companion, where in his appalling glory,

Jesus did seat himself, th' Accomplisher of all! —

Hosanna! Victor of the proud Revolt,

He extricated from the shading dale

Of death's repose, and did reject thee, Satan, 1200

Th' Accuser during day and during night

Wrathful before the Throne. Sins not alone,

But frailty also, Fiend, thou didst accuse,

And in the presence of th' Avenger didst

Each failing with malignant clouds involve! — 1205

Hasting Accurs, thro' th' All-sovereign Lord
Hurts down into the night profound of woe,
Of lamentation and eternal death,
Where none to soothe breathe awake.

An Angel of death raised his terrible voice, -- 1210
He sang while with his arm the trump sunk down:

Dole lamentation, fearful sighs and moans
Arising from the depths of the abyss,
Tempestuous howlings, bursts o' cataracts,
The crashing fall of rending, sinking rocks, 1215
And furious yells of rage and of revenge,
Rose sullen from the deep. As lightning darts,
We hasten'd, and with sadness thence withdrew.

Th' exalted Gabriel with transport wept,
And gladly he perceived the heavenly tear; 1220
Thus with the flowing tear th' Immortal's voice
Resounded, who had views of future things:

In white attire, radiant with blood, the Bride
Rose to the Throne, there with solemnity
And blissful aspect stood! Mellifluous sound, 1225
Miriudious, festal song, and fervid joy
Rose from your choirs, ye thunderers of the judgment!
And the divine Redeemer saw, that pure
And innocent, the Bride stood at the Throne,
Wholly unto Him herself to consecrate! 1230
Anew your choirs, with more exalted joy
And higher transport, into psalms
Stream'd festal psalm, ye thunderers of the judgment.

Exalted high with the animation
Of him, who sang respecting future scenes; 1235
The host triumphal soared in heaven's more
Effulgent ocean of serenity,
And hasten'd onward with augmented speed:
None of the harps in all the choirs was mute,
Each trump with energetic voice pronounc'd 1240
It's thunders, and all the Celestials sang.

When their advance a rapid course became,
And their acclaims a song of ecstasy;
When from the heavenly fields unto the Throne
Of judgment the triumphal host now soar'd: 1245
He, whom unto the cross transferr'd God saw,
Received into the heritage of light,
Those that were by the potent voice of blood,
Which from the altar flow'd, from judgment free'd.

But the Archangel-choir began afresh 1250

CANTO XX. *Wisestock's Message*

228

Unto the *Seers* their songs of bliss to stream.

O ye whom also to the grave of th' earth
And th' ocean the denouncement of the Judge,
Which was in Eden uttered, did consign;
Ye Firstlings, radiant rise, triumphant soar,
And hasten, — in the judgment sit with Him,
To whom each height and every valley bows!

1255

The hand advanced, the writing did appear:
Thee the Eternal weighed! And thou, O King,
Wert in the rising scale deficient found,
Deficient found by Him who rules the world,
According to the purpose of his will!

1260

And that the day of judgment might perceive,
How light those are, who do against him sin;
God uttered the injunction from the Throne, —
Enjoined: The actions of the son of dust
Be once attested by the judgment-book! —
With characters bright as the flashing ray
Of lightning darting through the gloom of night,
Thine host, Avenger, in the book recorded
The actions of the man: recorded weeping
And silent, what in judgment now resounds.

1265

1270

The host before the Throne of heaven unfold,
As though they poured a blazing ocean forth,
With dread solemnity the judgment-books!
The luminous writing terrifies from far.
With haste ascend, ye Firstlings, soar triumphant,
And come, with Him in judgment to preside,
To whom each height and every valley bows.

1275

Jehovah saw the coming of the day!
No day is like to this, which with the purposes
Of Him, who from the first beginning reign'd,
Unto our views unfold! Rejoice, and gaze
With more intentness into the profound,
Because th' unfolding day of light is come.

1280

1285

It still continues, still th' appalling day
Continues! A whole year dissolved already,
And still the day of judgment is not past!
The dread solemnity of the decree
Still with despondence and dismay overwhelms
Those who are by the Son of God rejected!
Still kings with anguish and with torment see,
Unto the mountains suing: Falt, and hide us!

1290

But do the mountains hide you? — Still the day
Of stern decree continues! Still against,

1295

With terror overwhelm'd, O Lamb that hath been slain,
 The scoffers see! — Ye unscathed, on us fall,
 And hide us from omnipotence incens'd!
 Jesus who, on the cross transfix'd, was bleeding,
 Now from the Throne of judgment utters death! 1300

Still beams the blessed day of everlasting
 Salvation it's effulgence far around, —
 Jehovah still the heritage of light
 Distributes, — paths of gloomy labyrinth
 Are still illum'd, — the ways of providence 1305
 Are still unfolded, — still white garments sprinkled
 With the Redeemer's blood, and crowns, and palms,
 Are still on those bestowed, who until death
 Faithful unto the Son divine remain'd.

Celestial tears, that in th' eyes of the Findings 1310
 Of God were trembling, how ye radiant shone
 To Him, who once the heritage of light
 Will on the festal day of his decision
 Distribute! They, with feelings of profound
 Humility, scarce ventured up to look 1315
 To Him who on them his benign regard
 Effulgent beamed. Slow their acclaiming harps
 The theme resumed; but when the great Rewarder
 Still more and more his grace benign display'd,
 Their song aspir'd, and jubilant became. 1320

Thou Orient splendour, from on high unfolding,
 O Son of God, Light from the Source of light,
 Redeemer, but who also with the balance
 Wilt once the Throne of judgment stern ascend,
 And weigh the deeds of those, for whom thy blood 1325
 In vain from th' altar Golgatha did flow!
 Loud songs of praise to Thee, O Son of God!
 Light from the Source of light, who didst redeem,
 All that will once stand at the judgment-throne,
 Ah, near the balance, and will also utter 1330
 Th' eternal woe to those, for whom thy blood
 In vain from th' altar Golgatha did flow.
 O Thou Grand Source, Thou Fountain of salvation!
 At thy supreme behest, e'en like a stream,
 E'en like an ocean from the throne of light, 1335
 The bliss of all created beings flows.
 Archangels, see, how through the universe
 The ocean of felicity extends!
 Ye, ye from the commencement saw it, while
 We with the shades of night were still invol'd, 1340

CANTO XX. *Shipstock's Messiah.*

685

When death did still conceal it from our views,
When we still, Oh the dust! when from amid
The shades of hovering night and from the grave,
We still presumed, the ways of God to' arraign,
When the Eternal mercifully heard,
Was silent, and hurled not this lightning down.

1345

As through the high serenity of heav'n
Unto the Throne of God, the Saviour pass'd,
He from afar the destiny of souls
Decided, that now th' earthly life forsook.
They were constrained to soar aloft, or sink,
According as the Judge endowed their breasts
With impulse, to the fields of bliss to soar,
Or sink; to where eternal night prevails.

1350

One from amid the high triumphal-train
Exclaimed: Behold, from every land, from all
The nations of the earth, souls are ascending! —
Another shouted tow'rd the Risen Saints:

1355

Departed souls arise, and are with light
Invested! lo, effulgence on them beams,
Before them rises the Redeemer's glory! —
And the Immortal ceased. The souls were still
Unconscious, who it was, whom they beheld
Amid the triumph; who the radiant hosts
Around him; but anon they recogniz'd

1360

Amid the splendid hosts some human beings,
And sweet emotion streamed on every soul,
That happy human beings they beheld.
But when they face to face their brethren saw,
They were astonished, entertained some doubts,
And felt a gentle dread. Because the Risen Saints,
Celestials now, displayed such awful beauty,
And dignity, as they had never seen;

1365

Perhaps they were of higher origin! —
But, one of them addressed himself to these,
And full of love his voice was flowing forth:

1370

We once have been what ye so newly were,
All mortals; but to this high consummation
We were by Him exalted, whom ye see
Passing the stars, who from the Source of light
With splendour is encompassed, and with wounds
Distinguished! Learn! ye may learn greatly here.
Choose him your helper; yet, choose as ye will.
Ye never were so free, as now ye are.

1375

Thrice the revolving moments, while with doubt

1380

A Seraph passes, ere from one receive
 He to another passes; such a train
 The souls were following the Triumphal - train,
 And on a star new started, were waiting
 Instructors, whom the Saviour from the Throne, 1390
 As Gabriel acquainted them, would send.

Afar the host - triumphal saw, the Throne
 Of the Eternal, and the hovering night
 Which, at the Throne, the Sanctuary invol'd
 Already many of the Angels deck'd 1395
 Their faces with their wings. The countenance
 Of Him who, on the altar Golgatha,
 A sacrifice did bleed, with light divine
 More bright became. A choir of Risen Saints
 With joy were trembling; and not until long 1400
 They had been silent, they resumed their psalms,
 Up to the height of Zion now to sing:

Attend him to the Throne, Effulgent host!
 With harp, and with resounding trump, with choir - psalm,
 Attend the Son, the Son of the Most High! 1405
 He is benign, and he is merciful,
 Th' altar of blood doth such aloud proclaim.
 The Heir of death, and Seraph praise his name!
 Do magnify, Assembly of the Just,
 The name of Jesus! holy in his name: 1410
 Lo, the Eternal unto him resign'd
 The judgment. Sing him, Heir of bliss, and Cherub!
 And all ye Choirs that form the hosts of light,
 Hosannas unto the Redeemer sing! —
 Jesus, O Son of God, Thou art the king 1415
 Of all the world! the everlasting king
 Of the Jerusalem of God on high.

And how wilt Thou receive him on the throne;
 Who suffered all, who hath accomplished all
 O Father, how wilt Thou receive the Son? — 1420
 Ye thunders from the throne, unto the choir
 Of the Immortals, wings and triumph give!

And they were silent. Now along the folds
 Of an effulgent sun, another choir
 Of Risen Saints with slower wing advanc'd. 1425
 They sung to him, who still with light divine
 Effulgent more, approached the Father's Right:

Eternal Son, Accomplisher of all,
 Oh, how will he receive Thee on the throne,
 Who is eternal! how wilt Thou advance, 1430

Son of the Lord, the Lord of hosts to see!
 Thou infinite, eternal in thine essence,
 Approaching Him who 'is, and ever was!
 Light from the Source of light! Thou God and Man!
 Great through the death on the ensanguined cross! 1436

Thou awful, glorious sacrifice for sin!
 Most glorious to them, that fell away,
 And turned again; who first with kindred dust
 A while reposed, and then became immortal,
 With radiance as the Seraphim endow'd. — 1440
 The Mediator, Sanctuary of God,
 Did enter into thine appalling gloom.

But how the Lord of hosts exalted him!
 Unto the Orient splendour from on high
 Unfolding, — to him in humility 1446

And in his exaltation, Lord of all,
 The knee of every finite being bends!
 And how melodious transport sounds on high,
 In heaven on high, and in the dust below,
 How the acclaims resound: Exalted is 1450
 The Son divine, th' Anointed of the Lord,
 The blessed Mediator, God and Man,
 Exalted to the glory of the Father,
 The glory of the Infinite Jehovah.

These also ceased, and the acclaiming chœur. 1455
 Diminished. Seven of the Risen Saints,
 The first among the human beings, soar'd
 With tremulous joy aloft, and sang the Son:

Doth finitude not rate us with a measure?
 Yet, blessed through it, we do e'en augment 1460

The glorious consummation of the Son,
 Who from the grave arose! Our sense of bliss
 Shall ever in our streaming song resound.
 But what, O Father, is the praise of all
 Created beings to a look from Thee! 1466

What, to beholding God, thy countenance,
 Who dost exalt him to the Throne of heav'n! —
 Ah, silent thou, forth-flowing stream, wouldst stand,
 Were not the Deity thy course impelling.
 With gratitude unto the Lord resound! 1470

With th' exclamation of astonishment
 Praise him aloud, that finite as we are,
 He suffered our stammering triumphal song,
 And raise our voices in th' aspiring psalm.
 Glorious and blessed evermore is he! 1476

Unto the awful thunder of his pow'r,
 When he doth act, when he bestows salvation,
 Our song is only feeble answering sound.
 Stream forth, Our joy, the deeds of God acclaim! —
 Redeemer, unto Him Thou dost ascend! 1480

He, O Messiah, to the blessed height
 Exalts Thee, even to the height of heights,
 To his Right hand! — Attend him, sacred song,
 Attend him till the foot of heaven's Throne.

But now a hundred Cherubim advanc'd, 1485
 Again their countenances disavowing,
 And pointed with their waving palms to heav'n.

Triumphal-host, attend him to the Throne!
 With harp, and with resounding trump, and choir-psalm,
 Attend the Son, Jesus, the Son of God! 1490

He is the Ruler, he is sovereign Lord,
 Such ye aloud proclaim, ye thunders round the throne!
 The Heir of bliss, the Cherub, all ye Choirs
 That form the hosts of light, to him hosannas sing!
 Jesus, Thou Son of God, Sufferer divine, 1495
 Who didst expire, Thou now dost rise on high,
 Eternal Son, to the Right Hand of God.

The Triumph now to heaven came so near,
 That All, the glory of Jehovah's Throne,
 Which beamed effulgent far around, behold. 1500

And when the nearest Angels saw th' approach
 Of the triumphal-host, they stood at first
 Mute with amaze; but soon their shouts of bliss
 With glad surprise resounded all-around.

The hour when Christ, the Victor, would again 1505
 The heavens enter, was to all Celestials;
 E'en to the First of heavenly thrones, unknown.

They only had perceived rejoicings' loud
 From distant worlds. The Cherubim exclaim'd,
 From mountain unto mountain: The Messiah! — 1510

From grove to grove the Seraphim and Souls
 Exclaimed unto eachother: The Messiah!

On high unto the Throne of the Eternal
 Resounded: The Messiah! — that the sound
 Of waving forests, and of rushing streams, 1515

That e'en the billows of the crystal ocean,
 Were overpower'd by their ascending shouts.

But when the Blessed Jesus, when the great
 And awful Victor, from amid the beams
 Of one of the last suns, re-entered heav'n, 1520

Then all the radiant crowns of th' Angels sunk, —
 Then the Celestials all with gentler joy
 Strewed palms around upon the path sublime,
 That guides unto the Throne of the Most High.
 Also the host - triumphal, Seraphim, 1525

And Risen Saints, all with felicitous
 Humility advanced, and scattered palms.
 But the attendant souls, oppressed with new
 Celestial feelings, would have by the way
 Been tarrying in a grove, had Gabriel 1530
 Not with his golden trump to them exclaim'd,
 That in the heavenly path they should advance.

Jesus approached the Throne. Silence became
 More silent; now unto the souls the trump
 Not longer spake; the Risen Saints stood still: 1535
 The Angels still attended, but, not long,
 And these too stood, prostrating to adore.
 Now Gabriel, no finite being else,
 With the Messiah rose to the first step
 Of the eternal throne. And there he knel'd, 1540
 Nearly invisible in the glory which
 Was streaming down, and looked on high to God.

Behold, the highly - exalted, th' infinite,
 He whom yet all will learn to know, whom all
 With gratitude and fervour yet will learn 1545
 To worship, unto whom the tears of joy
 Yet all will learn to weep, God, - and the Father
 Of our Redeemer, th' all - compassionate
 Jehovah in the fulness was reveal'd
 Of his divine and never - ceasing love! 1550

And the Eternal Son, the Institutor
 Of th' awful covenant, who was from the world's
 Beginning slain, whom all will learn to know,
 Whom all with gratitude and fervour yet
 Will learn to worship, unto whom the tears 1555
 Of joy yet all will learn to weep, behold,
 The Sacrifice for sin, Jesus, the slain,
 The risen Saviour, th' all - compassionate
 Redeemer in the fulness was reveal'd
 Of his divine and never - ceasing love! 1560

Even so the heaven of heavens the Father saw!
 Even so the heaven of heavens saw the Son!
 And Jesus Christ ascended the Throne's bright,
 And sat down at the Right Hand of the Father.

THE END.

E R R A T A.

- Preface. 1st page, 6th line: aught, read — ought.
- I. 239: naught — *nought*; 1043: Judiddah — *Jediddah*.
- II. 836: eterprising — *enterprising*.
- III. 165: he — *be*; 229: O — *On*.
- IV. 368: Abount — *About*; 432: around — *around*; 1873: commandmënd — *commandment*; 1957: Falther — *Father*.
- V. 518: should — *should*.
- VI. 452: udge — *judge*; 617: Espe cially — *Especially*; 792: rever — *never*.
- VII. 716: vonturous — *centurous*; 747: worthipp'd — *worshipp'd*; 755: into world — *into the world*; 1143: Ry. — *By*; 1188: hefore — *before*; 1328: bonnd — *bound*.
- VIII. 325: Edue — *Endue*.
- IX. 101: fereign — *foreign*; 135: is is — *is*; 289: coverted — *converted*; 324: Dinine — *Divine*; 530: yon — *you*; 604: searce — *scarce*; 725: rojourn — *sojourn*; 800: of of — *of*.
- X. 20: they — *thy*; 71: sword! terrific! — *sword terrific!* — 156: deep'ts — *deep'st*; 596: Pcessessions — *Possessions*; 826: scence — *scene*; 1225: his voice — *his words*; 1417: aufficient — *sufficient*; 1611: Devine — *Divine*.
- XI. 1126: se — *he*; 1155: sarcred — *sacred*; 1165: sacared — *sacred*; 1250: death — *death*; 1365: furture — *future*; 2071: they — *thy*; 2191: Onr — *Our*; 2212: Insruct — *Instruct*; 2303: Kindron — *Kidron*; 2332: lnguid — *languid*; 2365: Collecting — *Collecting*.
- XII. 686: Issac — *Isaac*; 1281: compusure — *composure*.
- XIII. 1: grogenitors — *progenitors*; 127: e'er — *o'er*; 193: egulgent — *effulgent*; 352: reapears — *reapers*; 355: nomentary — *momentary*; 511 (page 400): whow — *whom*; 574 (page 404): betow'dst — *bestow'dst*; 788: the — *he*; 1486: Abaddon — *Obaddon*.
- XIV. 20: spouce — *spouse*; 22: Mothor — *Mother*; 430: of Thou — *O Thou*; 702: heavenly — *heavenly*; 712: Instructor — *Instructor*; 861: Gloghas — *Cleophas*; 1258: extricate — *extricate*; 2073: dealy — *deadly*.
- XV. 247: adorous — *odorous*; 270: adorous — *odorous*; 276: sheeks — *cheeks*; 290: ultered — *uttered*; 367: greathly — *greatly*; 1265: from dead — *from the dead*; 1516: Exsist — *Exist*; 1640: forvour — *ferour*; 1901: Hewever — *However*; 2386: they — *thy*.

